

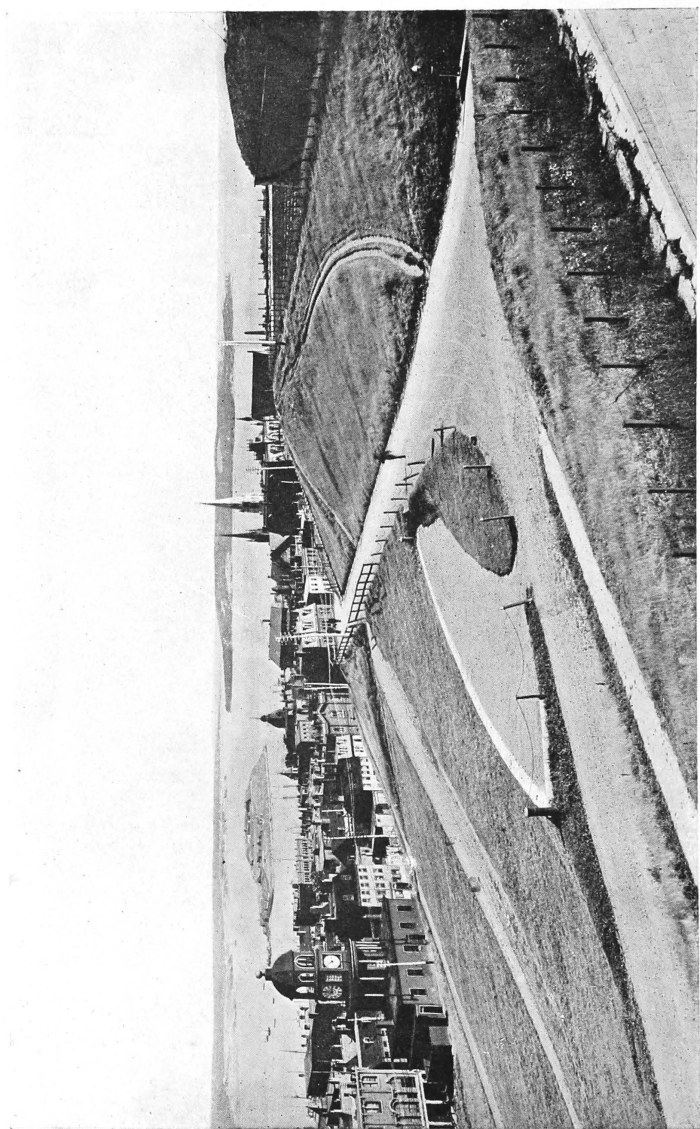
Storied Halifax

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Railways*

Storied Halifax



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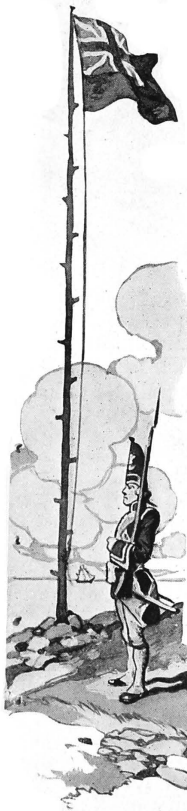
Storied Halifax

"The Warden of the Honour of the North"

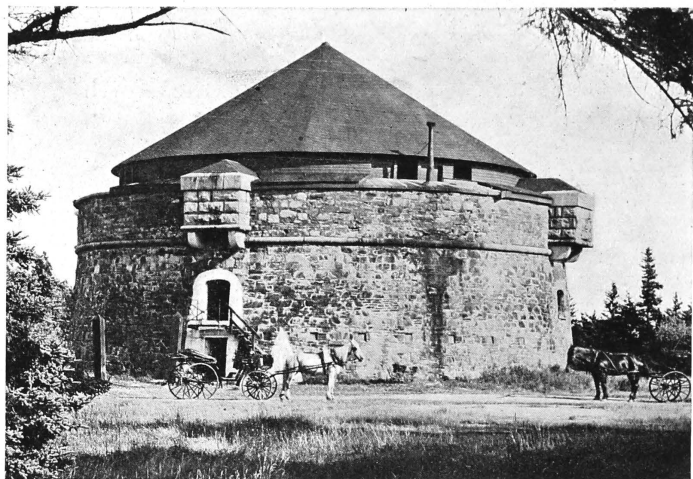
By Archibald MacMechan

IF history is a sealed book to you, and if you have no imagination, you may visit Westminster Abbey, the Forum, the Acropolis, the Holy City itself and remain unmoved. So, as a hasty tourist, you may dash through Halifax, and put yourself on record as having seen only a certain number of buildings much in need of paint and the scrubbing-brush. In fact, more than one sapient traveller has done so; but Halifax is like Wordsworth's poet: you must love her ere to you she will seem worthy of your love. You must take time to study and learn her past before her special charm becomes apparent, but your patience will be rewarded in the end. Perhaps the unwavering devotion of twenty years may be considered as giving the present writer some title to discourse on those attractions of our gray old city by the sea, which must ever remain hidden from the casual eye.

