

VICTORIA CITY VANCOUVER ISLAND

CANADA'S GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT

HEREWITH are reproduced, two excellent photographs of views on James island, one of the most picturesque members of the group of islands making up the Gulf archipelago. In the picture taken just at the break of day one looks towards Salt Spring island, with Mount Malahat, on Vancouver island, in the distance on the left. In the other picture the gentleman standing in front of the boat is Dr. Findlay, who a short time ago acquired James island and expended large sum of money in laying out extensive grounds and ranching land on the lines of the fine country-estates for which England is famous. Dr. Findlay, however, found it necessary for private reasons to return to the Old Country and disposed of his interests in the island to Mr. H. Wheatcroft.

James island lies about a mile from Sidney and is thus within comparatively easy reach of the city. It has always been a favorite spot for campers and sportsmen, and has just now come into special prominence because

considerable time to spend in seeing the "Coal City" itself, before resuming the journey in our company. Our party complete, we again board the City of Nanaimo, which quickly passes Protection island and leaves Departure Bay behind. Away across the Gulf we see the verdure clad hills in the middle distance, whilst above them the snow-clad peaks of the Coast Range, on the mainland, rear their mighty heads. The good ship plows merrily through the waters of the Gulf until we see J. Asquett, Texada, Hornby and Denman islands in the distance. Gradually we reach the southern end of Denman, where, on a solitary rock, stands the picturesque Yellow Rock light-house, and as we pass up the channel leading to Union Bay, the dying rays of the summer sun impart a rosy tint to the peaks of the Beaufort Range and to the mighty glacier behind Comox lake, on the topmost peak of which no man has ever yet set foot.

As we enter Union Bay itself we see steamers of all descriptions lying at anchor, awaiting the coal which is to take them to all parts

ful vista that opens up before us. Comox lake extends from about twelve miles to the westward, and on its eastern extremity spreads out into a narrow band running almost north and south, which at its northern end flows into the Courtenay river. Our time being limited, a gasoline launch is waiting to take us up the lake. We pass between ranges of mountains, that rise almost perpendicularly from the bosom of the lake, amidst scenes of untroubled beauty, and if our eyes be keen enough we may possibly discern upon the mountain side some of the larger game, such as deer or bears, with which the country abounds.

Back again to Cumberland, and after attending to material wants, we ride or drive through thickly-timbered country away to the north, until after six miles we pull up and look down upon the settlement of Courtenay, through which the river of the same name winds its way. But, before investigating it, we turn sharply to the left along the "Lake Trail," for here is something worth coming

bounded by the Beaufort Range. To the east the view is limited by the thickly-timbered islands of Denman, Hornby and Texada, with the mainland mountains rising behind. A long sandy spit, euphormously termed "Goose Spit," practically encloses the whole bay, and forms a natural breakwater, which renders boating, bathing and fishing within the bay perfectly safe, no matter how rough the weather be outside. This spit embodies about fourteen acres of Indian reserve, having at one time been the burial ground of the Comox tribe, but was leased by the Admiralty for the purpose of constructing a rifle range for the use of the warships on the Pacific station. This magnificent range was in use for a number of years, but has now fallen into disuse owing to the withdrawal of the Pacific Squadron from the coast.

Near the Government wharf is a mineral spring, which is said to have very considerable medicinal properties.

Denman and Hornby Islands are particularly well situated for fruit-growing, and large

in reach of the working man. It is the only place I know where "any terms you offer" is accepted. All because there is so much land to spare everywhere. The Canadian Pacific company in its land department plan of clearing and making ready for occupancy the ten and fifteen acre plots, is doing tremendous things for the small monied man. So far, oddly enough, it is the Americans and the old country folk who are profiting by this unique offer. I don't think Manitobans generally understand what it means to have a cleared farm ready for crop, "ashins" of timber for lumber and fuel at the door and the chance of growing one's own peaches at the parlor window.

There are seventeen great warships assembled in Puget Sound today, and tomorrow the entire squadron will, representing the flower of the American navy, be received with honors. The Sound cities are in gala dress, and the reception to the "Jackies" will be something to be remembered. Almost at the last moment I felt a strong desire to see just what our neighbors across the line were doing, and there being a rate war on between the C. P. R. and Puget Sound Steamship companies (a jump from \$2.50 to 50 cents), why, there was no resisting the attractions of a cheap



of its new owner's enterprise in importing a number of the famous Chatsworth deer with which he hopes to eventually stock the island.

