

Victoria City and the Island of Vancouver

By Frederick J. Scott.

THE purpose of this article is to tell something of the commercial, industrial and residential advantages of the wonderfully rich and picturesque City of Victoria and thereabouts, situated along the Straits of Juan de Fuca on the peninsula of Sunshine at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, in the province of British Columbia.

The panorama presented from the city's heights is one of exquisite beauty—a most superb grouping of land and sea and sky. Looking across the straits one sees the leaden shores of Uncle Sam's domain, crowned with snow-capped peaks of the grand Olympic mountain chain; eastward, Mount Baker lifts its monumental mass of scintillating snows, and blocks the pathway of the dawn; nestled among the trees, the people's homes are seen, and here and there the foliage of a park; smoke from a hundred hives of industry curls up along the water-front; westward, the towering tops of firs mark out Esquimalt, where is the great naval dry dock, and Great Britain's chain of impregnable fortifications hid among the rocks and trees; and all around, majestic hills with rich and fruitful gardens, orchards, dairies and poultry farms lying in between.

The climate is most equable and delightful, devoid of extremes, and milder than many parts of England, being tempered by the warm Japanese current—the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. There are no mosquitoes, the summers are cool, winters mild, the rainfall light, and sunshine so abundant, that Victoria has aptly been termed the "City of Sunshine." The most delicate flowers bloom in the gardens from March till the New Year. The hottest summer days are seldom over 80 degrees. Building operations are carried on throughout the entire year.

Victoria and the adjoining municipalities—Oak Bay and Esquimalt—which are really part of the city, have a combined population of about 35,000. It is the seat of government for the province of British Columbia, and possesses one of the most magnificent and beautiful piles of Parliament Buildings in America. There are no unemployed. Everybody is busily engaged in commercial, industrial and professional pursuits, or is enjoying the fruits of past years of labor. Tributary to the city are the vast timber resources, and the inestimable riches of the coal, iron and copper mines of Vancouver Island, as yet in the initial stages of development. Then, too, there are vast fishery, sealing and whaling industries, as well as the rich fruit and farming areas about to be opened up by the Canadian Pacific railway company, which purposes the immediate clearing and preparation of 150,000 acres as a mere beginning. Shipbuilding is pursued to some extent, but there is ample opportunity for extension on a very large scale. The great naval dry-dock at Esquimalt, as well as the marine railway there, does a large business in effecting repairs to vessels.

The business establishments, both wholesale and retail, are thoroughly metropolitan, and would be a credit to cities of even greater size.

The latest government returns show the city to be the busiest shipping port in British Columbia, no less than 1,769 vessels, with a total tonnage of 1,856,352, having entered and cleared during the nine months ending 31st March, 1907. These figures exceed those of the next largest port in British Columbia by 378 vessels, and tonnage of 796,881.

Bank clearings, Inland Revenue, Customs, Post Office and Trade and Commerce returns show a marked increase over those of the previous year.

Bank Clearings.

1907—Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....\$55,330,588.00
1906—Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....45,615,615.00

Increase for 1907.....\$9,714,973.00

Increase of over 21 per cent for 1907.

The total bank clearings for the twelve months of 1906 were \$45,615,715, which amount is less than that for only eleven months of 1907 by \$5,353,631.

Customs Returns

1907—Ending 30th June.....\$1,054,507.99
1906—Ending 30th June.....815,680.94

Increase 1907.....\$ 238,827.05

Inland Revenue Returns

1907—Ending 30th June.....\$ 210,585.04
1906—Ending 30th June.....175,477.37

Increase 1907.....\$ 35,108.57

Post Office Receipts

1907—Ending 30th June.....\$ 67,400.00
1906—Ending 30th June.....61,466.75

Increase 1907.....\$ 5,933.25

Trade and Commerce

1907—Imports to 30th June...\$ 4,252,162.00
1906—Imports to 30th June...3,354,274.00

Increase 26 3/4 per cent...\$ 897,888.00

Victoria offers excellent educational advantages, having 12 public schools, and school property and furnishings valued at a quarter of a million of dollars, including 12 acres of

A Review of Present-Day Attractions and Advantages With Some Special Information for the Tourist, the Homeseeker and the Farmer.

school grounds. It owns and operates its own waterworks and lighting plant, and has a good street railway service, which is about to be greatly extended by the private corporation owning it. Property assessment is low and taxes are reasonable. The source of supply for lumber, brick, lime, cement, etc., being right at hand, building materials are obtainable without the necessity of paying exorbitant freight charges.