One fact must be plain even to the least observant,—the unmatched magnificence of the setting. "Beautiful for situation,"—the phrase of the psalmist for his sacred city, fits the capital of the Mayflower Province. Before her feet lies the great landlocked harbour, where the old three-deckers used to swing at their anchors; on her right hand stretches the long picturesque fiord Haligonians call the "Arm," on her left is the second inner harbour, twenty miles in circuit, called Bedford Basin. In the very centre of the city is a high hill crowned with a star-shaped citadel. Thus throned on her rocky peninsula, and girdled by the blue salt water, Halifax, the City of the Triple Haven, looks eastward over the Atlantic. Round the feet of the central hill-fort the peaceful roofs huddle close for protection. No town in Canada has a finer



STORIED HALIFAX



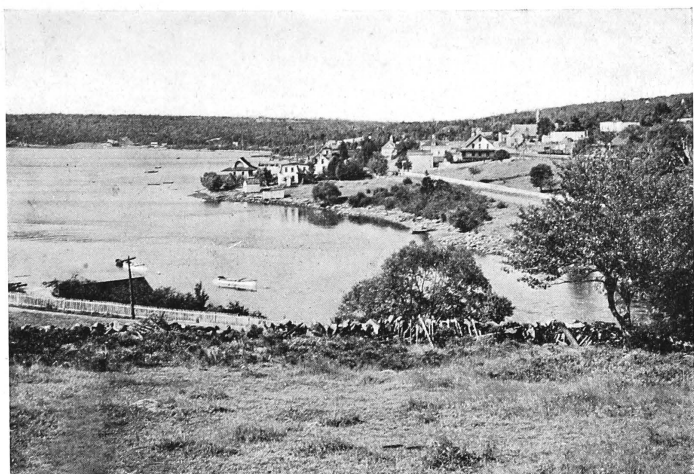
Martello Tower

park, or more delightful walks and drives so near at hand, such ample, accessible playgrounds for the health and diversion of its people. Look where you will from the walk around the citadel walls, at whatever season of the year, to whatever point of the compass, eastward to the lakes of Dartmouth like the background of a primitive picture, southward to Thrum Cap and the open Atlantic, westward over the Arm, northward over the Basin, and

"Straight the eye hath caught new pleasures
As the landscape round it measures."

Haligonians are firmly persuaded in their own minds that nowhere else in the world can sky, and sea,—the mirror of the sky,—be more deliciously blue than over and about their own beloved city. As I have heard with my own ears a true-born Irishman confess that the harbor was bluer than Dublin Bay: perhaps they are not so far wrong.

Thus much any one, even the wayfaring man, can see for himself. My task is to reveal what remains a secret to the eye of sense, the vision of the gray old city's storied past. That ample blue harbor, which Champlain named *Baie Saine*, saw, in the year 1746, the poor remnant of D'Anville's shattered armada creeping in with its death-stricken crews to the last act of its tragedy. There, too, floated, in July, 1749, the sea-borne city of Halifax,



Bedford Basin

chiefly trade-fallen soldiers and sailors, in the historical thirteen transports, escorted by H.B.M. sloop-of-war, *Sphinx*. Halifax was a fiat city built to counterpoise the great French fortress-town of Louisbourg—the Dunkirk of America,—“the double-pointed thorn in the side of Great Britain.” The building of Halifax was a decisive move in the great war-game between France and England for the possession of the North American continent. Our city owes its existence to a military necessity. It was built and first settled by men from disbanded regiments and paid-off ships, which had just been fighting in the nation’s chivalrous defense of Maria Theresa’s queenly right. For a century and a half it was a garrison town and a naval station, and on its history the pageantry of war has left its ineffaceable mark.

The associations of Halifax Harbour are almost endless to recount. It was alive with the sails of Saunders and Boscawen. It has floated every flag and every kind of craft from eighteenth-century privateers to Southern blockade-runners and the steel leviathans of modern war and commerce. Cook, Rodney, Nelson and Marryat knew this harbor well. Almost every point has its story. Off Thrum Cap the fine frigate *Tribune* grounded, and she sank at Herring Cove, with the loss of all her crew but twelve. On the Sisters, the sloop-of-war *Atalanta* struck and sank within fifteen minutes, and the crew showed an example of dis-





In Point Pleasant Park

cipline as magnificent as the men of the *Birkenhead*. Just outside the harbour mouth were fought the fierce privateer battles between the *Resolution* and the *Viper*, and between the *Jack* and the *Observer*. That small enclosure on McNab's marks the grave of Slayter who lost his life tending the cholera patients of the *England*. On Sunday, June 6, 1813, a procession of two frigates came slowly past George's and anchored off the Dock Yard. It was a beautiful day. The yards of the ships in the harbour were manned; their bands played triumphant airs; the wharves were covered with cheering crowds, who noticed that, as the sailors of the frigates swabbed their decks, the scuppers were running red. The two vessels were the *Shannon* and the *Chesapeake*, still reeking from their historic duel six days before off Boston light-house. Broke, the English captain, was in his cabin alive, but dangerously wounded, while Lawrence lay dead on the deck of the *Chesapeake*, with the Stars and Stripes for a shroud. The tale of Mars rock, and of George's Island, of the *Tallahassee's* escape are full of interest, but they can only be alluded to here. Old Haligonians have seen sailors flogged round the fleet and mutineers and pirates hanged in chains. In the gallant days of the Great War, ships of the Nile and Trafalgar came and went. Smart frigates and dashing privateers made port almost daily with their quota of prizes. Many a young Nova Scotian tried his fortune

