



BRIGHT young Queen of the West, sunset doorway of the Dominion, the vision of what you may be—what you surely will be—sets even the most conservative pulse a thrill! Those mountain peaks shall some day look down upon a great city, whose streets shall be filled with commerce, whose warehouses shall be stored with wealth, whose harbours shall be thronged with vessels discharging the products of nations. All the gold of the northlands, the scented treasures of the Orient, the spices of the tropics, shall pass through your open, lion-guarded gateway, and the time of the fulfilment of the vision is not far removed.

—*Frank Fenton in the Toronto Globe*



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