The hotel accommodation is unexcelled, the Empress hotel, the new C. P. R. million-dollar structure, overlooking the harbor just across from the parliament buildings, being a marvel of luxury and elegance. In addition to this, there are several other good hotels—King Edward, Driard, Dallas, Dominion, St. Francis, Queen's, Victoria, and last, but not least, the quaint Oak Bay hotel, patterned after an Old Country inn.

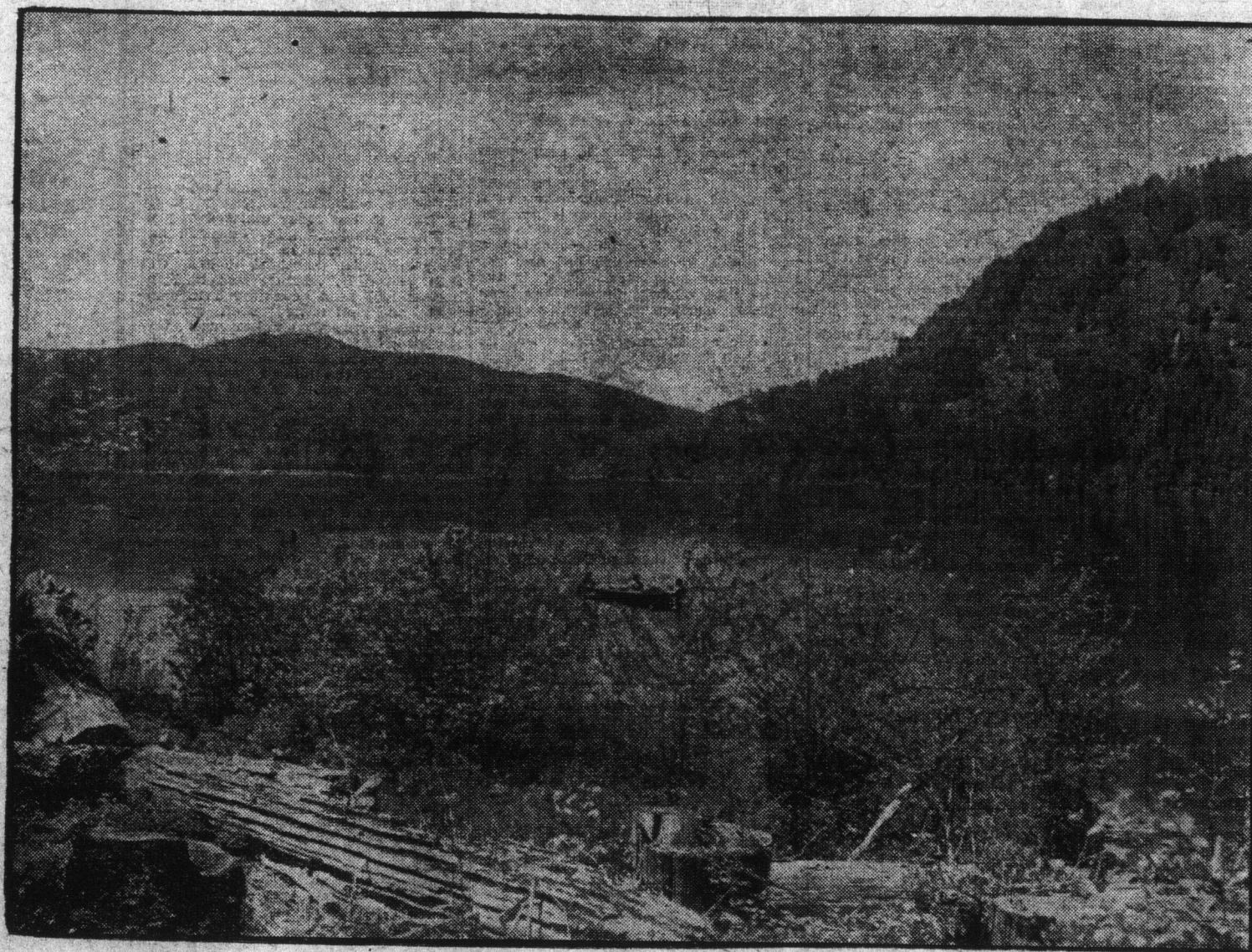
The city is well supplied with social and

the wholesale price averages about 10 cents per lb.

