

from prominent men about the noteworthy features of Vancouver and British Columbia:

"I never saw a city in which a great future was so plainly written in the present."—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

"Vancouver is now the recognized gateway between the East and the West, the gateway through which the double stream of commerce between the Occident and the Orient and between Britain and the self-governing nations of New Zealand and Australia will flow in ever-increasing volume, until Vancouver shall become, perhaps, the first and most important port in all the world."—EARL GREY.

"Within the next five or six years in British Columbia we will have spent from twenty-five to thirty millions of dollars of provincial funds in opening up the country. The province will probably add two hundred and fifty thousand to its population. We shall have on our coast the terminals of four transcontinental lines, three of which are of purely Canadian origin. We

shall have added at least one thousand five hundred more miles to our railway mileage, involving an expenditure of at least \$75,000,000. All this means that the province is on the verge of great possibilities and prosperity."—HON. W. J. BOWSER, Minister of Finance, in his Budget speech.

"Conditions were never better. From the steamer's deck, as one approaches Vancouver, the hundreds of new dwellings and huge business blocks that break the sky-line are most striking evidence of Vancouver's wonderful advancement, and there is such substantiality about the growth of our commercial metropolis as leaves no question whatever as to the future in store for that great city."—PREMIER McBRIDE.

"Vancouver has the finest harbor I have ever seen. I do not remember having experienced a more delightful hour than the last one we spent on the deck of the steamer, with the broad outlines of your coast drawing ever nearer and your city coming gradually into view. The approach to your harbor is truly magnificent."—CHARLES E. HUGHES, Governor of New York.

At Seventy-five

It is sad that old Time is so swift to dismember
All our Castles in Spain—that they crumble so soon—
That the churl will not spare for the snows of December
One rose of the many he squanders on June!
But 'tis ordered by Nature, and idle to quarrel
With the sovereign mother who never deceives:
If we cannot have roses we sometimes have laurel,
And the laurel is sweet, tho' made only of leaves.

It is said that the fugitive Graces will leave us
When the wrinkles have come and the visage grows grim,
And the dear little Loves, tho' afflicted to grieve us,
Will fly from the eyes that are hollow and dim;
But 'tis very well known that the bloom on the flower
Is the fleetest of all those delectable things
That are meant to be tempting for only an hour,
And that Cupid—the sprite—is provided with wings.

When the sky's growing dark and the red sun is setting
We should stir up the embers, and call up the elves
Of Mirth and Content, and all troubles forgetting,
Make a gay world for others—and so for ourselves.
'Tis the beauty of Age to be tranquil and gentle,
Whatsoever it be, making best of its lot,
And, tho' grey locks and crows'-feet are not ornamental,
There's a grace that can hallow and make them forgot.

So, a welcome to all that my Fate may provide me,
Be it joy or sorrow, a cross or a crown!
Here's a grasp of the hand for the comrades beside me!
Here's a smiling Good-bye as the curtain comes down!
And when the play's over and everything ended
And you hear, in your musing, the sound of a knell,
Give me one loving thought for the good I intended
And a rose for my pall, as you bid me Farewell!

By William Winter—New York Times.