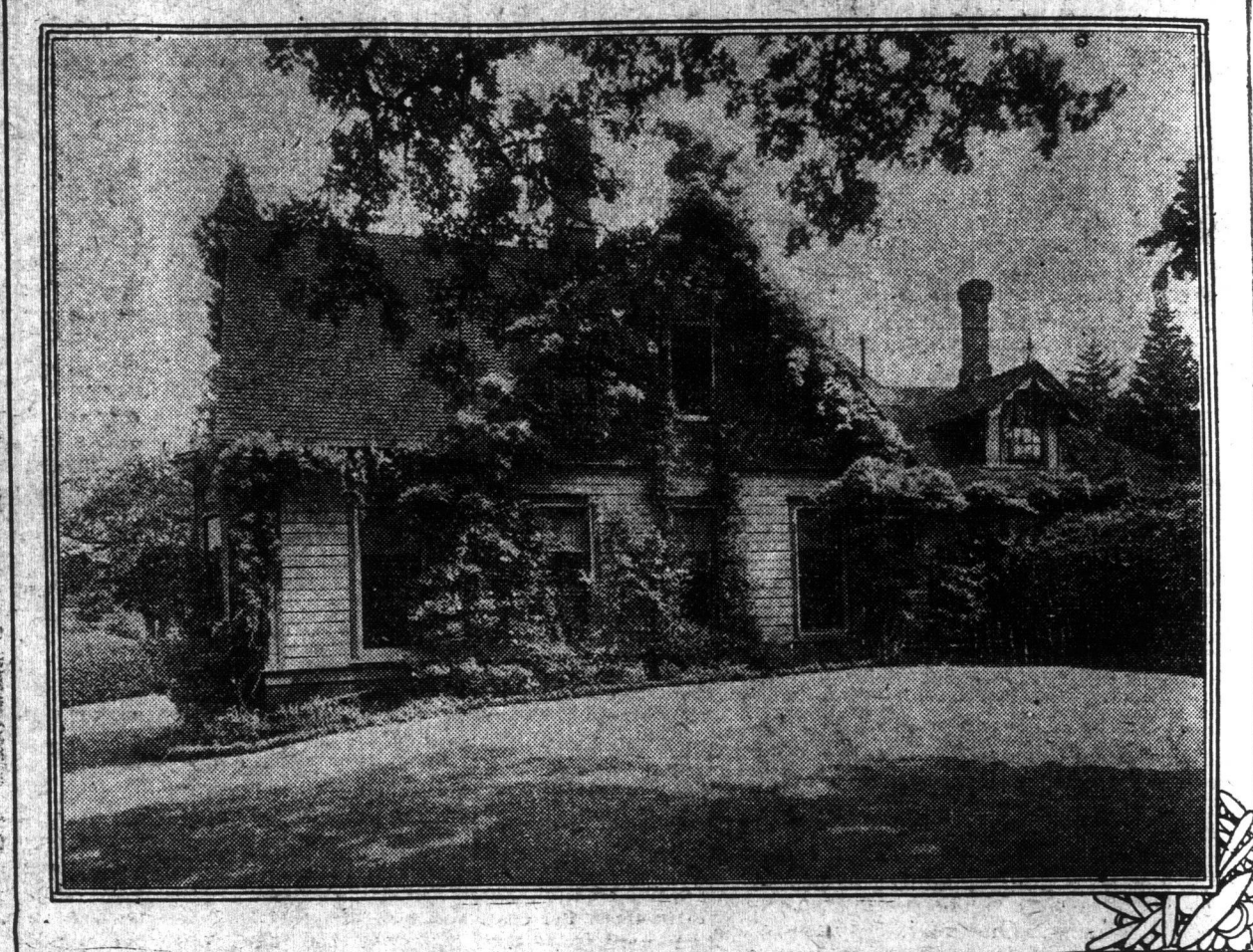
