

cause, irrespective of wages, a few of the brethren with Mormon instincts, while adhering to the Socialistic platform, favored free love on the side. This was the finishing touch; the community owed \$104,000, mortgages were foreclosed, buildings went to ruin, the more energetic took the first steamship out, a few lingered amid the scenes of former glory; but, as a whole, the place that once knew the Socialistic Finland Colony shall know it no more for ever.

Three hours after the Camosun had been moored to her dock, the scene upon the wharf was impressive, as well as suggestive. "Little's" news stand was surrounded by eager purchasers of eastern and southern newspapers, just arrived; athletic looking porters, wheeling barrows of baggage, their caps adorned with leather bands containing the talismanic announcement "Prince Rupert Transfer Company," "Pacific Transfer Company," "Knox Hotel," "The Calumet Hotel," were in clover. Centre street, although there are no official highways and byways yet, is the main thoroughfare, and even now a miniature tramcar is operated by a surface cable, the power being drawn from a donkey engine.

An accompanying photograph shows the cable and Empire Day Arch. The cable-car is utilized for baggage and freight only, and, although primitive, has been found very useful. On this section, noticeably, fine structures have been erected by the Kelly-Carruthers Supply Company, and the Prince Rupert Hardware company; the latter under the man-

and 100 feet wide has been constructed, besides the Grand Trunk Pacific warehouse—an immense structure—while Foley, Welch & Stewart have erected a warehouse 400 feet long and 60 feet deep, containing three flats, on which are reserve stores valued at \$80,000, goods to the value of \$120,000 being stored outside for distribution along the line. Mr. D. M. McLeod and his assistant, Mr. S. D. Raymond, courteously conducted visitors over the establishment. At the rear of the wharf an attractive flower garden was observed, attached to the residence of Mr. J. H. Bacon. This mansion is a model of comfort, much of the furniture having been manufactured locally. It proves one thing; namely, the possibilities of home life in the new town. Not far from the wharf on a knoll overlooking the harbor, is the residence of Mr. Pillsbury. Altogether the surroundings are unique and picturesque, and few engineering difficulties will be encountered in laying out the streets. Messrs. Bacon, Fulton, Tate, Carter-Cotton and Ritchie, visited every point on land, expressing themselves as highly gratified with the progress made, as well as with the situation of the site. They were hospitably entertained by Mr. Bacon on their return from the tour of inspection.

At two o'clock "Shawatlans," with Skipper Gustavus Anson at the helm, received the visitors and put out in order that the water front might be examined. From this point of vantage an excellent idea of the harbor, town and topographical formation of the shore line—as well as the mountains—was obtainable.

the convenience of those who have erected buildings, many costing from \$2,000 to \$3,000, and when the time comes for vacating or moving, there will doubtless be friction, despite the fact that those who built agreed to abide by future regulations.

In the afternoon the S.S. City of Seattle arrived, bringing many tourists. A few took a violent fancy to Mr. Bacon's flower patch. One lady in particular carried a small Dominion flag. Being cautioned by a companion not to trespass, she exclaimed, "Oh, all you have to do in Canada is to wave the British flag and you can take anything you want." And she took. Many Ontario and Kootenay people have decided to cast their fortunes in with Prince Rupert. Major Gibson from the Kootenay country, after passing through the Philippine war and earning the sobriquet of "the Philippine Sieve," by reason of receiving five bullet wounds, is seemingly very active in Prince Rupert. So with Messrs. W. P. Lynch, from New Brunswick, A. D. Campbell, from Quebec, W. F. Carpenter, from Maine, M. E. Yaeger, from Calgary, H. H. Fraser, A. C. Garde, of Nelson, Dr. J. E. Ewing, Dr. Quinlan, J. B. L. MacDonald, contractor, not omitting John Houston, formerly of Nelson, now publisher of the Prince Rupert Empire. The population of Prince Rupert is over 1,000, and "more coming." Many are transient visitors, looking the situation over. At all events a more peaceful, contented lot it would be difficult to find in any other portion of the Dominion. Certainly, no city in embryo ever had

is now a very important point. However, Western people have learned the lesson taught by Hope, so if at times a strenuous "kick" is registered it is never inspired by pessimism, but rather by a desire to promote the welfare of the greatest possible number.

