

of Trade; Sir Maynard Hedstrom, and the Hon. Mr. Rushton, of Fiji; a party of forty Australian cadets returning from the British Empire Exhibition, and the victorious "All Blacks" Rugby Football team of New Zealand.

The Board lost through death the following members: Messrs. T. P. Wilson, John Barnsley, O. Bowman, D. Downie, D. Grant, Dr. R. H. Mullin; Messrs. J. E. Powis, Wm. Ralph, E. E. Rand and O. Y. Russell.

I would also take this opportunity of referring to the very great loss that this Province sustained in the death of the late Mr. F. C. Wade, Agent-General for British Columbia in London. Mr. Wade's good work for the Province and the Dominion is widely known, and his services to many of our members will be long remembered.

FINANCES OF THE BOARD: You will have noticed from the "News" the healthy condition of the Board's finances. A great deal of the credit for this happy situation is due to the Board's Finance Committee, under the Chairmanship of Mr. R. Kerr Houlgate. When the Board moved into its present quarters, it involved an expenditure of over \$3,000 of the Board's Reserve. Ending last month, your Finance Committee, by setting aside a sum of money every month from Current Revenue, have been successful in placing back in the Surplus Account of the Board the entire sum so borrowed, and a few days ago they had the pleasure of purchasing Bonds of the value of \$3,000 for that purpose.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE BOARD: The present membership of the Board is 1,190, and you will be gratified to know that nearly 900 of this number have paid their dues for the current half year.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the Council and the whole individual membership for the loyal and whole-hearted support and assistance which they have at all times given during the past year to the work of the Board, and to myself as its nominal head. For your incoming president I confidently bespeak that same support. In Mr. Dollar I am glad to say that you have a president upon whom you can safely rely to live up to the best traditions of the Vancouver Board of Trade, and one as to whose ability to carry on the good work there can be no question.

I also wish once again to pay a tribute to the ability and loyalty of your Secretary Mr. W. E. Payne. Only those who have worked closely with him have any conception of the value of his services, or the amount of work which he performs in the interest of Board and of the City of Vancouver. I wish personally to thank him and each member of his very efficient staff for the assistance which they have given to me and for the loyal manner in which they have carried out their duties during the past year.

One word more and I am finished. A year ago tonight when I had the honour of being sworn in as your President, I gave a solemn pledge that I would at all times fulfil the duties of my office to the best of my ability. I little knew then what those duties involved, and if I have at times fallen short in my efforts to carry out that pledge, I can only ask you to believe that I have failed through lack of ability and not through lack of desire or effort on my part.

GEO. T. WADDS

PHOTOGRAPHER

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Verse by Western Writers

SPRING GOSSIP

(By Bertha Lewis)

I know the way Spring went last night,
This morn the banks where the streamlet races,
And the hillside up to the wooded height
Glitters with spangles spilled from her gown.
Tonight she will try to hide her traces
And turn the gold to dandelion down.
I know who attended Spring last night,
Kissed her cheek with airy graces.
Plucked spangles off with fingers light,
And skipped away lest she should frown—
Is Spring baffled now her torn laces
Tell the tale to the gaping town?
To-night she will try to hide her traces
And turn the gold to dandelion down.

APRIL 23rd.

(By Jean Kilby Rorison)

In Stratford's leafy lanes the cuckoo calls,
The Avon winds through meadows all ablow,
The lark sings on, and when the evening falls
The nightingale will tell his tale of woe.
These Shakespeare heard in the sweet April weather
By many "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,"
When he and love and Spring were young together,
And in Life's garden—Anne the fairest rose.
A little dust lies in the churchyard grey,
Death hath no power to still that mighty mind;
Like an unfading Spring he lives, to-day
And for all time the joy of humankind.
O Star of all the poets God hath sent,
None shines like thee in England's firmament.

LULLABY.

(By Alice M. Winlow.)

O sleep that closes baby's eyes
Whence come you when the day is done?
I come from shadowed forest paths
Where shining silver webs are spun.

I tiptoe in among the trees
And gather webs of silk and mist,
And these I dip in moonlit pools,
And so sweet eyes a-dream are kissed.

O sleep that kisses baby's eyes
Whence comes the smile on her sweet lips?
I come from where the crescent moon
A finger of light to th' water dips.

Slender and curved to points of flame,
In summer seas her radiant youth
Lovelier seemed, and as she passed—
I caught her smile for baby's mouth.

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