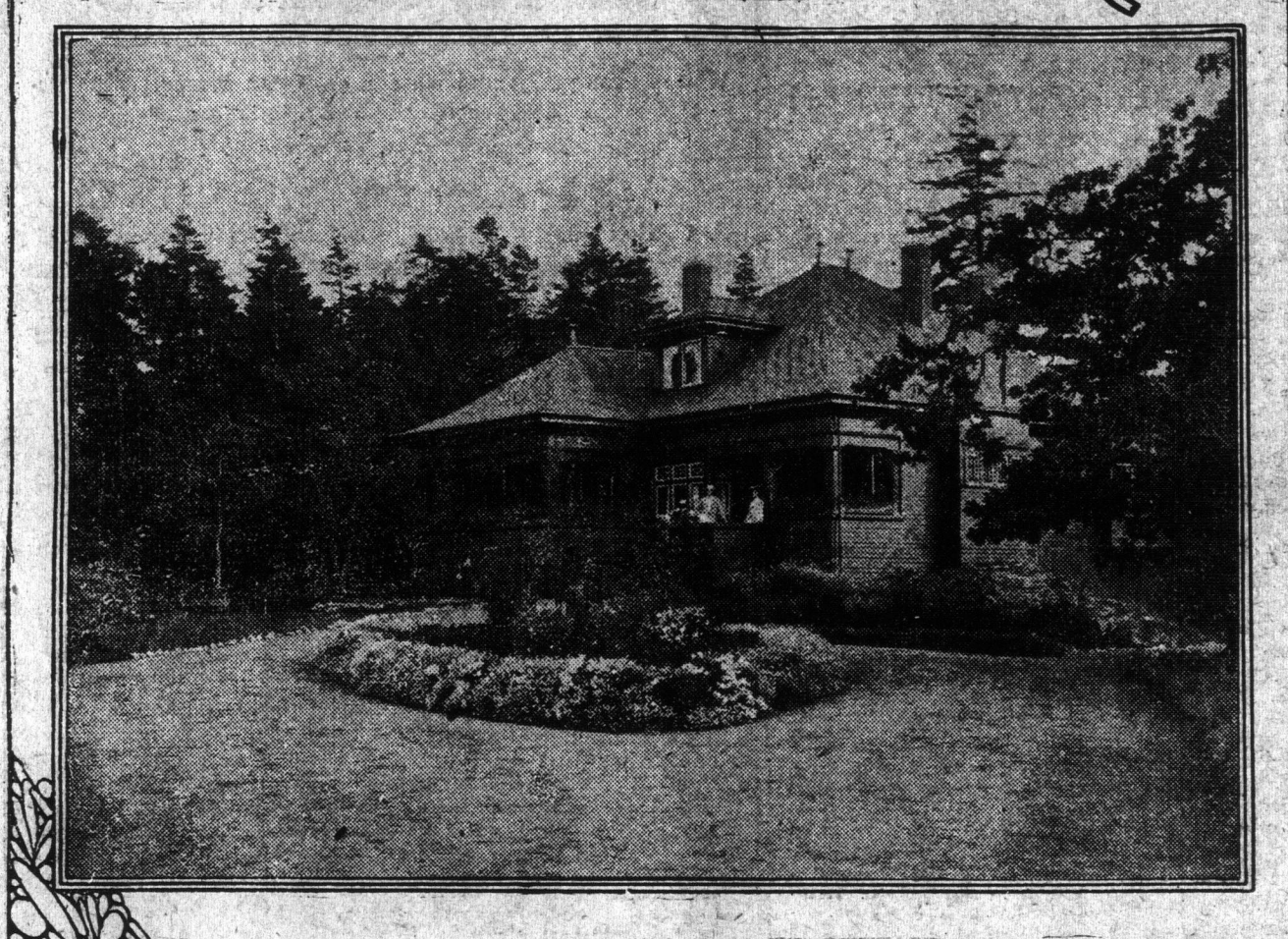