The accompanying photographs are typical of the scenic beauties which are unfolded to the eyes of all who take the delightful excursion trip through the islands by the pretty little steamer Iroquois. Those in a position to speak with any authority declare that in all Western America there cannot be enjoyed another such scenic feast, and it is as certain as anything can be that this trip will ultimately prove one of the chief attractions to visitors to Vancouver island, and, indeed, in itself serve as no mean magnet.

But to those who can afford the luxury of a special craft of their own, a cruise around Vancouver island in a staunch, well-found boat, makes a delightful summer outing, the scenery wherever one may go being incomparably fine and diversified, and the weather as a rule perfect. The amateur photographer, the angler, hunter and the mountain climber will find unlimited scope for the exercise of their hobbies; the ethnologist will discover a rich field of research among the Indians, whose quaint villages dot the shores; the botanist and naturalist will fall upon a world of interesting subjects, while the geologist will find himself face to face with conditions that may shatter many of his accepted theories and give him food for ample conjecture and a re-arrangement of his cosmic ideas.

Capt. R. Ross Napier, of Comox, has well described the delights of a trip up the east coast of Vancouver island. In one of his articles he writes: "Early on Tuesday morning of each week the S. S. City of Nanaimo leaves the capital and wends her way through the beautiful islands of the Gulf of Georgia to Nanaimo, but, if time is a consideration, and our Victoria friend conscientiously disapproves of early rising, or does not care to spend the previous night on the steamer, he may take the E. & N. Railway Company's train, which leaves at a more seemly hour, for the same destination, and thus will have

of the earth. Union Bay is essentially a place of industry, having been established as a port some time after the discovery of coal at Cumberland, about twenty years ago. During the Klondike rush it burst into some prominence as the last port at which stores could be obtained before setting out for the, then comparatively, unknown lands of the north. Here are situated the new machine shops of the Wellington Colliery Co., built since the acquisition of the Esquimalt & Nanaimo Railway Co., by the C. P. R., some time ago. Recently several large logging camps have started operations in the immediate neighborhood, and, withal, Union Bay's prosperity is great, and her prospects of the rosiest description. Across the Bay we can catch a glimpse of Comox, to which the "City," as the steamer is locally known, will go on in the early hours of the morning; but we will leave the good ship here and reach it by another route.

Alongside the wharf the W. C. Co.'s train is awaiting, and half an hour or so takes us to Cumberland, and, incidentally, to the mines from which a great part of the Dunsmuir millions has come.

The original settlement when the late Robert Dunsmuir, father of the Hon. James Dunsmuir, the present Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, located the coal here, about twenty years ago, was called Union, but the newer portion of the settlement has become an incorporated city under the name of Cumberland. Four large mines are in constant operation here, namely, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7. No. 6 is situated immediately outside the city limits just above the old "camp," while Nos. 5 and 7 are situated some distance to the north of the city. We, however, having special privileges will first thing in the morning board a coal train and go westward to the largest mine of all, No. 4, which is situated on the eastern shore of Comox lake. "We pass the extensive pithead works of the mine, with its mule stables, blacksmith shops, etc., and then a walk of fifty yards round the "dump" and the world of industry is forgotten in the wonder-

far to see. Two miles along, past many well-cleared ranches, we ride, until we come out upon a clearing where an old log cabin or two form a melancholy contrast to the more modern buildings in the neighborhood. As we strike into the bush on foot we are aware of a dull roar in the surrounding atmosphere. As we travel onwards, it becomes still louder, although there is no evidence of its cause; until we burst through a mass of brush and look down a warring mass of tumultuous waters. We descend the bluff by a precipitous trail, and, taking up our position on a solitary rock by the shore, are "lost" in admiration of the scene before us. The run of the "tyee" salmon is on, and not a yard from our feet a king of the river rises to test his strength against the forces of nature. Almost out of the river he rises until two-thirds of his body are clear of the water, his tail moving with the speed of the propeller of a mighty ocean liner as he stems the tremendous current, until he finally makes up his mind to try a mighty leap to reach the higher portion of the falls. He falls back defeated for the time being, only to have his place taken by another and yet another of his kind. On the far side of the falls there is a ladder to assist the salmon on their upward way, but the kingly salmon seems to despise the assistance of a kindly government, and claims his right to rule the river as he wills. The sight of the "tyee" run at the falls is one a stranger will never forget, but time presses, and we must away.