C. H. MACKINTOSH.

BANK HOLIDAY ON WANSTEAD FLATS

L. Cope Cornford is contributing a series of articles on "London Interludes" to the Standard of Empire. The fourth article reads as follows.

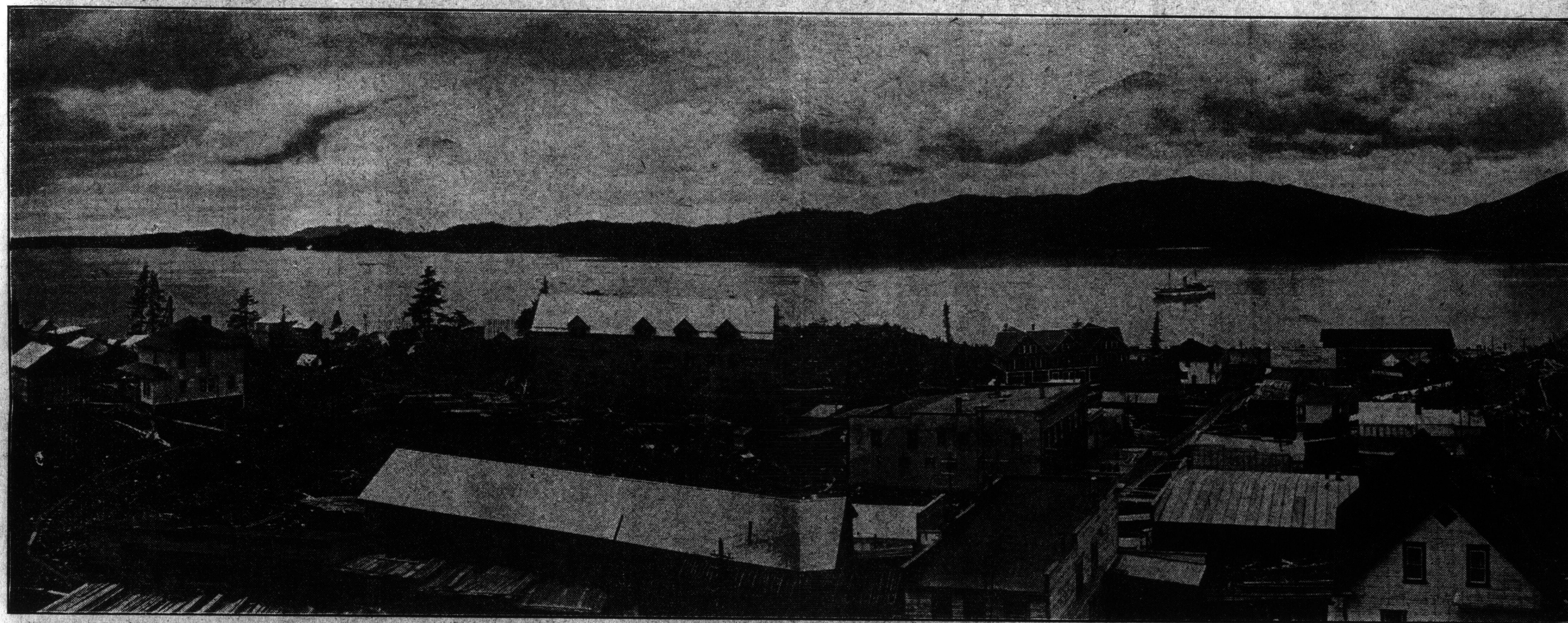
High above the booths little figures swung giddily up and down in the haze of dust, like a row of frantic pendulums. In the midst of the fair rose a circular tower, wreathed about with the appearance of a stairway. Nearer hand, the expanse of rough grass and sand is dotted over with seated groups and littered with scraps of paper. Beyond a troubled sky arches down upon the thickened cloud, pierced here and there by spire and chimney shaft, which broods over London. The awful southerly wind brings a throbbing, brazen clamor of distant music. This is Wanstead Fair, on Wanstead Flats, and today is Bank Holiday.

