

marked influence upon commercial intercourse between the countries bordering on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This at least can be fairly said—that the part British Columbia has hitherto played in the progress of the Dominion in no way indicates the important position the Province is destined ultimately to occupy in Confederated British North America.”—*London (England) Canadian Gazette.*

VICTORIA HARBOR.

The lithograph of a scene at our water-front will be at once recognized by all Victorians and the steamer hundreds who have made the trip from Vallejo to San Francisco, on which route the steamer was formerly engaged. Last year the Canadian Pacific Navigation Company was incorporated in Victoria with a capital of \$500,000. Following is a list of the officers of the company:

Mr. Charles of the H. B. Co. president; Mr. R. P. Rithet, vice-president; Mr. John Lawson, secretary, and Mr. John Irving, manager. The company now have entire control of the marine traffic within the Province. Their fleet of steamers comprises the Yosemite, 1055 tons; R. P. Rithet, 850; Princess Louise, 624; William Irving, 591; Enterprise, 302; Reliance, 121; Otter, 219; Maude, 156; Gertrude, 178; Wilson G. Hunt, 250. Making a total registered tonnage of 4,282 tons.

Feeling the necessity of such a steamer as the subject of our sketch, she was purchased and placed on the route between here and New Westminster, at which place she connects with their boats for Yale and way ports. *Apropos:* Let us take a trip over one of their routes.

To the tourist and pleasure seeker we know of no more pleasant trip than that from Victoria to Yale—during the months of September or October. From one who recently made the trip we gather the following impressions and descriptions of the tour:

At the city of Victoria we embarked on board the C. P. N. Co.'s splendid steamer Yosemite, Capt. Troupe, and at 7 a. m. "cast off" bound for New Westminster. The speed of the vessel, slow, at first, on account of the sinuous windings of the channel, is soon accelerated and without crowding our exertion, we glide along at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. Arriving off Beacon Hill, a continuous panorama begins unfolding, each turn presenting new beauties; each scene new charms. On the right the lofty peaks covered with snow, bring premonitions of "chill November's surly blast;" on the left the Straits of Fuca calmly roll on the beach of Vancouver Island, whilst far to the front the blue waters of Puget Sound shimmer and dance under a glorious sun.

Keeping to the left, threading our way through many small islets, we pass several of the outlying settlements, pursuing our course without let or hindrance until Plumper's Pass is reached. Here a passenger debarks, when we again resume our journey, with dreaming of the beautiful picture awaiting us. Beyond the Pass the Gulf of Georgia intervenes—the last of the mighty Pacific between us and the mainland of British Columbia. Over the Gulf to the Sand Heads is a short run, when a friendly nod from the pilehouse bids us come up higher. Arriving at

this elevation a scene of majesty, beauty and grandeur is at once presented to view, the like of which few countries can boast. Mount Baker the last of a long line of giants here towers above all his fellows, and clothed in his snowy vestments, rules alone, a patriarch among the mountains. The abrupt and rocky cliffs of Burrard Inlet seem to stand guard over the portals of a future great metropolis, whilst below us the Delta lands of the Fraser seem anxiously awaiting the hands of the husbandman that they too may be enabled to add their quota to the long list of riches at present lying dormant in this fair Province.

From here the scene changes. On either bank of the river as we ascend, salmon canneries are in active operation, preparing luxuries for far off countries. The lands thenceforward being low and well watered, the vine-maple and willow flourish, but the season of "the sere and yellow leaf" is upon them and they sport in gorgeous and most fantastic colors, heightened here and there by contrast with the evergreen of the Douglas fir.

Arriving in New Westminster about two o'clock, p. m. good hotel accommodations are to be found at reasonable rates, after which, one has ample time to look about before retiring. This city occupies a most delightful site and it was the intention of presenting an engraving in this issue of the RESOURCES, but, like some beautiful thoughts in foreign languages—it will not bear translation. The curve of the river here is so great that but a part of the town is visible at any one time, and wishing to be just, we refrain from giving a portion without the whole.

The march of progress and improvement has invaded New Westminster and many old familiar landmarks are gone, their places being occupied by stately and imposing structures, whilst an air of thrift and business is everywhere apparent.

At seven next morning we leave for Yale on board the C. P. N. Co.'s steamer William Irving, a splendid river boat, officered by courteous and obliging gentlemen. The whole of this day is consumed in reaching Harrison River, during which time we pass the new townsite of Port Hammond, where we catch the first glimpse of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Considerable improvement is being made here, and the embryo city being backed by a most excellent farming country its hopes and anticipations may yet be realized. Not far from this place—at Langley—a farmer was met with on the bank of the river, who related that he had, this year, gathered from his orchard one thousand boxes of apples for which he found ready sale at three cents per pound, delivered at the water's edge.

At Chilliwack we bid farewell to lowlands and enter the domain of crag, peak, and towering precipice. The ascent of the river becomes more toilsome and slow, the shoals and rapids more frequent, and marked until (unmindful of the trip being made every day) one almost wonders whether it will be possible to reach the point of destination; but the vessel forges ahead, directed by skillful hands, gliding past unseen dangers, until the head of navigation is reached at Fort Yale.

In our article on salmon and salmon canneries, we omitted, in the Rivers Inlet cannery notice, to mention that Mr. Thos. Shothelt, a gentleman who has been in business in this city for about twenty-one years, is the agent for the company in Victoria, to whom all letters should be addressed relative to business with that institution.