PICTURESQUE VICTORIA HOMES



THE unsurpassed beautiful Victoria, on Vancouver Island, together with the almost perfect scenic attractions of climate, have lured to the Pacific shores many hundreds of prairie folks who, having won that comestence which contented the worker, finds here that ease and rest which most fitly indeed belongs to the Western pioneer. One can understand the keen appreciation of the prairie settler standing on Beacon Hill park and looking across a magnificent expanse of blue and undulating water, beyond, some seventy miles away, the snow-covered heights of the brave Olympian mountains; Mount Baker, bathed in sunshine that reflects the ruddy glow, giving the snow piled above its proud crests tinges of pink and purple; the fairy grotto of the island-studded Straits of Juan de Fuca; and beautiful Victoria clothed in perfumed bloom of rose, honeysuckle and the radiant roses which clamber everywhere.

No one wonders that the prairie settler decides to own (and have ready for occupancy in winter time), a bungalow home wherein to find rest and leisure.

And thus it is that wherever you turn in Victoria you find pointed out, proudly, the ivy-walled home and the holly-hedged walls of "The man from Manitoba."

The man from Manitoba is duplicated again in the Saskatchewan and Alberta; while now and again you come across some genial soul who still contends, "my home is in Astoria."

Where do you find these old neighbors of early days? How discover their retreat, and how distinguish them from the native British Columbian? In the words of laughing-tipped "Tally Bernard": "Whenever you see a very beautifully selected spot—every inch of rock levelled flat; every inch of soil put to some practical use; every tree and shrub cut down to resemble a flat prairie landscape; where you find a prairie settler's home." And there's considerable truth in this bit of humor.

The prairie-educated taste calls for space and space again; and wherever a Western settler makes a purchase here, he scorns "lots"—demands acreage, and proceeds to build on those large lines we all understand to go with prairie holdings. Oh, yes! Victoria's population is largely composed of retired Manitobans; and the Albertans as well as Saskatchewan pioneers; having secured to themselves and their generations to come a summer holiday haunt, and winter retreat, come and go as it pleases them, changing the ruler's blade of old Boreas in its January mood to the gentle breezes of the grand old Pacific.

Many stately homes are pointed out as belonging to "prairie folk," and I give (in note-book order) those which I have visited or seen in passing; and if any grave omission is made in the list, may I take refuge in Yankee Doodle's apology: "I couldn't see the town, there were so many (prairie) houses!"

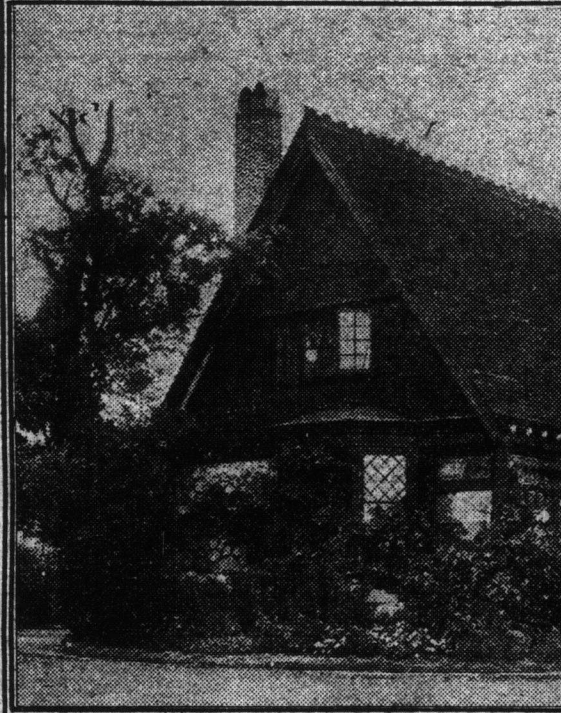
Through high stone gates a sloping lawn slants cityward, and from every window of beautiful "Patty" you view a panorama of surpassing grandeur. A sweep of water—mountains—towers and trees—an enclosure of well-kept trees, shadowy oaks along gravelled walks that lead to the stables—a strong feature of "Patty"—and generally, the pheasants strutting the grasses of a wired enclosure hint at the owner's taste for game. Semi-tropical fruits are grown at "Patty," ripening peaches with rare variety of grapes cling to its gray-stone walls, and a pergola covered with climbing roses adds an air of continental enjoyments to a radiant scene of bloom.