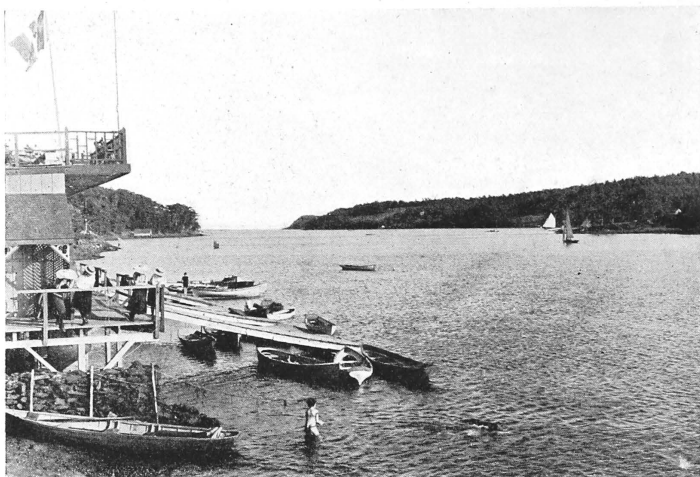


Public Gardens

in the King's ships. Belcher and Prova Wallis, Halifax boys, rose to the rank of admiral.

If you turn from the harbour to the town itself, the suggestion of the place begins to work at once. The water holds no trace of man but the walls of a town are more faithful. Beneath the modern city of the twentieth century, an ancient city lies buried. Up and down these time-worn thoroughfares have passed thousands of dead men, soldiers, sailors, citizens, great and small; they did their work and took their wages; and they have gone to their own place.

Here, in the very centre, is the square called "The Grand Parade," just where the pig-tailed axemen of Cornwallis hewed it out of the spruce wood in the year of Grace, 1749. Halifax was then a rude encampment of tents and log huts, ruled by a British colonel and defended against the French and Indians by a line of palisades and abattis running between five block-houses. For ten years and more it was as much as a man's life was worth to stray "outside the pickets." A decade after the founding, Short's drawing shows that St. Paul's had been built as well as substantial houses. The Parade is clear, if not level; and four companies of infantry are drilling on it, with halberdiers, field-guns and bell-of-arms. Almost every marching regiment on the Army List has lain in Halifax barracks at one time or another, and has been



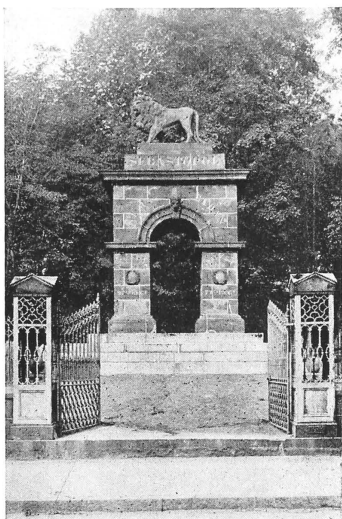
North West Arm

put through its facings on this small plot of ground. Here the laws of the first General Assembly were published by the provost-marshal, after due notice by roll of drum. Here the 'credit of the regiment' was 'cried down.' Here in the olden days, took place the impressive ceremonial of mounting guard every morning with the salute and troop before relieving. Now the band of the Royal Canadian Regiment plays for an hour on Saturday mornings, the last flash of the ancient military ritual which once brightened this historic spot with the martial bravery of scarlet and gold.

Along Argyle street, its westward boundary, sedan-chairs could once be had for hire. Sedan-chairs,—for proud Beauty with her silks and her furbelows. The whole eighteenth century is in that word.

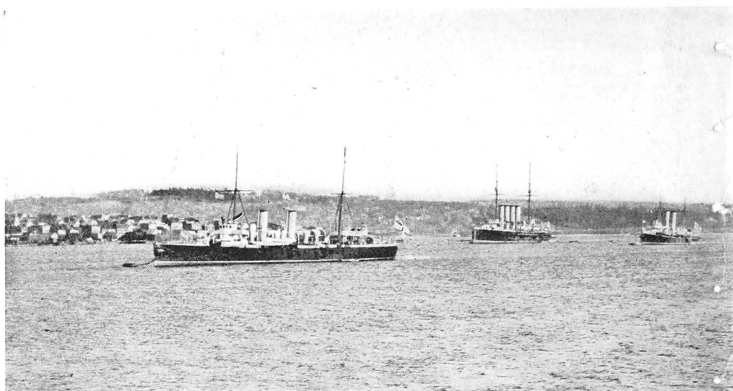
At the southern end of the Parade stands the old parish church of St. Paul's, the oldest Protestant church in Canada, just where it has always stood for a century and a half. The entrance has been changed about, the steeple has been rebuilt, wings and a chancel have been added, but the original frame and design remain unaltered. It is essentially a London church of the eighteenth century, such as Sir Roger de Coverley rejoiced to see rising outside the city, such as Hogarth used to draw. It boasts a Royal foundation. The communion plate dates from the reign of Queen Anne. Its walls are covered with marbles and brasses inscribed with the

