

A SUBURB IN THE MAKING

Two years ago the settlers in our district were regarded as pioneers who scorned wealth and bore privation cheerfully for love of beauty. Summer visitors to our shore felt that they had left luxury behind, and set themselves to prove that they could endure the hardships of the wilderness with the fortitude of their forefathers. The links with civilization were broken; there were no telephones, no postmen, and no railway trains. The water that they drank came from a stream in the forest; the strangers who met them on the road wished them good-day. Everything was primitive and barbarous. They returned to the city exultant; and, after the fashion of explorers, told strange tales of adventure to entertain their friends. There they were assured of a respectful hearing, for it was generally known that the coast between Vancouver and Alaska was picturesque, and there were optimists even in those days who ventured to predict that, some day in the distant future, Hollyburn would be a fashionable summer resort.

To be different is to be tempted by comfort, so there are some of us who watch the invasion of West Vancouver regretfully. In 1910, men and women who had ventured up the narrows on a blustering winter morning, stepped from the small boat in conscious bravery. If city people imagined that we had risked our lives we did not relieve them of their timidity and ignorance; we smiled patronizingly, and went upon our way with our heads in the air. Now there are larger boats, and everybody knows that they are more comfortable than street cars; beavies of girls carrying lunch baskets migrate to our district on holidays, and seem to be merrily unconscious of danger. Some of our glory has passed into history; we can blame us if we wonder whether progress may have been bought at too high a price? But our grumblers are good fellows, and at heart they are glad that all these strangers have begun to find the beauty that we discovered long ago.