

Victoria: The Los Angeles of Canada.

Where the past jostles with progress Victoria and Los Angeles are the two cities of the Pacific coast most alike in potentialities and environment. The latter has led the way, but the capital of British Columbia is a worthy follower, and has better opportunities, more abundant resources, than her sister city to the south. Both have clinging memories of the past surrounding them. The capital of Southern California nestles round the old mission church of Our Lady of the Angels, while Victoria found its being surrounding Fort Camosun, the Hudson's Bay Company fort, the location of which is perpetuated in the names of several streets in the vicinity. Victoria has been well termed

The Los Angeles of Canada.

The history of the two cities is singularly alike. Both had their inception in assemblage of Indians; in the Californian city for the purpose of religious instruction, here for the purpose of trade. Gradually, in the vicinity of each arose a hamlet where the modest requirements of incoming settlers were met by pioneer storekeepers and mechanics. This, by gradual advancement brought about a medium-sized town that, for a time, rested in quietude dragging on existence in a somnolent old world way. It is true

in many places fallen into disrepair and practically become impassable. This is not the case with the main highway from Victoria, the road to Nanaimo—another link with the past—as it is used every day in the year, and therefore is a much better asset than its southern counterpart.

"Beautiful for situation," describes each city equally well. Though Los Angeles boasts its palms and olive trees; Victoria has its oaks and firs that, to those who enjoy artistic disorder of form are more pleasing than the absolute symmetry of those subtropical trees that have been termed vegetable feathers. Each city has horticultural wealth at its back. Los Angeles is the centre of an orange raising district. Victoria is gradually becoming known as the outlet of a large extent of country where every fruit of the temperate zone can be grown in the highest perfection. But, in this respect, the sister city has about reached its zenith while the potentialities of the Spanish peninsula and other districts surrounding Victoria are, even now, hardly recognized. This, however, is a source of future greatness that need not be dwelt upon here.

The most remarkable collateral feature between the two cities only became evident within the past few

and certainly none in North America, can equal. In spring, summer, autumn and winter there are scenes of beauty to be admired. Both nature and art have their efficient part in securing this result and one, by the hand of providence, and the other by the aid of man have in the vicinity of Victoria almost perfect exemplification. As yet nature has played the predominant part and, in most instances, any attempt to improve upon it would be "to gild the lily, to adorn the rose."

Victoria has certainly one advantage that Los Angeles can never equal. It's beauty is not limited to landscapes; every momentary change on the surface of the ocean can be enjoyed here while the city to the south is a considerable distance from the realm of Father Neptune. As a result the breezes are laden with ozone and have that invigorating effect so dear to those who love the life of the open. Situated, as Victoria is, as the southernmost extremity of the island, most of the rain laden clouds, driven east across the Pacific pass harmlessly over it to be unburdened by dashing against the mountains and deluge less favored localities on the mainland coast.

The manifold changes in sea and sky can nowhere be seen better than near Victoria. Whether the mood of the old

set. No wonder many visitors have to taste the water to be convinced that it is salt. There is an air of peace pervading all the surroundings that is reminiscent rather of a quiet English backwater than an arm of the sea. As the sun sinks slowly in the West, gold, crimson and purple paint the sky, to be reflected in an exact similitude on the calm surface of the water. The capes and cliffs drift slowly at the will of the erratic currents, while the merry mariners sing gleefully to the accompaniment of the mandolin and guitar. And the swimmers add quota to the gaiety. The splashing, the laughter, the shouts at each nautical escapade, each give added charm to the

Most Unique Seaside Scene on the continent. Then, when the long twilight begins to fall on the emerald sward and many colored verdure of the surrounding forest, a new scheme of enjoyment arises on the nearby shore. Like variegated fire-flies the gleams of electric lights dart out, as if by magic, from the bottom to the apex of the giant conifers at Gorge Park. Each path seems outlined with the same agency—straw colored, when seen from a distance. Festoons of incandescent bulbs cast a noonday brilliance over the lawn; many of the merry-makers throng ashore to partake in the new delights of a calm summer evening. In Canada, at all events, there is no such setting for an al fresco concert. Soon the strains of an orchestra break gently on the ear; old favorites seem even more beautiful in such enchanting surroundings. Songs of home; melodies of love; tone stories of strife, and wrecks, and woe, rather fresh vividly when heard unencumbered by the artificial surroundings of a theatre or concert hall. Ever and anon there is a chorus that all know. Away on the waters, now purple in the gathering gloom, the strain is taken up by the light-hearted young folk in the cockle-shell boats and, when the National Anthem, designates the close of the evening's enjoyment it is with regret the pleasure seekers leave the arm in solitude to await the dawn of another equally happy day. This is one, and only one, of the almost unique joys of Victoria—the pride of its residents and the well-beloved of visitors from every part of the world.

