

COLWOOD AND METCHOSIN

IN this pamphlet we are concerned with the southernmost portion of Vancouver Island—that "Treasure Island" lying on its ocean bed, off the south-western coast of British Columbia Mainland. From the beautiful capital of the Island—Victoria—this large section extends southward and westward as far as Otter Point on the West Coast, from which the shores stretch northward into sea-girt and heavily-timbered lands of great scenic beauty and potentiality.

Beauty of Situation.—Much of this district borders on the sea, fronting on the sparkling straits of Juan de Fuca, flanked by the Sooke Hills, composed of stretches of timbered high lands and fertile valleys and of fields under cultivation extending down to the sea beaches. Its environment of dark wooded hills, of the ever-changing sea and mountain make it a panorama of beauty. The outlook from the farms along the waterfront or back on the hills beggars description. From one pleasant home after another the fortunate dwellers, going about their daily work, gaze on a scene which only to see once travelers journey the world over. And before the eyes of little children passing daily to school, lies a view that famous men and women coming near by these shores in the great ocean liners, unhesitatingly declare to be the most beautiful in the world.

From numbers of comfortable farmhouses and pleasant country homes extend fields yellowing in the summer sun or lush green with forage crops, interspersed with orchard slopes. Then in sharp contrast are masses of rock covered with ferns, mosses and rock plants in astonishing variety, with lines of tall firs outlined, stately, against a sky often as blue as any of Italy. Between their serried rows are heavenly glimpses of the flashing waters, now green, now blue, of the dimpling Straits. While rising far above and beyond in incomparable beauty from the dark shore-line opposite are the wonderful snow-clad Olympics. These snowy peaks, forever unapproachable by painter's brush or poet's pen—make a magnificent background to all the varied scenes of the Island. Mountain after mountain in seeming unending chain, each "on a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds, with a diadem of snow," rear their heads superbly from the sea-washed foot-hills.