

CITY."

ue, by too high
at it hath been
d that we are,

he displeasure
EXPECT TOO

we fear, a thing

stray and latent
so generously
devise. Some-
hurt not"—nay,
go down to the
kindly of them
rave your mercy.
TRIBUTORS.

DEDICATORY
D. TAYLOR.

ised, contrived,
e to thank you
enance. We are
nage and attend
e to the citizens
hank all patrons
Your presence
yers.

sented. We can-
nor such com-
high standard of
its production is
city. Another
honoured name
act that you and

Our Masque

ellow-Workers.

"HOW A FOREST BECAME A CITY."



The Interpreter.

Fair ladies and brave sirs,
In days past, as you know,
The Guilds of Workers
Gave fine Masque and Show.
We have no City Hall,
So meet you here—
Where your sweet presence
All other hearts doth cheer.
Our Masque we timidly put forth to-night,
"Our best intents are all for your delight."
Vancouver's story we present to you,
What hath been done—
What Yet Remains To Do.
Your kindly smiles now banish all our fears.
Lend us your patience sweet,
Your Eyes, and Ears.