But the song of the land is sounding, that eternal figure of four voices, spring, summer, fall and winter, that raises a never ending paean of praise to the giver of all good things. Hillside avenue in the centre of the city, the sun. It is spring; prescient of the coming summer. The old story of gold, gold, gold is repeated. Not the metal dug from the bowels of mother earth, but the golden gleam of the flowers herald the advent of long, long days filled, to those with seeing eyes, best, with the beauties of the opening year. Seaview is ablaze with broom and gorse; the meadows are dotted with buttercups and oxeye daisies. Yes, gold is the color of a Victoria spring. And even while the uplands and fields are aglow the gentler hues of the connecting time with summer gradually unfold to the view. It is the vision of pink and white, of the hawthorn, wild rose and the apple, plum, prune, pear and peach blossoms of the orchard. Like the forerunner of old the broom blazed the way for its gentler followers and now not only beautiful bloom, but sweet scents, are coming in profusion. There is a

Dainty Perfume in the Air. In the garden the violet, though past its earlier freshness, still spreads its fragrance that attracts the searcher to its hiding place. The narcissus, too, adds another note of perfume and the snowdrop and many other harbingers of summer combine to make a veritable orchestra of praise for those who use Dr. Ewert's quaint conceit, are able "to hear through the nose." Summer, with all its rainbow-hued radiance, crowns the year with glory for the city beautiful—Victoria. It is then the rose, pride of this little bit of England on the shore of the Pacific, comes forth in all its floral splendor. To detail the flowers grown in Victoria gardens would expand the catalogue. None are so humble that something fragrant cannot adorn the house lot, the window and the table. With butterfly-like grace the sweet pea bends gracefully to each passing breeze. Almost every hue known to the eyes of men is somewhere represented, from snowy white to a bronze or purple that are almost black, and through all ranges of reddish tints from the faintest pink to the darkest crimson. There is a blue that rivals the azure of the sky and others that recall the haze seen in summer on a mountain top. And so on through the whole category.

In the fields Nature Has Been Equally Prolific. The columbine, apt emblem of British Columbia, rears its stately head, in many a nook and corner. Even the orchid is not without representation. Throughout the surrounding district there is to be found, on many a rocky eminence, a diminutive variety of this vegetable parasite, royal purple and deep gold, that looks like a gloxinia in miniature. The trillium is recognized by its sweet scented blue known to the eyes of men is somewhere represented, from snowy white to a bronze or purple that are almost black, and through all ranges of reddish tints from the faintest pink to the darkest crimson. There is a blue that rivals the azure of the sky and others that recall the haze seen in summer on a mountain top. And so on through the whole category.

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And what can equal the pastoral quietude of Victoria Arm, above the George, in the glory of a summer sun-

