

Twenty-three years ago on the 11th of February, the writer had the good fortune to become a citizen of Vancouver; and now, as he begins to set down some reminiscences and reflections for readers of the Westminster Hall Magazine, he is impressed by the thought of the unique character and the far-reaching influence for good or evil, of the years that have since elapsed. However great the changes may be that the coming years will bring, it is safe to predict that no subsequent period of similar duration will witness so remarkable a transformation.

In those early days the Railway Station was a small frame building, consisting only of a ticket office and a waiting room; and the waiting room would have been uncomfortably crowded if two or three dozen people had tried to get in to it at once. Standing on the north side of the railway track and facing the western end of the present railway platform, the only thing one could have found in its basement was the Pacific ocean; for at that time the whole of the ground that is now covered with railway tracks from Carrall Street westward, formed part of Burrard Inlet.

Cordova Street was then the business street of the city, and the bulk of the business was done between Cambie and Carrall streets. There were a few houses on Mount Pleasant, but the forest still covered the site of Fairview; and Granville street was only in process of being opened through the bush to the Fraser River. Fairview and Greer's Beach (or Kitsilano as it is now called) were spoken of as possible residential districts in the distant future; while Grandview and Burnaby, North Vancouver and South Vancouver, Point Grey and Shaughnessy Heights had not risen above the horizon of even the most far-sighted and optimistic of Vancouver's citizens.

Burrard Street had been opened as far south as Barclay or Nelson Street, but there were not a dozen houses on the whole street. There was a plank sidewalk on the south side of Georgia Street, but from the Hotel Vancouver to Burrard Street, nothing was to be seen but stumps and tangled roots, with corner stakes to indicate where Hornby Street would some day have its place. Howe Street, which had just been graded, was "the race course" on Dominion Day, 1889, the horses being started at Drake Street and finishing at Georgia Street. Beach Avenue and Georgia Street