

could boast. Gastown was a tiny hamlet, and its prospects were far from bright. Indeed, it seemed destined to drag out its course, a mere lumbering and fishing village.

British Columbia had entered Confederation in 1871, and one of the terms of the agreement then signed was that a railroad should be built connecting it with the other Canadian provinces. At first it was intended to have the line cross the gulf to Vancouver Island, and it was not until 1879 that this plan was abandoned, and Burrard Inlet was chosen as the western terminus. "From tidewater to tidewater," read the agreement, and as tidewater on the Pacific could be reached first at Port Moody, at the head of the Inlet, that point was chosen by the government as the terminus.

The next few years brought many a new face to the little coast town. Men came hoping to be on the "ground floor" when the railroad arrived. As yet, however, it was Port Moody that was in the spotlight, and what little attention Granville received was of the overflow variety. Port Moody was to be a great city; Granville only a suburb. But the Fates in this case the C. P. R.—ruled differently. The syndicate which in 1881 took over the building of the transcontinental road from the Dominion Government were not impressed with the fitness of Port Moody, and decided to move their terminals to Coal Harbor. They held no land at Port Moody beyond the bare right-of-way and yards, while the Provincial Government promised them, if they would move to Coal Harbor, a grant of 6,000 acres between the Inlet and the Fraser River. In addition, the owners of land along the Inlet offered valuable waterfrontage and a share in the profits from the sale of lots. The agreement was made, and on April 6, 1886, the new terminal city was incorporated and named Vancouver, by Sir William Van Horne. An injunction was taken out to prevent the extension of the line westward from Port Moody, but this was soon dissolved.

The new city was in area exactly what Vancouver proper was at the beginning of 1911, before the annexation of Hastings Townsite and D. L. 301. It included the old Granville townsite, of course, and with it D. L. 541, which was granted to the company by the province, and which today forms that part of the West End east of Burrard street. D. L. 526 also formed part of the provincial grant, but only a portion of it was included in the townsite. The remainder lies between the city and the Fraser River, and is still in part unenclosed and undivided. The owners of D. L. 185, lying between Burrard street and Stanley Park; D. L. 196, lying between Heatley avenue and Gore avenue; and D. L. 181, lying just east of the last named lot, gave the company one-third of the city lots, into which their land was divided, as well as all the waterfrontage on the Inlet. The owners of D. L. 196, however, retained the land lying north of the right of way between Danlevy and Heatley avenues. On this little peninsula the Hastings mill and store still stand.

In the early summer of 1886 the future seemed bright for the new city of Vancouver, though in reality it was still a mere village in

the bush. It held within its boundaries perhaps a thousand people. Many of these were, of course, workmen connected with the Hastings mill, but there were besides fishermen, sailors, surveyors and their helpers, and others brought to the town by the expected boom. Among these others was the ubiquitous real estate man, who was already finding a profit in selling lots in the infant city. The centre of the place was about the corner of Cordova and Carrall streets, and the greater portion of the population lived and did business within three blocks of this corner. There were shops of one sort and another on Water street and Cordova. Carrall was fairly well built between the Inlet and Hastings. Little dwellings straggled along Powell and Alexander streets as far as Gore, while Dupont boasted more pretentious residences. At the end of Carrall on False Creek, was the Royal City Hotel. Westminster avenue, newly cut and unlevelled, led to a bridge on False Creek about where the present bridge stands. Thence it stretched off through the bush to New Westminster. Close to the bridge was the Bridge Hotel, with a few shacks about it. From the bridge a crooked trail twisted over vacant lots and around stumps to the corner of Carrall and Water streets. On the south side of the creek there was but a single dwelling, that of J. M. Spinks. The old Hastings mill stood on the site of the present mill, with structure of C. P. R. property at the foot of Seymour street. This in early days housed the railway offices. The waters of the Inlet came farther south than they do now, and almost reached the embankment on which the C. P. R. station is built. As for the remainder of the the store and the residence of Mr. R. H. Alexander beside it. West of the old townsite there were also a few buildings, notably Spratt's fish warehouse, near where Seaton and Burrard now meet, and a two-storey frame site on which the city has grown up, it was forest, made up of the tall trees and dense undergrowth, so well preserved in Stanley Park. Across the Inlet there was a sawmill at Moodyville, and a village of the Squamish Indians on the little bay west of the ferry dock.

The above is a brief description of the hopeful backwoods city as it appeared on the morning of June 13, 1886, ninety-three years to a day after Vancouver's sailors pulled their boats past its forest-clad site. It was a Sunday, and the hottest day of the summer. On Saturday and for weeks before men had been busy clearing land west of Cambie street, and all about were scattered piles of logs and brush and ruddish, dry and resinous. Fires had been burning lazily for days, and the air was laden with the pungent wood smoke. Sunday morning a light breeze from the west sprang up, and the flames ate into their log heaps with a new zest. In the early afternoon the breeze stiffened noticeably, and the fires outside the town were blazing merrily. Before two o'clock the breeze had become a small gale, and the flames were roaring and hungry. Then sparks and embers began to fly. They lit on new rubbish heaps and, fanned into fury instantly by the rising wind, stalked on from pile to pile till they reached some of the outlying shacks. It was blowing a hurricane by