There are seasons of the year when there is heavy rainfall all over the mainland of British Columbia. At such times Victoria sunshine is hurrying to maturity all sorts of vegetables, which command the highest prices. Market-gardening is a very lucrative business in and around Victoria, and may be pursued throughout the entire year with never a fear of a lack of demand.

The demand for butter, cream, eggs and poultry is double the supply which the country has so far been able to produce, although there has been a steady increase in the numbers of those who are entering these branches of farming, which yield such generous returns. At the present time, the lack of supply is being made up by importations from Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and yet the Vancouver Island products always command a higher price

form you that he had a bite, and would immediately begin to play his fish. This would give you fresh confidence; you would think that the fish were at last coming around, and you would take heart again, put on a fresh bait and hand the Old Man your flask. Not a bit of use, though; it would soon be apparent that it was the Old Man's line they were attracted most to, and on your suggestively remarking that you would like to have that rod and line to try it, he would reply cheerfully: "Why, certainly, take it," and he would go on catching fish with your rod while you sat by and the fish turned up their noses at the Old Man's rod in your hands. Big, fat, good natured Bob Anderson would call you aside, confidentially and mysteriously, and yanking an enormous bite off a plug of tobacco, he would carefully and thoughtfully stow it away in a particular location in his jaw, before propounding such a



A View on Cowichan Lake, Vancouver Island—The Angler's Paradise

athletic clubs, and has an excellent musical society. There are three theatres, the "Victoria" being the largest, and catering to patrons of the drama. The "New Grand" and "Pantages" are two really good vaudeville theatres.

Abundance of trout, bass and other fishing is to be found in the waters and streams not far away; and quail, grouse, pheasants and deer abound in the woods and fields throughout the southern parts of Vancouver Island.

There is excellent boating and sailing, magnificent and picturesque roads for miles around lend added pleasure to motoring and driving parties.

The rural districts within a radius of ten miles of Victoria are peculiarly adapted for growing the most delicious and productive varieties of fruits—apples, pears, plums, prunes, crab-apples, strawberries, raspberries, loganberries, gooseberries, and all sorts of currants, etc.

Much of Victoria's wealth is produced from the handsome returns won from fruit-culture, market-gardening, dairying, farming and poultry-raising; strawberries, especially, are marvelously remunerative. One four-acre patch yielded \$2,598 net, equal to \$650 per acre net; another of one and one-half acres yielded \$1,228.60 net, equal to \$819 net per acre. With proper cultivation strawberries will invariably average over \$500 per acre net profit, after allowing about \$200 per acre as the cost of cultivation.

Apples and pears yield 8 to 15 tons of fruit per acre at an average price of \$26 and \$30 per ton, respectively, i. e., \$208 to \$300 per acre for apples and \$240 to \$450 per acre for pears.

Ninety plum trees at "Rockside" orchard, near Victoria, produced an average of 227 lbs. per tree of plums, the wholesale price of which averages 2 to 3 cents per lb., thus producing about \$500 per acre.

Cherries are always a wonderful crop, and

in competition with the imported, being generally considered superior.

Experiments recently made prove beyond a doubt the marked adaptability of the soil and climate of Victoria and its vicinity for the production of flowering bulbs, the supply of which has heretofore always been brought from Holland. Bulb-culture promises to become one of Victoria's most thriving industries. The estimated profits are about \$2,000 per acre, and there is absolutely no limit to the market, which at present is supplied from Europe.

A Veteran Fisherman's Yarns

He called him "the Old Man," not because of his age, for, although considerably turned sixty, he was as spry and elastic in his movements as at twenty-one, and he was straighter and quicker than the youngest of us, writes Oscar C. Bass in "Rod and Gun in Canada." He got the name among the boys because we looked up to him as an authority, and we liked him because, instead of putting on airs of superiority on account of his great experience in sport, he became younger in a sense as he grew older, took a keen interest in us youngsters, as he called us, and would go to no end of trouble to see that we got the best sport that was going.