history of our old families. Two monuments come from the studios of Chantrey and Gibson. Here is a tablet to Captain Evans of the *Charlestown*, who died gallantly in the greatest sea-fight our coasts ever saw:—and here is one in honour of Sir John Harvey, the hero of Stoney Creek. The old church has seen strange sights in its time,—a congregation of Micmac Indians hearing service in their own wild tongue, a whole battalion of Hessians receiving the communion at one time, pompous state funerals, weddings, christenings, processions. In the entry hang several hatchments,—strange things, not to be seen elsewhere in America. They are lozenge-



shaped wooden shields, on which are elaborately painted the arms of Lawrence, who expelled the Acadians; of Bulkeley, the power behind the throne for fifty years of provincial history; of Governor Parr and of Baron de Seitz, of Hessians in the American Revolution. These trophies of colonial aristocratic pride were displayed before the doors of their owners when lying in state, and carried in their funeral procession.

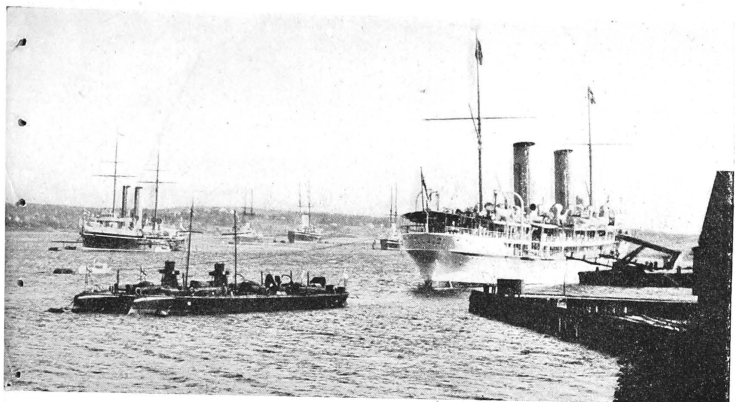
Once upon a time the church was balanced by a college at the other end of the Parade. It was a plain, dignified, colonial structure of stone, and narrowly escaped bearing the name of the church. Many were the uses to which that academy was put, before it gave place to our present Guild Hall, which need not be characterized. Few institutions of learning began more auspiciously. The corner-stone was laid by a Royal governor with imposing ceremony. With colors flying and music playing, the red-coats made a lane from Government House to the Parade, through which passed the stately procession,—His Excellency, who had commanded a division in the Peninsula, his glittering staff, the civic magistrate, dignitaries of all sorts, officers of the army and navy, and citizens. The Grand Master of the Free Masons had his part. Prayers were said; the stone was lowered into its place and duly tapped with a silver trowel. Symbolic oil, and wine,



Halifax Harbour—"Where

and corn were poured out in pagan libation; speeches were spoken and so was Dalhousie College publicly instituted on May 22nd, 1820. For years it served all sorts of purposes, save the one for which it was designed. A museum, a debating-club, a Mechanics' Institute, a post-office, an infant school, a painting club, a cholera hospital, and a pastrycook's shop all found shelter at different times under this complaisant roof. It was used for its proper purpose also; and the early collegians are believed to have sported the Scottish gown of flaming scarlet, now only to be seen at St. Andrews.

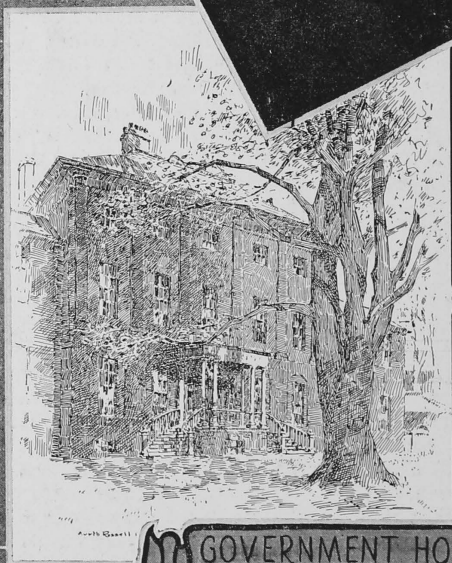
Westward from the Parade, half way up Citadel hill, stands the clock-tower built by the Duke of Kent, to remind Haligonians, saith Dame Rumor, of the exact time of day. His office at headquarters, reporteth the same trusty gossip was full of all varieties of clocks, watches, chronometers, horologes, sun, moon, and star dials, hour-glasses, time-pieces, in short, of every make and description for the enforcement of the virtue of punctuality in all and sundry with whom he had to do, military and civilians. His Royal Highness was a martinet, formed in hard old Prussian school, and a vigorous enforcer of discipline. When he took final leave of Halifax in 1800, he left eleven poor fellows under sentence of death for mutiny and desertion. Eight were reprieved under the gallows and three were hanged on it by the neck until they were dead. The usual place of execution was behind the citadel, near the entrance to the Wanderers' grounds. Altogether, the Duke of Kent lived in Halifax for six years as commander of the forces; and this period, when a Prince of the Blood was to be seen daily



