

government that not a foot of land will be sold until the industrial end is practically complete. J. G. White & Co. (Inc.), the eminent harbor engineers, of New York and London, are already on the ground preparing plans and estimates, and the work will be pursued without delay. The scheme is the outcome of years of study of all the available waterfront in the vicinity of Vancouver, including the Fraser River, Burrard Inlet, and the Straits of Georgia. It has been considered from every commercial point of view, such as handiness to deep water, room for railway terminals, and good sites for manufacturing.

Mr. Charles Fenn Pretty, who was born in Belleville, Ontario, in 1865, came to British Columbia in 1890. He represents other large interests besides the Vancouver Harbor & Dock Extension Company. Pretty's Timber Exchange has recently been incorporated with a capital of \$5,000,000. He is a director of the Canadian Timber Investment Company, with a capital of

\$2,000,000, which was incorporated after a recent visit of Mr. Pretty to England, and of the Anglo-Canadian Timber Co., Limited. So many large projects have been brought to a successful issue by him that it is only a question of time before his latest and largest enterprise will be complete.

The scheme is vast and so far-reaching that we, citizens of British Columbia, must look beyond the mere dollars that are going to be spent. The life and business of every man in this community will be affected by the creation of this huge Vancouver port. The proposition is lifted by its very size above the level of mere business, and it becomes national in its character and its influence upon the province. It therefore becomes a positive duty on the part of every citizen to assist in the consummation of the project. Let us all use our voices and influence to secure for Vancouver her undoubted right to be the premier port on the Pacific Ocean.

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## I Want You, Little Woman

By FRANK BUTLER

I want you, little woman, when the blue is growing dark,  
And the building shadows stretch themselves across the City  
Park,  
When the sturdy Day is weary and goes away to rest  
With his forehead on the bosom of the Evening in the West.

I want you, little woman, when I wander sadly down  
To the sea-wall at the Battery—the Birthplace of the Town;  
Where the white waves and the warships in a dreary mono-  
tone  
Murmur: "Where is she, thy Lady, why walk you here alone?"

I want you, little woman, when the city lamps are lit  
And I see a happy couple where we were wont to sit,  
And I lock my love within me and I wander home to sleep  
Where a man may play at childhood and the dear God lets  
him weep.