Mingled with our affection and admiration for him was a vague feeling of superstition, for you might be fishing in one spot all day without seeing a solitary fin or getting so much as the suspicion of a nibble, when along would come the Old Man, with his cheery: "Wall, how're the comin'?" and on hearing your grunt of disgust he would swing around and take up a post near you, throw in his line and begin to tell you some of his hunting stories, after Virginia quail, with Governor McGuffin. In the middle of the yarn he would stop, in-

knotty question as: "How in Halifax is it the Old Man caught all those fish in that pool when I've been working away in the sun there all day for nothing?"

Of course you would have to give it up; the Old Man made no secret of his doings, he would share our bait, or swap flies and even rods, but still he caught the fish.

But it was at night time, in the old shack at the lake side, after the day's fishing was over, the hot coffee, eggs, bacon and thick slices of bread and butter placed snugly away under our respective belts, according to capacity, and the pipes going—it was then that the Old Man would unfold himself in a reminiscent sense.

Naturally the conversation first turns upon the day's events, and the fish are sorted and salted away—the biggest ones on top of course—each member of the party has some story of adventure to relate of the day's experience—how this fish came up to the fly, or that fish took the minnow; what a time it was to keep him on a taut line, how he sulked when he found himself balked at each piece of strategy; how he played Old Harry with the tackle, sprung the rod and tired the arm, and when at last the finny fighter was landed it was found that the hook, which stood between him and glorious liberty, would not have borne another minute's play. Big Bob had just related such an experience as this one evening. We had returned to the stove and one of the boys was making the grog. As the first, and hottest and best glass was handed to the Old Man, he remarked as he gazed, critically but affectionately, into the limpid depths of the steaming nectar: "That yarn o' Bob's reminds me of a tussle I had with a big fish and small tackle once."

He took a sip from the glass, to give us a chance to test the quality of our own and see that the pipes were going. Bob threw an ex-

tra log in the stove, and we all settled back, for the Old Man always told the truth and always told more than one yarn at a time.

"I wuz up the Koksilah river here," he began, "with some of the boys a few years back, more to show them whar the fishin' was than for fishin' myself. Thar was a touch of prospectin' in the venture too; so it was more force o' habit than with any intention of downright serious fishin' that I took only a light thirteen foot trout rod. While the boys wuz fleekin' away at a pool at long reach in the stream, I went back here and there to examine the rocks, an' it wuz after gettin' back from one o' these rambles that I came up with the boys, and calculated I'd have a throw myself. The trout war slow; the day wuz bright and fishin' prospects seemed to be about as far off as the Ballarat mines wuz from the rocks I'd been chippin' back on the hills. I tried one fly after another, but none of them coaxed the big fellows' noses from under the rocks in the shady spots.

Just about givin' up as a bad job, before sittin' down to have a bite to eat, I made a cast into a small eddy not more than forty foot square. From whur I wuz standin' I wuz just able to reach it with the tail fly. There was something the matter with that little pool in a minute that made me think one o' the big Atlantic steamers had got her propellers to work in front of me. My tailor went down, and click, click began the reel. I knew then that I had dropped on a smacker and no mistake. He made a set o' circles in that pool so quick that I could see the bare bottom of the stream between every line, like the Jordan wuz when Moses took the people out o' Egypt, only they wuz round instead of straight across. Round and round he went, pullin' me across the forty foot pool between us and takin' me into water near to my armpits. Lord, how he sizzled and tore as he tried to tangle my tackle up in the rocks. The little rod acted grand; she went near double and she came back again; that fish would look me square in the face and run up to me as if he wuz goin' to have it out with me in my own back yard, but I says: "No, boy, you don't get any slack on me with a bluff of that kind," and I would reel him up prompt. After tryin' to run the blockade o' rocks between the small pool and the river stretch, several times, he would stop to spy out the ground, like a general plannin' a fight, when he would run off on a new track. There I wuz for close on an hour, just managin' to hold him, an' he seemed as fresh as ever when he went to the bottom like a log and lay there sulkin'. D'y'e think I could move him? Not a bit of it. I tickled him with the hook as much as I could without tryin' to lift him, but not a stir, and at last I had to hold him taut with one hand and drop rocks on him to move him with the other. I would try to look around to see if any of the boys wuz near to come with a net or gaff, but nary a sign o' them. At last Mr. Fish makes one of them big rushes at me, but this time I tried a new dodge. I seemed to know he wuz thinkin' o' tryin' his old bluff, and as soon as he moved, I ran back, made as big a pull on the rod as I thought she'd stand, and helped that fish to jump right out of the water and on to the dry rocky clearin' in the middle of the stream. When we weighed him he wuz fourteen pound and three quarters. There's the little rod up on the rack there, an' I tell you I think an awful powerful lot o' her."