thousand ships may rest secure "

in our streets, is justly regarded as our Age of Gold. Those were very splendid and jolly days, but I am afraid they were also very naughty. Why pretend to blink the facts? Old Halifax was an eighteenth century city with morals to match. In those high and far-off times, the army and navy were not exactly convent schools, and the city was perilously rich. Britain's invincible fleet swept the merchantmen of our enemies off the seas; lawful prizes came in almost daily, and streams of guineas flowed like water. Privateering was a most profitable form of speculation. Fortunes were made rapidly and kept as well as made. The hospitality of the old Halifax merchants was famous, for Captain Frederic Marryat, R.N., is a credible witness. In such a community, the Prince was the social centre and set the example. He was only twenty-seven, not bad-looking for a prince, and very much the soldier. In the fulsome address of welcome, he was hailed as a second Caesar. He was soon joined by a very beautiful French lady from Martinique, where he had been campaigning: she presided over his household and was known as Madame de Saint Laurent. She has been described quite seriously as His Highness's morganatic wife; but the French have the exact term, *maitresse en titre*. Respectable Halifax had to call on her, with the Bishop's lady at their head, though some strait-laced families refused social recognition to the fair sinner. The Duke lived during the greater part of his reign at Friar Lawrence's Cell, the fine place of Sir John Wentworth, on the shores of the Basin, since known as Prince's Lodge. All that remains of its ancient splendor is the rotunda, beside the railway, where the band used to play on gala days. Its

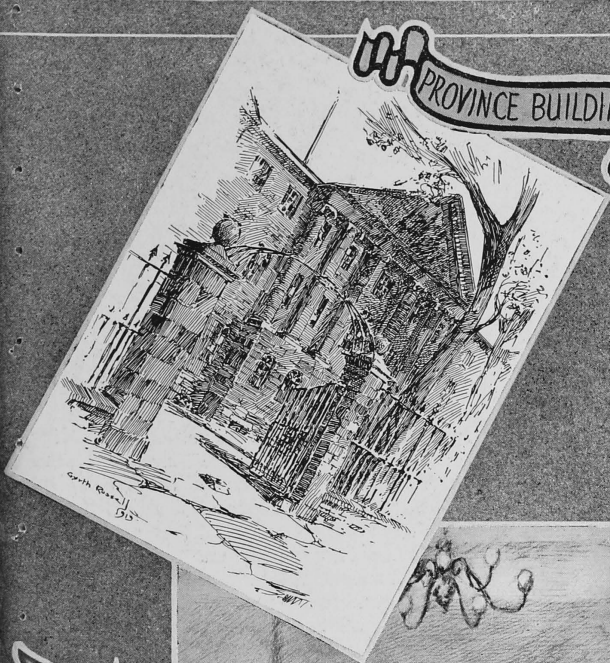
H.R.H. The DUKE of KENT



GOVERNMENT HOUSE



PROVINCE BUILDING



INTERIOR OF COUNCIL CHAMBERS PROVINCE BUILDING

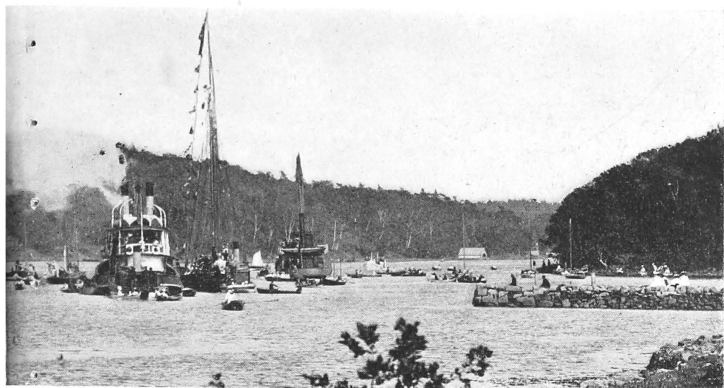


Regatta

ruins inspired the finest page of Haliburton's prose. Years before the Duke's time, zealous James MacGregor and saintly Henry Alleyne gave their testimony as to the moral condition of the city. To them it was the City of Destruction. And the moralist had good cause to shake his head.

At the same time, there is another side to the picture. That drunken, riotous eighteenth-century Halifax was a generous city. It always had money to give away. It gave money in 1760 for the relief of the sufferers by the Boston fire, and again to the burnt-out French-Canadians, of Montreal, in 1765. That ancient tradition has formed the civic character; and is as potent to-day as ever. The record of the city's benevolence is well-nigh endless. Old Halifax had also an active intellectual life. There were plays, and books, and newspapers, and magazines here from the first. The music was classical; the books were in other languages, as well as English; the local periodicals show a high degree of cultivation, and led the way to a genuine literary movement which culminated in Haliburton. No one must look down on old Halifax.