Several millions of people in London Town would be at a stand to know where are Wanstead Flats. They are near by the River Lea and Leytonstone in Essex, and you get there

bling (at about fifteen miles an hour) in the forest. They came upon a gipsy encampment, they crossed the gipsy's hand, she took them, with the swiftness of lightning, into her tent. Silent explosions of smoke—inexpressible consternation of the silk hat, as his extremely undesirable past appears in the background. There is another lady. He affects unconcern. The summer frock trusts him still. The gipsy bursts into a passion of silent mockery. Away! 'Tis the marriage morn; venerable clergyman with side whiskers, white-haired parent giving his daughter away. Enter another lady, an infant in her arms. Fainting, confusion, horror—silk hat led away (at twenty miles an hour) by two policemen in German caps. Dear me! Audience silent, impressed, and perspiring.

In the next arrangement, the daughter of a dying stonebreaker takes to the high-toby, in sheer desperation; and, disguised as a cowboy, she holds up a stage-coach. She is hunted down by the sheriff and his broncho boys, tried and condemned in five seconds, led out to be hanged, and the rope is over the branch in five more. Then her hair comes down, and—the rest, of course, you know. It is the sheriff himself who hands round the hat (a tall hat, his own) for the dying stonebreaker and his gallant lass.

Outside, the sunlight dazzles. All among the vans, at the back of the theatre, a lady is placidly washing greens for tea. The open door reveals the corner of a locker, covered with a chintz mattress, and a chest of drawers



Panoramic View of Prince Rupert as It Appears Today.

agement of Mr. Thomas Dunne, formerly of Vancouver. The Bank of Commerce is perhaps the most modern and up-to-date building, while the Grand Trunk Pacific Hotel and Annex are almost ready to open for business. The other hotels are "Knox," "Grand View," "Dominion," "Cariboo," and "Calumet." In merchandise, groceries, drugs, lumber, etc., quite an active trade is carried on by T. W. Patterson, J. A. Kirkpatrick, A. C. Brown, Swanson Bay Lumber Company, Schrieber & Company. An imposing structure is the new hotel erected by Messrs. Monroe & Gilmour; the institution has not yet been named. The proprietors are very energetic and have done a great deal of hard work since settling at Prince Rupert. The former is from Nova Scotia, the latter from Maine.

The Government office, police court, jail, gold commissioner's headquarters are all under a tent, peace and order being promoted and supervised by Chief Vicars, who had a long experience in the Kootenays. His force comprises two able-bodied assistants, and it speaks well for the new town that drunkenness and rowdiness are almost unknown. Professional gambling and illegal liquor selling are in every way discouraged, no Government licenses being issued to any public house. Within a short time commodious Government offices are to be erected, when Mr. W. Manson, the gold commissioner and stipendiary magistrate, will permanently settle in Prince Rupert.

And what of this new Northern town? What of its present? What of its future? If a magnificent harbor, splendid wharves, solid looking warehouses are any criterion, Prince Rupert bids fair to prove a very flourishing community. The harbor facilities might accommodate the united fleets of Great Britain and the United States, as well as Canada's naval squadron, one of which (the Lillooet) stood out in bold relief evidently prepared to annihilate any unwelcome marauders. It is a fine craft, and certainly creditable to the Messrs. Bullen and their workmen. From the water front, the panoramic view now published was taken, and will better convey a knowledge of the situation than mere wordy descriptions. One immediately realized that hard work has been done; when it is considered that eight or nine months ago a forest covered the area almost to the water's edge, man's triumph over nature is apparent; when it is remembered, too, that a wharf 1,500 feet long