The Old Man had scarcely finished talking, when a pretty fox terrier which he owned came into the cabin with a two pound trout in his mouth. Bob jumped up with an exclamation that "the gol durned dog" had been at his fish, for Bob was the only one who could boast a two pounder for that day.

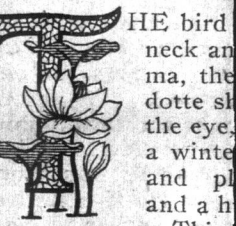
"Let him alone," said the Old Man. "He caught that fish himself; he didn't want me to be beaten, so he went out fishin' in the crick fur me and got that fish."

There was an enquiring look thrown over towards the Old Man, but his good natured face beamed nothing but truth as he said: "I never told you the story of that dog!"

"Well, a man back in the city owned that dog, and from a pup he wuz a terror after cats. I got him, but didn't think much of him, as he wuz afraid of the water, and didn't care to go in a boat. One day I wuz up the river, and wuz goin' to cross some ways above the canyons where the rapids are. The doz wuz comin' gingerly behind me on a log, which wuz rollin' to beat the band when he slipped and fell in. After that he didn't care about the water; took a likin to it, and would go in after anything. By the next season I had him almost talkin' and there wuz some o' us goin' up the river one day, when Tip, sees a big salmon that wuz workin' his way along in a shallow place with a lot of others. He jumps in and grabs him just at the back of the neck, and for a purty considerable time you couldn't tell dog from fish. There wuz the most all-firedest fight you ever see, with Tip comin' up blowin' the water out of his nose every time, and still holdin' on like Old Nick. We got Tip in first, as he wuz pretty well tuckered out, and there wasn't much kick left in the fish. Then we scaled both o' them. That salmon weighed twenty-two pounds, and Tip only comes to eighteen."

In silence we knocked the ashes out of our pipes on the top of the stove and turned in.

Origin of the Co



HE bird neck and ma, the dotte sl the eye, a winte and pl and a h This admitted to the Stand generally conceded by of any old breed we good points lacking in ready a demand for id that it will have the enced in the history o is generally on the loc especially is this true in offering the Colum not only given the ne that has behind it the best breed on earth.

In offering a prod public there should be ment, as to the crosse not an effort to confu not intend to say that who claim to have pr Wyandotte by crossin mouth Rocks and Si have not done so. I h breeders, according to the opinion they have, crossing Indian Runne keys produce a Mockin

I will take up the c in the production of dotte. While I do not produce them, I had s fore I had ever seen a and believe that I have established. After s yards six two-year-old were in shape and col cured from a friend a he being what I wante

After months of s Light Brahma hen wit hackle intensely black ing, a very broad and rowest possible edging back, was what I wan selected six from my f as near to this ideal a this broad lacing in h erts narrow as possibl perience in breeding shown me a very dark to black running into hackle, often reachin ers, while in the tail fe lem is to keep the whi too far into the black. selection of the females above everything, takin tail, which I wanted w naturally going with a

The White Wyandotte a good, small comb, w and the shortest bird with low, well spread t the bill exactly.

What did I get from Laced Wyandottes, Ba and Light Brahmas—a Silver Wyandottes we breeder would care to b some of them with near black wingbows and sh out the plumage, with a Laced breeder would chicken I never would have come from White Brahmas crossed, but a not knowing the origin cross of Light Brahma You can see how easily breeder, accidentally se specimens and crossing andotte, which would r Brahma markings to a himself to believe that ver Laced Wyandottes is where you get your S cross that has made the in some yards—a chanc andotte and Light Blyation. The Barred Ply more of the Brahma tha was unmistakable ba plumage, being especia and wings, some specin in every section. A cre something that looked andotte, but I doubt it, claiming this, that the is their original cross. any breeder has ma Rock and White Wyan pose of producing a Co Laced Wyandotte. No from this first cross tha