

her proud repugnance to American boasting had to give way to a natural pride, as she whispered: "The most beautiful residential street in Canada." I was willing to agree with her. Spreading grounds surrounding large houses of brick and frame on the left side looked over others equally beautiful on the downward slope to the right, and though some had conventional plots and smoothed lawns of patted grass, in many cases their owners had builded larger than they could afford, and the gardens rejoiced in half-cared-for neglect. Others loved their flowers too well to hamper them, and parts of their grounds were left in green rusticity, while a wise grant of liberty allowed strawberry plants to hide under currant bushes, and roses, pink and yellow and white to clamber up and down the gravel walks in guarded waywardness. At the upper end of the avenue a cross road opened a noble vista across the eastern Straits and islands, for shouldered by gray-blue foothills rising straight from a sea of sparkling sapphire, Mount Baker towered one mass of pure, hard white, startlingly, nakedly near. Miles to the inland of the distant American coast, that peak usually swathed itself in mist and cloud, and though my guide promised me a clearer view from Oak Bay, never afterwards did it appear so supremely close.

Oak Bay was the last spot to which my kindly hostess took me on the morning of the day I had to leave. It lies on the far end of the shoulder of land, a half hour's run by the tram from town, and the whole place consists only of a quaint inn-hotel close to a stony beach, a few gardens larger and more heterogeneous than those of the city, and a golf course on the heights. Yet to me, all the charm of Victoria was summed up in that one visit to Oak Bay. I liked the gardens hidden by the rampant trees and guarded at the gates by pink hollyhock sentinels whose heads nodded in gentle denial to my plea to enter the rambling tangle of green and golden glow. I loved the bare, wrinkled links all brownish green with the sun, now deserted for the summer months, but patched with white and orange marguerites, and nearer