Prince Rupert has an oblong site, lying easterly and south-easterly; the observer ascertaining at once that on some parts of the original Kaian property, as well as the Indian reserve, every facility exists for tram railways, athletic grounds and suburban residences. Even now boat houses have been erected, and the little inlets, bays and indentations will some day teem with pleasure craft, both sailing and electric. The sheet of water fronting the wharf would offer every attraction to those promoting a regatta, while fishing and hunting are to be had at no long distance off. In the rear of the town, about a mile and a half distant is Mount Hays, and on the mainland Mount Morse and Mount Wilson. The water front, originally 2,000 acres, is extended six miles. The scenery is truly very impressive, and will doubtless attract thousands of tourists, many of whom will include Victoria and Vancouver in their itinerary. As to other townships in the vicinity of Prince Rupert, investors should be cautious, more particularly when it is known that rapids intervene, and in one case a huge mountain prevents the possible existence of a town site. From a knowledge of the upbuilding of other cities the writer ventures to express the opinion that there will be land enough for all, in Prince Rupert proper, for many years to come.

While the "Shawatlans" was poking her nose into all and singular, in the shape of inlets, channels and possible landing points, Mr. Fleming was busy bringing his camera into requisition, taking pictures of the water front and producing a magnificent set of views. The Provincial Government certainly acted with discretion in thus early preserving what is destined to be a part of Canadian history.

Returning to the dock, a view of the spot where the first accident occurred at Prince Rupert, the over-turning of a rock wagon, was obtained. No one was killed, one poor fellow, however, was subsequently badly injured by flying rocks from a blast pit. On the Indian reserve a tremendous discharge peppered Foley & Co.'s warehouse, while a solitary rock found its way to the vicinity of the Grand Trunk warehouse, telling the victim, who although out of danger, is suffering a great deal. It is miraculous that accidents are not more frequent. Perhaps a mistake was made in permitting settlement in advance of plans being adopted; an engineer's camp would have answered every purpose for the time being. The platting of streets cannot be made to suit

a better steamship service, the Canadian Pacific boats "Princess Beatrice," "Amur," and "Princess May" being in the regular route, and the "Camosun" sailing from and to Victoria every week. The Camosun is well officered by Captain Saunders and Pilot Dick, and the attendants being courteous and attentive.

Prince Rupert, so soon as transportation in bulk becomes possible, should advance rapidly. South of the "Big Canyon" the writer has already called attention to; but east and north, with the Twelva mining country, splendid grazing and farming in the Bulkley valley and Skeena district, conditions will be such that he would be courageous who ventured to cast the horoscope of possibilities. Prince Rupert should be a city of great opportunities; the vast country back of it is yearning for development, and willing hands are ready to assist in making the wilderness blossom as the rose. These pioneers are the true, the legitimate Empire Builders, for their are the ways of peace and the results of their labor vouchsafes comfort and plenty throughout the land. When the Canadian Northern opens the Peace River Valley country another great district will be developed. This road has a right of way through Yellow Head Pass, which, by the way, is only 3,700 feet at the summit; only 300 feet higher than Calgary in elevation. The next highest point on the Grand Trunk Pacific between the Bulkley and Nechaco Valleys, west branch of the Fraser river, is 2,600 feet, then a gradual descent to Prince Rupert, in a north-easterly direction, skirting the wharf, and having terminals about three-quarters of a mile from the warehouse.

When a traveler has been afforded an opportunity to visit the central north and seen sufficient to make assurance doubly sure, he naturally realizes that it is unpleasant to find fault; but certainly if those responsible cannot furnish better telegraph facilities, something should be done to induce the Canadian Pacific or the Province of British Columbia to operate the existing lines. For days, messages are hung up at Prince Rupert and Port Simpson, north, and at Ashcroft, south; and when ten words cost \$1.75 and every additional word 12½ cents, and from the north to Winnipeg \$2.25 it comes rather high, particularly when messages reach their destination four days after being written. A country that can assist in building three transcontinental railways should possess sufficient enterprise to successfully operate a telegraph line at what

by diving into the City, emerging at Liverpool street or Fenchurch street, and taking a train which glides across the roofs of many miles of packed houses, in which the people live like mites in a cheese. Over the backyards, and past huge factories and stagnant canals and tumbled deserts of waste ground, out along the dragged fringes of the skirts of Mother London, till the green begins to show, and the houses to fall away, and there is a wait of the country. All the trains are gliding out, crammed with people soberly happy, because they are out for the day. They bring their children, washed and neat, they bring baskets, they bring paper bags, they bring, above all, a simple joy which is a treasure inestimable.