Within the walls the bachelor host dispenses a true prairie hospitality. Very beautiful is that interior with its luxurious fittings brought from the world over, for its proud owner, James Mitchell—known to his Winnipeg friends as "Jimnie"—is a great traveller; but he always returns to "Canada, the golden."

Close to "Patty," just off Rockland avenue, on beautiful St. Charles street, stands what is admitted to be the most beautiful bungalow home in Victoria. An ex-Winnipegger, Andrew Wright, is owner to an acreage rich in lawn, meadow land, ancient oaks and the rarer black walnut tree. This model home has an outdoor sleeping apartment, adjoining is a fine greenhouse, or conservatory, and the home is presided over by a gentle-voiced little Scotch lady, mother of a beautiful baby boy, who reigns supreme ruler over the nursery. Luxury is written in every detailed line of this artistic home, leaded windows give tinted lights within, and without runs a garden where the wild thyme grows. Inside and outside there is that evidence which money and taste combined gives, but best of all, you find there that happy loyalty which belongs to prairie pioneer spirit, for musing upon the past while enjoying the present, the genial Mr. Wright said laughingly: "Mak' my hame awa' fra' Winnipeg? Hoot me! I'm thinkin' I'll sure have t' pack up an' gas back t' mak' some more money!"

Within short distance again of the Wright home, and in full view of sea, sky and hills, you follow a dusty highway to where a fine motor car is hobnobbing, and a very familiar face, that of pretty Mary Howden (now Mrs. Fred W. Jones, both well known in Winnipeg) appears. About this charming matron is gathered a little group of young faces, a governess in charge. Mrs. Jones most kindly gave up her morning spin to tell me how she liked Victoria. "It's beautiful," said she, "but Edgemoor isn't home!" Don't write too soon, Victorians," said she; "just say we've bought this place because—well, because Mr. Jones has a fad for buying pretty things!"

Mr. Jones' "fad" shows expensive tastes for what was known as "The Dewdney" place stands on a hillside and is a landmark for many miles around. Rock and trees are predominating features of the



Jones place, and its cash value is said to be large. "Edgemoor" is one of the show places in Victoria. "Robleda" reminds you of some old feudal castle in days "long syne." It is also "up Rockland way," where the folk in society foregather. "Robleda" was bought a few years ago for \$20,000, and its owner refused \$50,000 for it this year. Its walls are ivy-green, and its many gables and a long low piazza carry out the idea of age and antiquity. Large grounds, very beautifully arranged by a landscape gardener add to the general effect of grandeur; and the owner, John Arbuthnot, formerly Winnipeg's popular mayor, has become a prominent citizen of Victoria. He, however, assures everybody he is here "only on furlough."

A brass door plate with the familiar name "Frank L. Clarke" upon it recalls early days in the history of Winnipeg. Mr. Clarke, a prominent barrister of the '80's, has now become an officer in the service of the British Columbia government. He is always ready to welcome "prairie folk" to his island home, and a very genuine hospitality is that dispensed at 465 Niagara street, where a most interesting family foreground around a welcoming hearth fire. Miss Lillian Clarke is an artist of some note; her water-color sketches of British Columbia scenery are eagerly sought after; and behind the green hedge that shields this quiet home there is, perhaps, more native ability than is known of Mr. Clarke, a most unobtrusive man, but his pen has done much to make known the wealth and beauty of British Columbia. As well known, he is a brother of H. A. Clarke, the brilliant late attorney-general of Manitoba.