The world went very well then. The balls, the Royal birthdays, the parties, the levees (full dress, swords and wigs), the Bacchanalian dinners, the Sunday reviews on the Common, the illuminations for great victories by sea and land, when the band played marches on the roof of the market-house, the raids of the press-gang, the constant bustle in the streets, the coming and going of ships in the harbour, the prizes sold at the wharf head made life in this demure old town a brilliant, stirring spectacle down to



North West Arm

the dramatic close of the great Napoleonic wars. In the old days, there were twenty-four legal holidays in the year besides Sundays. Then Haligonians flouted the time carelessly as in the golden world; and, to this day, they understand in an eminent degree the fine art of living.

Flanking the beehive-like portal of the Citadel are two French mortars which were used at Louisbourg, when it fell before the genius of Wolfe. Though mute now for ever, they speak by their silence of the great deeds done in ancient days. Another reminder of that feat of arms is the little hotel beside St. Paul's. When Pitt's sappers and miners blew the great rampart of Louisbourg into the moat, Mr. Secretary Bulkeley, Irish gentleman, ex-dragoon officer and King's messenger, procured a shipload of the good cut stone to build him this mansion. Bulkeley was a character, a little man of many accomplishments, a fine horseman, an excellent chess-player, a draughtsman of no mean skill, and a head of the hardest. He was the right hand of Cornwallis in founding the city, and for years, as Secretary, he managed it, and the province, and the governors as they came,—a quiet, tactful power behind the throne. His hospitality was famous. The present hotel dining-room, with its black marble mantel-piece from Louisbourg, has seen Royal Princes and foreign potentates entertained with by-gone ceremony and splendour. Many the bottle of port, many the bowl of punch consumed in that room.

Scott called the old Tolbooth, in Edinburgh, the Heart of Midlothian. The human heart is a double-celled affair, and the





Saturday Morning with the Royal Canadians

two chambers of the civic heart of Halifax are the Province Building and Government House.

Both are fine old Georgian structures of hewn native stone, dating from the first years of the last century. Nova Scotia had not then a quarter of her present wealth when she made such magnificent provision for the dignity of her law-givers and the King's representative in the colony. Fashions in building have changed many times since their foundations were laid, but these stately colonial fabrics do not look obsolete. Rather they rebuke the tawdry, flimsy, modern structures, like two quiet aristocrats in a mob of noisy vulgarians. The new college arising on Studley has adopted this plain but satisfying style.

Some readers may remember Hawthorne's sketch of the old Province House, and the old Tory, and how gloomy he makes both. Our Province House has no such associations. Ours has ever been the honoured centre of the life of the community; and the "Tories," whom we call Loyalists, played a great part on this stage. Its mere design, evincing once more the triumph of Greece in the pillar and the pediment, would long detain the artistic observer. If he came upon it suddenly, ascending George Street from the ferry, he would halt to examine its mellow walls, its fine proportions, and he would think in vain of an old world city it would not adorn. If he explored the interior, he would be



Point Pleasant

charmed with the dignity of the unspoiled Legislative Chamber and the old fire-places decorated with Adam stucco. Here are found many relics of provincial history and here is the home of the local legislature which dates from 1758.

The House still opens with imposing ceremony. The gravelled courtyard within the tall iron railings is filled at the stated hour with the guard of honour with the colours and the band. The Governor drives up in his barouche under the thunder of a salute from the guns on the citadel. Before entering, our ruler pauses on the low platform before the door, the band plays the opening bars of the National Anthem, and the soldiery present arms, for plain Mr. So-and-so represents the King across the water. When he passes in to the Legislative Chamber and reaches his throne under the canopy, surmounted by the Royal Arms, the Lower House attends in a body, headed by Mr. Speaker, in his venerable wig, to listen to His Excellency's speech. In January, 1842, no less a personage than Charles Dickens, passenger on the Cunarder, *America*, was present at this ceremony, and has recorded that it was "like looking at Westminster through the wrong end of a telescope."

Happily, this fine room has escaped the hand of the Vandal. The corresponding chamber in the northern end has been hideously modernized. Be it said in a whisper that once it was seriously



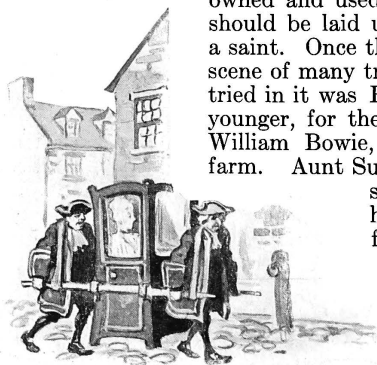
proposed to raise the roof! or add a wing. And once a band of sapient legislators wanted to sell Government House to Americans for a summer hotel. May the hand wither that attempts to alter a stone of their walls.