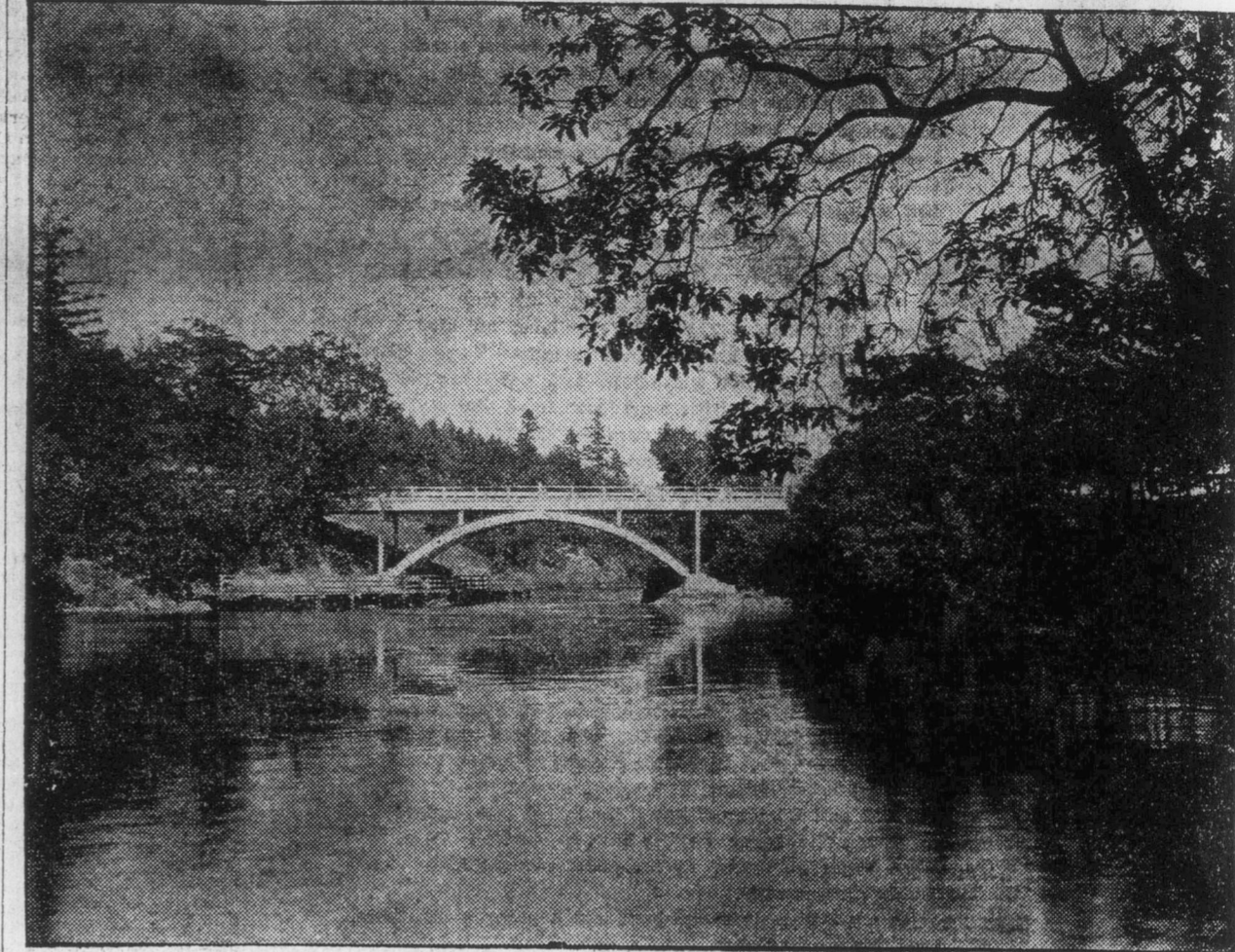
by all who wish the many berries of the forest and hedgerows. But it is not the mere and yellow that is everywhere apparent; it is a sunset effect recorded for a few weeks on the leaves that were recently verdant. Though the evergreens—the native corianders and the imported laurels and hollies—retain their foliage all the year round there are many denizens of the forest and shrubbery that bid adieu for a season.

Christmas Comes with its attendant festive gatherings. Many a garden contributes roses and

pastime is indulged in—all the more appreciated for its rarity. Even nature's winter mantle is only a casual visitor; it comes for a day or two, but remains only a memory in general, recalled by the far off sight of the snow-capped summits of the mountains. Now

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immediately upon completion and, a most pleasing fact, there is no undue crowding of houses together. Each has its garden plot at least; in the sections of the city where the wealthier classes congregate several acres of beautifully laid out grounds usually enhance the attractiveness of each location. There is an air of permanence, totally dissociated from the transiency generally conceived inseparable



THE GORGE, VICTORIA—A REVERSIBLE WATERFALL, FORMED BY THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE TIDE—A FAVORITE HAUNT. —Photo by Fleming Bros.