Within stone's throw of the Clarke home we come to a cozy privet-hedged place belonging to Harold Ebbs-Canavan, son of a one-time prominent barrister, W. B. Canavan. As a mining expert Mr. Ebbs-Canavan is well known, his wife being Fannie Clarke.

The name of A. C. Flumerfelt recalls pioneer days in Winnipeg; and those who predicted the rising fortunes of the alert young man who began life as a Main street merchant, have not been disappointed. Mr. Flumerfelt is a leading citizen of Victoria. His magnificent home, "Rubebuhne," is like some pictured place in history; and although a multi-millionaire, he continues to work unceasingly. Public spirit is the term to use in describing Mr. Flumerfelt, for it is to his personal efforts is due much of Victoria's success as a tourist city.

A. E. McPhillips, K.C., M.P.P., is a strong figure in British Columbia public life. I had the pleasure of hearing this distinguished gentleman address the House this year, and I can assure Winnipeg he has lent to the Pacific shores one of her proudest sons.

H. S. Griffith, a leading architect and draughtsman, brought with him from the prairie West the standing he enjoys in Victoria. His fine home on Hillside avenue is an example of his own work; and much of the architectural beauty of Victoria homes is owing to Mr. Griffith's skill.

Horn & Drake, a hardware firm, late of Winnipeg, are enjoying a lucrative and a growing business. Both are Manitobans.

On Fort street a very wide awake sign tells the passer by that E. J. C. Smith, the well known photographer, has changed his stand from Smith street, Winnipeg, to Victoria, B. C.



The Esquimalt car often carries as a passenger from town a gentleman of leisure in the person of W. C. Hamilton, brother of Sir William Hamilton, of the Shetland Isles. Mr. Hamilton's wife is a sister of Jessie M. E. Saxby, whose prairie tales are largely read in the Old Country. The Hamiltons are retired farmers from Lumsden, Saskatchewan.

A. T. R. Blackwood, well known in business circles throughout the West, has become one of the big landowners in Victoria. B. C. He is the owner of "Lough End," a beautiful suburb of the city, some 200 acres of fruit and forest land, with an unexcelled waterfront not far from the famous Gorge. The Blackwood home (recently bought by the Hon. Richard McBride) is one of the handsomest homes of Victoria. It occupies ample grounds, its white walls

being set off by a background of firs. "Lough End," close by, is being bought up eagerly by those desiring suburban homes.

One of the busy men of Victoria is C. W. Bradshaw, who also hails from the prairie-land. Mr. Bradshaw's home is another ivy-walled house set in high-hedged grounds that ramble beyond. Mrs. Bradshaw's "day" is popular, as I found in an afternoon call, when the dignified hostess dispensed tea, aided by a pretty daughter of the house. On Fort street, as Mr. Bradshaw's office card shows, "real estate" holds his interest.

Another prominent Westerner (a Regina!) in real estate, is Z. M. Hamilton, senior member of the firm of Gray, Hamilton & Johnson. "Zac," as he is known to friends, is a "promoter," and some of the big deals in Victoria "air" have passed through his hands. On Craigflower road he lives in a \$10,000 bungalow, where acacia trees shelter stand and guard the gateways.

At Oak Bay, a favorite retreat (and where Sir Charles Hibbert, Tupper's beautiful residence for many years marked it as fashion's centre), you find the pretty green sward running to a wide verandahed home of pretentious size. Here Mrs. Georgeson has built and furnished (for winter use) a beautiful chalet. Just now it is occupied by her daughter, Gladys. Mrs. Baletyne. Here also is found Mr. C. R. Stewart's reposeful home; and here, too, lives Herbert Sprague, of Manitoba. Returning to the city by the Fort street tram, you pass Stanley avenue, where a knot of well known Winnipeg people are settled down. Mrs. W. F. McCreary, widow of a well-remembered M. F., has decided to extend a holiday jaunt into a year's residence, and has leased a cozy nest under the shadow of tall chestnut trees. Miss Katie McCreary is a pupil of Boston's Conservatory of Music at present, and graduation day will find her en route to join the family in Victoria. Mrs. McCreary says, "Victoria has scenery, climate and a delightful personality in its women; but alas! you

cannot eat scenery, climate or your neighbors, and every other edible commodity is exceedingly high priced." McCreary, Jr. is in Alberni, where two fine, strapping sons of that "fine old Irish gentleman," Mr. Frank Walsh, have good positions.