Behold them in the Fair, something scorched by the unwelcome sun, dusty, sauntering, placidly staring. They are densely pressed against the platform of the theatre. Its front is a bewildering blaze of gilding and barbaric scrollwork, in whose centre the pipes of a steam-driven organ are roaring, and drums are beating like live things, and trumpets are screaming. Upon the platform, three or four girls, rouged and bedizened, are dancing to the music, while a couple of grotesque figures are playing the fool. At the side a portly, pleasant-faced gentleman in a grey frock-coat continually jangles upon a large bell. This is not the entertainment, though it looks like it. The real show is within. The performers on the proscenium are merely there to excite interest. The idea is subtle. If what we give you for nothing is so attractive, what must it be like inside! Admission twopenny, to the high-class family entertainment, children half-price. Children! There were children in droves, in heaps, from the ragamuffin to the superior infant in a clean pinafore. They thronged up the steps, all among the legs of their elders; and we all paid our pennies to a stout lady with a wooden countenance, and dived into a stifling darkness.

There we stood on the sand, and waited, and tried to hope that the steam organ would some day stop, and stared at the square of white curtain, until the National Anthem began to play. Performed on a steam organ, it ranks with any other tune, and is not regarded as patriotic. It ended; a white light shone from the back, and the celebrated cinematograph entertainment began. The music was American. There was no mistake at all as to the relations existing between the gentleman in the silk hat and the lady in the summer frock, who were ram-

laden with china ornaments, and a bird in a cage. Near by, two terrific roundabouts are whirling in the crash of the steam organ. On the one, men and girls and children are careering, with a horrible pitching motion, upon the backs of gilded ostriches. On the other, with a refinement of torture, they are plunging in little cars down and up a steep ascent, and going round in a wheel at the same time. These devilish machines are thronged all day long. Now, too, the design of the tower with the outside staircase becomes evident. It is not a staircase, but a slide. You enter at the top, sit on a sort of toboggan, and plunge madly round and round to the bottom. This also is crowded. No sooner does one set of dishevelled victims totter forth than another rushes in. And all the while the swings are tossing high in the haze of dust, and men are knocking down cocoanuts, and shooting at rows of clay pipes, and boys and girls fling confetti at one another, and policemen edge vigilantly in and out of the press.

Here are hundreds of factory girls, all much of a size, all burned by the sun, and all wearing their hair curled upon the forehead: loud, good-natured, simple girls, keeping together in twos and threes. Here are a few bluejackets, conspicuously broad and smart, and a sprinkling of scarlet tunics. But most of the populace is made up of families—father, mother, and children. In a wide circumference outside the fair they sit on the ground in groups, and eat out of paper bags, and are completely happy.

As the sun declines, the noise waxes louder; and at nightfall it will be noisier still, and the naphtha lights will be flaring, and couples will stroll beyond the tossing radiance, into the kindly dusk. But even now the families are setting soberly homeward, beneath the heavy June foliage that closes in the Flats, and along the sandy road. So, on foot, by omnibus and cart and train, back to the great brick hive, whose cells are home. Beyond the vast outer barrier of the teeming East, street and wall and factory, stagnant canal and tumbled desert of waste ground, the western sun fills with radiance the empty streets of the City. Channelled deep between the cliffs of twisted stone and blackened window, the asphalt roadways run like lava, smooth and shining; the approach of a solitary hansom shatters the silence with a startling uproar, and the few passengers show conspicuous, like people in a desert.