son in a blaze of fiery splendor—a worthy prediction that phoenix-like they will revive again with the coming spring. Canada's proud emblem, the maple, is queen in her departing sun. It is spring; prescient of the coming summer. The old story of gold, gold, gold is repeated. Not the metal dug from the bowels of mother earth, but the golden gleam of the flowers herald the advent of long, long days filled, to those with seeing eyes, best, with the beauties of the opening year. Seaview is ablaze with broom and gorse; the meadows are dotted with buttercups and oxeye daisies. Yes, gold is the color of a Victoria spring. And even while the uplands and fields are aglow the gentler hues of the connecting time with summer gradually unfold to the view. It is the vision of pink and white, of the hawthorn, wild rose and the apple, plum, prune, pear and peach blossoms of the orchard. Like the forerunner of old the broom blazed the way for its gentler followers and now not only beautiful bloom, but sweet scents, are coming in profusion. There is a

other flowers grown in the open to deck well worn tables; the seed pods of the wild rose and clusters of the rowan berries interspersed with evergreen balsam to decorate in honor of the season. And, to accentuate the English feeling so noticeable to those who visit Victoria, the bunches of scarlet berries that shine vividly against the lustrous foliage of the holly grace every table, in the place of honor atop of the Christmas pudding. It is this "omey" feeling that makes Victoria linger in the memory of old country visitors. But there is even a deeper reason, also. As the outpost of empire fronting on the Orient the famous sight of soldiers and sailors in British uniforms recalls, if it be

from a city of the West. This permanency is accentuated by the vigor with which the reconstruction of concrete sidewalks is being pursued throughout Victoria. Almost in a week the old board sidewalks are to be replaced by pedestrian ways that for cleanliness and aspect of finality are not approached, size and population considered, by any city on the Pacific coast. The municipal improvement system further evidences the intention of property owners to stay with Victoria. These improvements are not made at the will of the municipality, but at the request of those who pay for them, the holders of building lands. That residents of Victoria generally



THE GORGE PARK AND BEACH—THE NEW RECREATION GROVE RECENTLY OPENED BY THE B. C. ELECTRIC RAILWAY CO., SHOWING CHILDREN'S BATHING GROUNDS. —Photo by Fleming Bros.

And this is the season of activity for the farmers and fruit growers. Waving fields of corn and oats are ready for the reaper.

Masses of Luscious Fruit almost break the boughs in the orchards, field crops of many kinds that have already been largely gathered, are all garnered before the advent of winter. Apples, equal in quality to those cultivated anywhere, shine ruddy, yellow or russet against the bright green leaves. Pears, that would tempt the most ascetic refuse to expressions of approval, are gathered by the cartload. In this, the queen district of the whole of the temperate zone, man has nothing desirable that with ease be cultivated.

Winter has no terrors for the evergreen city of Canada. Now and again there is a snap of frost in the air, but it's stay is only transient. Some people keep skates in the house, but winter after winter may pass by without an opportunity to use them. It is such a chance arises it is with the keenest enjoyment the unwanted ice

necessary, the fact that British Columbia is connected, in common with the whole of Canada, by the unbroken links of patriotism, loyalty and historical association, yes even by birth in very many instances, with the grand old mother land. As Kipling says in his "Song of the English,"