"Mike" Carlin, well known throughout the West, is almost a "fixed constellation" on Vancouver Island. Mrs. Carlin sojourns in Victoria, pending certain business arrangements of her husband. Mr. Carlin is referred to as "The Hustler from the Hub."

C. A. Field, who a year ago carried West a Portage la Prairie bride (nee Burley) is receiving the congratulations of his friends. The "stork" recently visited his home at "Rocabella," and, naturally, Mr. Field considers the climate of Victoria wonderful.

Hale and hearty, the burr of his native "heelan" Hills still clinging to his tongue, W. Oliphant, late of Edmonton, Alta., is seen walking along Beacon Hill grounds, where he has erected a row of pretty houses. Mr. Oliphant writes himself a Victorian now. The doors of the "Prairie Club" are shadowed frequently by Messrs. C. H. Revercomb, A. W. Elliott, and Leslie Forster, who, welcome warmly men from the plains. Prominent among the members is Capt. D. Macintosh (Dauphin will remember him), A. Carss, an oldtimer from the Regina district, and Dr. J. A. Graham, who also hails from Regina. Other Winnipeggers met there are T. Adair, J. J. Baird, D. D. England, D. D. Gillies, and E. E. Heath. Wm. Mac-



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ing; a bit weather worn by adverse political winds, perhaps; but as ready as ever to stand in the fighting line of his party, Mrs. Macintosh is "at home" to her numerous friends in a beautiful tree-embowered enclosure just on the fringes of the city—and only yesterday I heard an "old westerner" say: "It was the Mackintoshes who spelled hospitality with a big 'H'!"

Mrs. (Major) Phipps, late of Regina, has made her home for some time back, with her family in Victoria. Her son is on the Bank of Montreal staff.

Victors to "The Times" office will meet there (in the business manager), a man well known in Manitoba. H. R. McIntyre, one of a large family of seven sons, all of whom are prominent in educational and professional circles. Mr. McIntyre came to Victoria eighteen years ago, and he has built himself a very imposing home, set in large well-treed grounds on Stanley avenue. This home is one of the most delightful visiting places in all Victoria. Presided over by a charming hostess who combines every quality of the home-maker, church and charity worker, and society woman as well. On the occasion of my visit, Mr. McIntyre had just returned from a trip east, and remarked with glowing enthusiasm: "Winnipeg! when I walked along its beautifully kept streets with the many tree-sheltered boulevards, I was—well, I passed through the delightful—prairie, neither, now the city with so few natural advantages had eclipsed even our own Victoria so ripe with nature's gifts—the fine water system—well lighted—why, it made me long to go back to the old home and the old friends there! But you mustn't say all this," warned Mr. McIntyre, "for some day Victoria will wake up and get a move on, I believe."

I quote Mr. McIntyre's words because the sentiment expressed is good to hear—good for Winnipeg to know its appreciation—good for Victoria to know its vulnerable spot!

The last familiar face I met was that of Mr. C. W. Bradshaw, a well-known barrister, who "moved west" within the past year. Mr. Bradshaw was being driven from his pretty suburban home "Kathandra" to his office town, and he drew rein to remark: "Want to know have I come to Victoria to remain? Well, Mrs. Bradshaw says not—my daughter, Katherine, says not, and I believe my own opinion is that of the minority! 'Jump in,' said the genial gentleman, 'and I'll drive you out to view the site of my new home on Smith's Hill, and tell me if you think I am anchored' in British Columbia or not!'"

