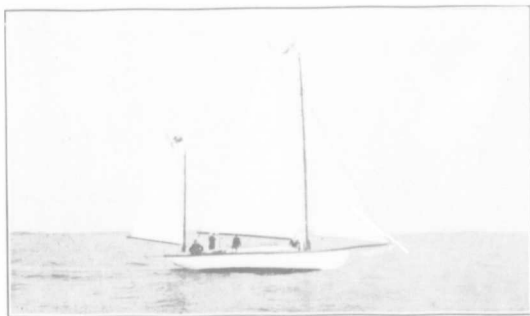


The view of the Olympics is different here than from Victoria; from here the Angel's Gate in divine loveliness a wide open gap, clearly defines the pure outlines of The Valley of the Angeles. At its feet, a seeming sentinel, stands the great lighthouse of the Race Rocks, with its sombre height and warning light. A thousand sublime pictures meet the eye; whether the day is dark and the hills clad in azure hue with darker shadows relieved by lines of snow; whether fleecy clouds drift in graceful lines below the summits; whether the day is fair and with radiance unimagined the pure-white dazzling masses are clear-cut against the heavens; whether at sunset when in palest blue the hills rise white-bedecked from the darkening water, their peaks in a golden radiance that melts softly into rosy pink; whether at moonlight when far more plainly than from any other part of the Island, the mountains lie bathed in silver light, an enchanted land across the molten gold of the moonlit water. One thinks on such a night of Tennyson's words,—“to me high mountains are a feeling,” and it is only too true that our admiration and sentiment must remain only a feeling. No words of ours can express the wondrous beauty of the scenes among which we live.



"Graceful Sail Bouts"

Interest of Outlook: Shipping.—Between the Olympics and our shores are the Straits of Juan de Fuca, at all times of the day and year full of interest to the dwellers on these shores. The world-famed anchorage, the Royal Roads, lies between Albert Head and Esquimalt. Here may always be seen great ships, barques, schooners, sailing ships of all nationalities and often steamers awaiting orders. At Parry