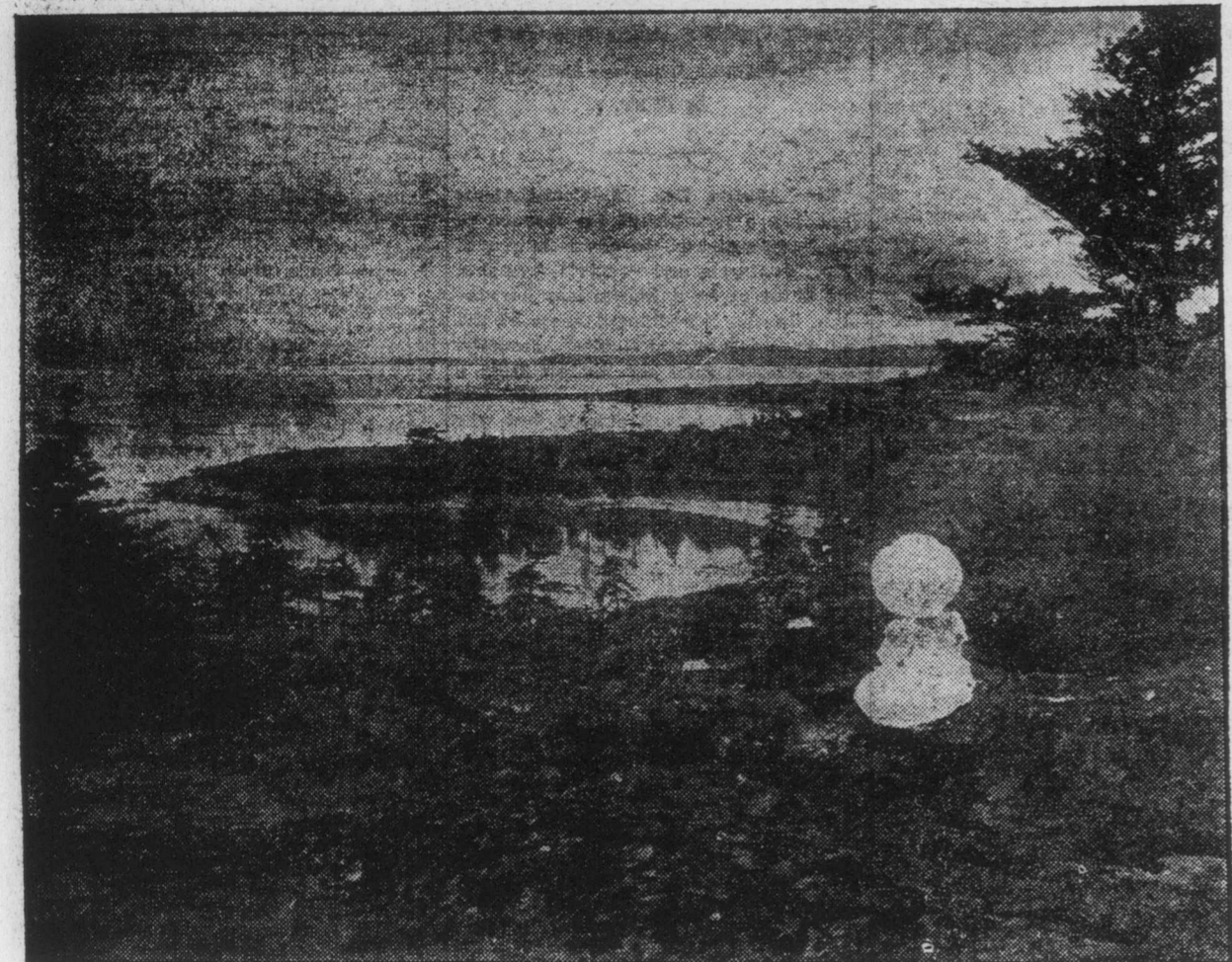
"From East to West the circling word has passed, Till West is East beside our land-locked coast, From East to West the tested chain holds fast, The well-forged link rings true."

The above imperfectly tells the story of why Victoria is becoming

The Great Tourist Resort and residential city of Canada. No statistics are available as to the actual number of new arrivals during the present year, but even the most cursory observer is struck with the large number of new homes erected in the city since the opening of 1906. And there has not been an instance of what might be termed speculative building. Every residence erected has been occupied

are determined to keep their abiding place in the forefront of cities beautiful has been shown in many ways during the present year. The acquisition, by popular vote, of

Two More Park Sites assures adequate provision forever of suitable breathing spaces for a much larger city than at present exists. North Ward park, just opened to public use, primarily as a place of recreation for the children, gives to that portion of the city the necessary accommodation in this respect. A permanent house for the Agricultural Association has also been secured. Bowker park, including the exhibition buildings and race track, under municipal supervision will undergo a rapid improvement that was impossible under other auspices. The climate of Victoria has always attracted lovers of horseflesh, stumping the city as one of the most favored winter training quarters on the continent. Up to the present, outside a couple of private courses, there has been no suitable place near the city where owners of aspirants for turf



BAY AND HEADLANDS—FOUL BAY, VICTORIA, FROM SHOTBOLT'S HILL—ROSS BAY AND CLOVER POINT IN THE DISTANCE. —Photo by Fleming Bros.

that Victoria enjoyed, during the gold fever, an accession of prosperity that was not repeated in Los Angeles, but this, after all, was evanescent and, speaking truthfully, the second stage of Victoria was worse than the first.

But, from the absence of rush in business, in both cities there arose a realization of beautiful environment that was destined, within a very short time, to become one of the most important factors in producing an increase of population and world-wide reputation. Both cities—one in Canada and the other in the United States—are worthy

Capitals of the Land of Outdoors. There is another similarity between Victoria and Los Angeles that should not be omitted. It is the presence of an historical road, stretching through long tracts of country. "El camino Real," the highway of the King, connects many of the old Californian missions, including Los Angeles, but it has

months. Beautiful situation and an equable climate have induced wealthy residents of less favored regions to make their homes in Victoria and Los Angeles. Proving the truth of the well known saying—"lookers on see most of the game"—the newcomers to both cities realized the pure and commercial opportunities unnoticed by the old-time inhabitants, and have led the way to better times and greater industrial importance. In this way, as in many other places, beauty has become the handmaid of utility.