As a health resort Comox is ideal, and, with the rapid increase of the population on the coast, it can only be a matter of time until it becomes one of the most populous summer resorts on the Pacific Coast. Photographs give a totally inadequate idea of this beautiful spot. The writer has traveled in many lands, but has seen few places that can compare with, let alone equal, this little beauty spot of British Columbia. Away to the southeast stretch the sparkling waters of the Gulf of Georgia, whilst to the south the land gradually rises until some miles inland it is

quantities are shipped to the neighboring cities every year. On a recent visit to Hornby Island, the writer was shown some apples by an enthusiastic rancher, the like of which he had no idea even British Columbia could produce. These apples being of the "Maiden's Blush" variety, could not but afford, in a hazy sort of way, some additional argument in favor of the Garden of Eden theory.

VICTORIA IN SUMMER TIME

There appears in the Manitoba Free Press in its issue of May 30, the following interesting letter from the pen of Mary Markwell:

I came to beautiful Victoria after six weeks outing inland, to find the city and suburban places drenched in the golden glow of Broom grass. The yellow Broom wanders everywhere, peering into private gardens, running over the highways in a wanton delight, and climbing the sea cliffs curling along old ocean's headlands, while the parks and play places which are open to the sky, are yellow, yellow, yellow, with the dross of it and the wealth of it all! The Broom is a beautiful blossom and visiting tourists go away laden with it, because it belongs to all lands, to all climes, and reaches its highest joy in color where Pacific breezes blow.

I am making an inventory of names and homes of prairie folks now resident in Victoria; it is surprising the number of familiar names in the city and suburban districts. Very beautiful are these homes of ex-Manitobans, while some sound Saskatchewan stock have taken land and are learning to accommodate themselves to the dolce far niente air of the drowsy Pacific.

Some soon day I am going to devote a page limit to this list of prairie folk who have come to take rest and recreation after toil; some day I hope to show readers some of the beautiful homes of our old-time friends; and it may not be amiss to state that just now there are to be had houses with from half an acre to five acres, well treed with fruit, for sums with-

rate and the thunder of artillery by Uncle Sam.

The run from Victoria is but four hours duration, never leaving sight of land, and the beauty of the straits of Juan de Fuca may not be described, only felt. Passing Port Angeles, Port Townsend and Anacortes in the distance, with the neck of the Sound where are today gathered all sorts and conditions of vessels; and the waterfront approach at night is something to see. Electrical illuminations forming the word "welcome" stand out from the highest buildings, and bunting in red, white and blue floats from every possible point.

Seattle was our landing point at 9.15 p.m., and we were whirled off to Tacoma (36 miles), by inter-urban cars luxuriating in the term "parlor," the joy of finding Canadian friends at this point may be imagined, and shelter in one of the prettiest homes adds all that one might desire.

The city is all up-hill; the most tremendous heights run from the waterfront somewhere beyond; and the cable cars skid down with great rapidity. There are steps everywhere, and a morning walk is a continual climb which exercises the muscles of one's legs to a degree that is trying. The splendid swing of the women of Tacoma in their walk tells how this exercise aids one's physical development. In a shopping tour of some hours I met such a number of graceful girls and easy-swinging matrons that I put it all down to the hill climbing of Tacoma. To the surf and sea-breezes of the Sound I must attribute the bright eye and rosy lips; but to what must one attribute the horrible habit of gum chewing? It might be classed as a national crime, indeed; for it destroys all the delicacy which one finds in the American girl. The dress of the American woman leaves nothing to be desired; no such spick and span appearing women exist elsewhere. The feet, especially come in for comment and of a complimentary kind too; for the pedal extremities of the American, be she a shop girl or daughter of a millionaire, are dressed well.

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ARDROBE

Victoria, B. C.

a twelve-day schedule, the two alternate, details of which fol-

will be made in Valparaiso, o, Antofagasta, Iquique, Mol-
allao, Paya and Panama. Ar-
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p lines at Colon for direct
ons so that the run from Val-
to New York will occupy 17
siding the usual wait in Pana-

pected that this will bring a
rt of the traffic from Buenos
and the adjacent East Coast
Andes via Valparaiso to New
It will be a quicker trip than
direct lines
distribution of freight will be
short-run steamers from the
mentioned. The Pacific Steam
on company is expected to run
vessel from Guayaquil to Pan-
the liners will stop only at the
of the river and just long
to receive, and discharge pas-

ORM CASTLE OFF THE OVERDUE LIST

Bark Has Been Spoken—Other
verdues Taken Off the
Market

British bark Gairgorm Castle,
from Caleta Colosa for the
and reinsured at 10 per cent.
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having been spoken. The
ship Pass of Balmaha and
n bark Willacott, both quoted
rates, have also been with-
the former having arrived at
from Leth and the latter at
indico from Newcastle. The
t, which has 2258 tons of coal
is being used as a coal hulk
her cargo, owing to the dif-
n securing berths for the coast
the Golden Gate, where many
are still awaiting discharge.