This stately Council Chamber is the official home of our local House of Lords, a body which dates from the Treaty of Utrecht. It has been the scene of many historic events. Here was held the reception to the gay young Prince of Wales, in 1860; and here Sir John Thompson lay in state amid a wilderness of flowers and greenery, one day in January, 1895. This room is our local Valhalla, or Temple of Fame. On the walls hang portraits of our worthies, the most distinguished sons of the province. There is the picture of Sir Fenwick Williams, whose defence of Kars redeemed Britain's part in the Crimea, and was once the admiration of the soldiers of Europe. There is the picture of Sir John Inglis of the Rifle Brigade, who commanded in Lucknow through the desperate siege so nobly sung by Tennyson, and who has never received his due honour. There is the picture of Haliburton, who by creating Sam Slick, uncovered the rich mine of American humour. Here are full-length portraits of two Georges in royal robes, and their resplendent queens. The best thing in the collection is the portrait of Chief-Justice Strange, by no less a painter than Benjamin West.

In the room of the Legislative Assembly hang the portraits of Howe, the great tribune of the Plebs, and his rival Johnston. Often has this room echoed to their eloquence, and the long word-combats over responsible government and Confederation.

Between the two chambers is the library, a quaint room, with its alcoves, and gallery, and tall windows looking toward the east. Here is preserved the *North Atlantic Neptune*, the very charts once owned and used by Nelson himself. They should be laid up in gold, like the relics of a saint. Once this was the court-room, the scene of many trials. The first man to be tried in it was Richard John Uniacke, the younger, for the fatal duel in which he shot William Bowie, at the north government farm. Aunt Susan Etter told me how the

seconds came to her father's house in the early morning for pillows to put in the carriage which was to convey the wounded man to his home. Uniacke entered the court-room leaning on

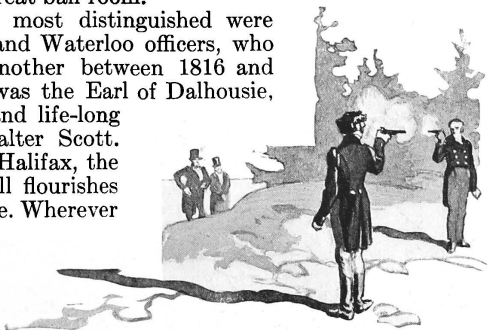


the arm of his father, the attorney-general of the province, an aged giant of a man dressed in a snuff-coloured suit and carrying a seven-foot staff in his hand. He made a little speech to judge and jury; it was in the days of the code; and his son was acquitted. Howe fought one duel, near the Martello tower, without result, except to prove him incapable of showing the white feather. He might have fought a dozen, so much was he hated by the faction in power. Here, too, were tried the wretched pirates of the *Saladin* for their stupid crime. A notable full-length portrait of the Duke of Kent, in uniform, is to be found here, and an engraving of Sir Samuel Cunard, the Halifax merchant who founded the famous line of steamships.

The growth of the city has completely changed the orientation of Government House. It used to face on Hollis Street, and for many years a sentry was always on guard at the gate. Short's drawing (*circa*, 1760), of the old two-story Government House built by Lawrence, on the site of the present Province Building, shows an original British Grenadier with his sugar-loaf hat properly posted and his sentry-box beside him. At the outbreak of the American Revolution, Governor Legge had just thirty-six effectives to guard the city, and, in telling the tale of his destitution, he states he did not even reserve a sentry before Government House, although American privateersmen had sworn to carry him off, as they did Callbeck from Charlottetown. Men still remember when the last sentry was posted on Hollis Street. In Governor Fraser's time this entrance was walled up, and the back of the building became definitely the front.

In the hall, modern marble tablets bear the names of the governors and lieutenant-governors in letters of gold from *anno X*, as the Germans say. The record covers two centuries and forms an epitome of provincial history. Many of their portraits adorn the walls of the great ball-room.

Of these, the most distinguished were three Peninsula and Waterloo officers, who succeeded one another between 1816 and 1832. The first was the Earl of Dalhousie, the schoolmate and life-long friend of Sir Walter Scott. He founded, in Halifax, the college which still flourishes and bears his name. Wherever he went, he left some permanent mark of his administration. Here he



STORIED HALIFAX



not only established a "seminary for the higher branches of learning," but a library for the officers of the garrison. When he became Governor-General of Canada, he founded the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, and initiated the fund for the first monument to the heroes, Wolfe and Montcalm. In his suite were many young men of family. For her kindness to the unfortunate, the Countess won the honorable *sobriquet*, "Queen of the Beggars." Their son became the most famous administrator of India, after Clive.

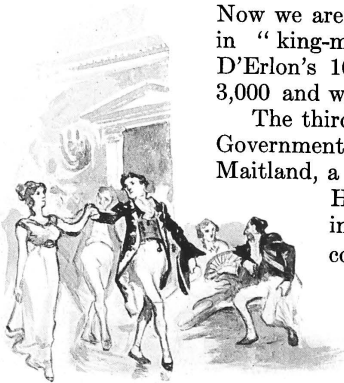
In those good old days, the Governor was a very great personage. Government House was a little court with a minutely regulated table of precedence. Admission to the charmed circle was eagerly coveted; exclusion was social death. It has been the scene of the most brilliant entertainments, dinners, balls and levees. Only recently was the ancient distinction of private entree to the New Year levee discontinued.