And why has... ..

Victoria Becomes the Mecca of those in Canada and the western states who wish to take life pleasantly? The explanation is easy. Three things are required: beautiful surroundings, congenial society and opportunities for outdoor exercises, sports and pastimes all through the year. Victoria answers these requirements to an admirable degree that very few cities in the world,

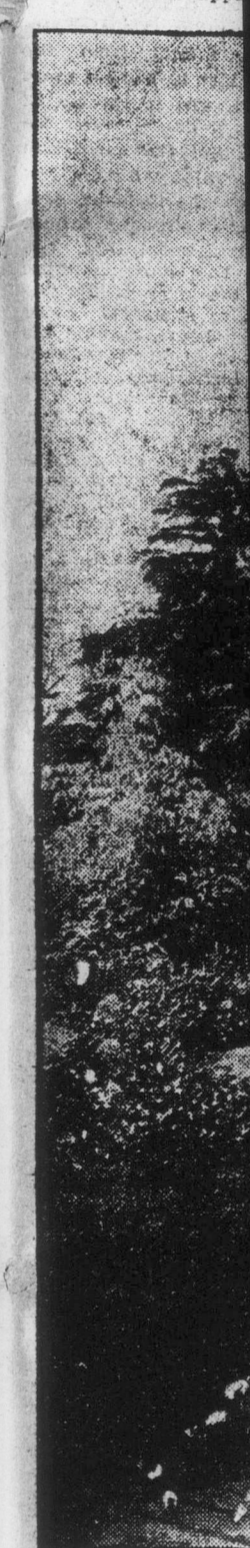
ocean be placid or terrible; the season of storm or inefable peace of a calm or the hither and thither choppiest of a light breeze, when yachts bowl along merrily outlined against the sombre green of the far away mountains, Victorians every day and visitors during their sojourn can gather this enjoyment to the full. When the wind whistles through the trees and the fancied roar of the surf calls those who love the contest between the elemental forces of earth and water, of rock and foaming sea, an hour on the uplands at Gordon Head will satisfy the craving to the utmost. Or, even nearer the city, though with a somewhat far away view, the spray is distinctly visible

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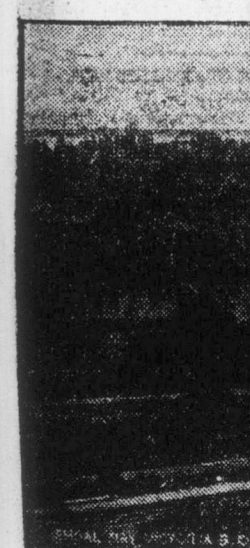


THE GLORY OF THE BROOM—A SPECIMEN OF THE SPLENDID SHRUBS WHICH HEDGE VICTORIA DRIVES AND WHICH IN SPRING FORM "BILLOWS OF BLOOM." —Photo by Fleming Bros.

honors could exercise purchase of the park corporation entirely ability; all that now is the expenditure of place the race track dition. This will m forthcoming. But, after all, the park at Beacon Hill great open spot of V James Douglas, was aside this land for it was a small hamlet several attempts ha secure liberty to dis but fortunately was use a recent express identified with the d ning: "The alienatio be a crime against this correctly explain a vast majority of re There is no view or for variety of cha of detail equal to the Beacon Hill. On tw with mountains app



right angles, obliterating the straits of San J the north the broad gre Fairfield estate become distance with the rig summit are perched ma finest residences, inclu rock, that viewed from like A Sentinel C on some Rhinish crag there is the city, with buildings in the foregro rising from James Bay new Empress hotel, the many substantial buis centuate the commercial has characterized Victo forty years. Of the park itself a d tion cannot be given



SHOAL BAY AND O speaking it may be divid parts. The approach from street leads to what mig the cultivated portion, lake, with its bevels of w and the many islets o groups of beautifully fol tive evidence that art c nature created when the young. Under the shado pine trees the green one and all to rest or ca elings. When, on sum the paths are outlined v out a band concert is im the flock in thousands o the park, to recline on benches and listen to the