



Drawing by Gyrth Russell

## INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBER, PROVINCE BUILDING, HALIFAX

centre is now useful only as barracks. Miles away at the mouth of the harbour and on McNab's Island are the long-range guns, on which the Warden of the Honour of the North must rely for protection against hostile fleets. Of all the eighteenth-century defences, the earth-works in the Lumber Yard are the last relic. The grass-grown mounds represent the old embrasures, from which the guns have long since been dismounted. Any attacking force in the old days would have had to run the gauntlet of fire from this battery as well as from York, Cambridge, Ogilvie, George's Island, to say nothing of the guns above the town and well sheltered batteries across the harbour. No fleet ever attempted to force its way in. Halifax, like Edinburgh,

remains a maiden town, after the dangers of three great wars. Behind the Lumber Yard runs Fawson Street, named for a lucky captain of privateers in the old days, when Nova Scotia had a miniature navy of her own. In this street there are quiet, low-ceiled rooms where Haligonians may sit by the fire-side and see the great ships and the white sails come and go, inward bound from foreign ports or outward bound beyond the skyline.

What this great expenditure of government money will do for Halifax is a moot question. Some optimists cherish visions of everyone becoming suddenly rich. Cooler heads argue that if Halifax is to serve only as a meeting point for the ships and the rails, if goods and passengers only