To Dalhousie succeeded Sir James Kempt, a little old bachelor, long remembered for the fine four-in-hand he 'tooled' himself, for his dandified dress, and for his magnificent hospitality. He showed his strong common sense in developing the roads and highways of the province. As a soldier, he had won his way to the highest ranks by sheer pluck, head work, and devotion to his profession. He had seen and done his share of fighting, and he had been desperately wounded more than once. At Waterloo, he led a brigade under Picton, and took over the command of the

division when that heroic general fell. Now we are forgetting the great episode in "king-making Waterloo," when D'Erlon's 16,000 men charged Picton's 3,000 and were hurled back in confusion.

The third Waterloo officer to reign in Government House was Sir Peregrine Maitland, a tall, aristocratic Guardsman.

He, too, had seen much fighting in Spain. It was Maitland's command that gave the *coup de grace* to Napoleon's last hope, the Imperial Guard in "the roar of Hougomont." His health was delicate, his tastes were



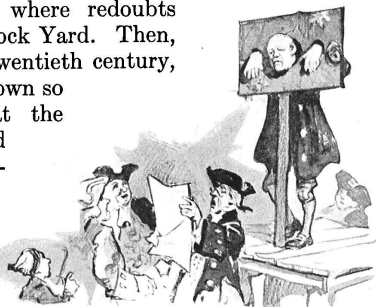
artistic, and his influence on the community was for good. He was patron of a painting club that met in old Dalhousie; and he set Halifax a good example by attending church on foot with all his household, and abolishing the Sunday reviews and races on the Common.

Sir Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, was lieutenant-governor at the time of Confederation. Both Howe and Johnston were given the same honor under the new order, but Johnston died abroad before he could enjoy it, and Howe lived in it only a scant three weeks. Such memories cling to the time-stained walls of Government House.

But Halifax has not only a past. Her lovers believe that she has a future.

From 1749 to the present day the business centre of the city has been the original nucleus about George Street, at the foot of which once stood the pillory and the gallows. The city expanded in the only two directions possible, northward and southward. The north suburb "outside the pickets" was named Gottingen by settlers from the Rhineland. The Dock Yard was a small town by itself. The south suburb was named Irishtown. The huge central boss of land which dominated the whole peninsula was, from the first, used as a fort, like the acropolis of the most ancient city. Between its base and the water, Halifax has grown and decayed, has been built and rebuilt for a century and a half.

The middle of the nineteenth brought in the age of steam, a magic power the city founder never dreamed of. Halifax must be joined by iron bands; first, with the chief towns of the province and then with the sister states of Canada. The natural entrance for the iron horse, with his long strings of Gargantuan waggons was by the north end, where redoubts were used to defend the Dock Yard. Then, by the beginning of the twentieth century, the new Dominion had grown so rich and prosperous, that the old gateway was cramped and narrow. The multiplying traffic choked it, for Halifax was becoming an outlet for the trade of half a continent. A new entrance must be found.





Prince's Lodge

The government engineers have solved the problem by sweeping round the back of the city from north to south, and planting their breakwaters, wharves, and feeding rails on the last level open space on the whole peninsula fit for the needs of our actual and prospective commerce. A plot of ground nearly two miles long, extending from Point Pleasant Park to the heart of Irishtown, will be needed for the improvements proposed. Many buildings must be razed to make room for the huge new stations. Steele's Pond where young Halifax skated and played hockey must be filled in. Green Bank, where happy bathers took refreshing plunges in the brine on summer mornings will be merged in flat level piers. Dynamite and steam-shovels will plow their way through the fine old properties bordering the Arm,—which is a pity. But you cannot make an omelet without breaking eggs. You cannot have thirty-five million dollar terminals without turning some things upside down.

But the prophecies of fear seldom come true. Of course, nothing is sacred to a sapper, as the old song goes, or to a railway engineer: but even modern engineers are loth to deface the great



Purcell's Cove

natural beauty of the old garrison town. They aim at enhancing it. At least they promise to clean up their mess.

Imagination pictures the rails sunk in deep cuttings, spanned by fine bridges and bordered with trees and pleasant driveways after the manner of Paris. There is no reason why Halifax should not have a waterfront as stately as Genoa's, a terminal station with a noble facade overlooking a flowery square, in the centre of which stands Sir Samuel Cunard in bronze, as befits the man who was the first to bridge the Atlantic with a line of steamers. There is no reason why the terminals should disfigure the city they propose to benefit.

Only one corner of Halifax will be affected by these changes. The heart of the old town will not be changed, let us hope, for ever.



STORIED HALIFAX



Passenger fares, time tables, etc., can be obtained on application to the following:

C. A. HAYES,	H. H. MELANSON,
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