Sure enough, the acreage for the new "Kathandra" was being won in its primeval beauty. Charred oaks centuries old, shadowed the site of the new home. Great rocks piled themselves against moss-grown terraces that ran sloping cityward; and below, a panorama of garden walks, ivy grown walls, or flower sea, outlined hills, and an indented shore-line, broken by rocky inlets and crowding cliffs that formed a broken arch 'twixt sea and sky. "Smith's Hill" possesses a crowning beauty all its own. "What do you think, now?" asked Mr. Bradshaw, pointing to Mount Baker's crowning height beyond.

"I think the minority will prevail!" I answered. And now, having left unnamed numberless ones whose prairie friends will probably feel the slight though not intended, let me say, it has taken me three months to "round up" those old-time friends whose names are herein found. To the "Kathandra" of Victoria I am indebted for much help in compiling the list generally; but those whom I photographed I have seen, visited, and partaken of the old-time hospitality; and let me add, those same "Old Times" whom the changing years have sent abroad upon the tide of circumstance, they have carried with them all the warm-hearted hospitality of the prairie heart; and in their heart of hearts, lives yet the love and loyalty of the prairie pioneer for the far-away prairie land.

Let me close this article by saying it was Agur, of Agur and Beck, Winnipeg, who made the first purchase of land, as a speculation, on Vancouver Island. Andrew Wright, who was the first Manitoban to establish a home in Victoria; and Robt. Scott (Shool Lake) was the man who realized the possibilities of sleepy old Victoria, the capital of the first Crown Colony. Mr. Scott put \$75,000 in a land deal which netted him a fortune in return. J. B. Killigan, who arrived in the '80's, hits off the situation splendidly saying: "We'll soon have the whole prairie population in Victoria! they're coming thick and fast; and I'm thinking Victoria will soon of these days be known as 'The Old Man's Home'." Mary Markwell, in Manitoba Free Press.

WHY HE WAS MORE SERIOUS

They sat each at an extreme end of the horsehair sofa. They had been cooing now for something like two years, but the wide gap between had always been respectfully preserved.

"A penny for your thoughts, Sandy," murmured Maggie, after a silence of an hour and a half.

"Well," replied Sandy, slowly, with surprising boldness, "tue tell ye the truth, I was just thinkin' how fine it wad be if ye were tae gie me a wee bit kissie."

"Tae nae objection," alighted Maggie, slithering over, and kissed him plumply on the tip of his left ear.

Then she slithered back.

Sandy relapsed into a brown study once more, and the clock ticked twenty-seven minutes.

"An' what are ye thinkin' aboot noo—another, eh?"

"Nae, nae, lassie; it's mair serious the noo."

"Is it, laddie?" asked Maggie softly. Her heart was thumping a-pat with expectation. "An' what might it be?"

"It was just thinkin'," answered Sandy, "that it was aboot time ye were payin' me that penny!"



WITH THE FOUNDATION



for market price of the whole and are what of chickens the Nature's parts, nonlayers, who would attract buyer? The instances where of the standard show room to find his fancy taining an a prospective b good winter l tion in a broa such a variety ers. It is the try business. been said that as to be out of the poultry be be dead as to breed that is ducer.

How many success depen the minor det ing the summ towards a sa winter month as some supp the pessimist luck in getting has never yet that "just hap lay are those tion.

But remen It keeps us all tails, especial priors to look details of the Everyone do are expected tention. now Nothing is of giving them s fall and late are preparing styles. It is continue to l them to lay d out the wint require plent season, but it Webster defin gives nourish fowls should not stale, beca has long sinc or-fowl pays time does it during the n time when m few do not t there can be duction later that fowls th begin laying feathers are throughout t did not lay i not give the season. attention ju to begin layi time to prep September a proper condit pears and w give them int winter, you a shortage in know is not from a scien variety of s hens must n iety of subst bulky feed e and expectin certainly wi the feed and hens to lay c No matter h won at the eggs from th diminished. profitable.

And an indi in the poult point of view have the m egg record— cause the p portance of ord behind s stated previ foundation o the matter a and note the winter mont supreme.