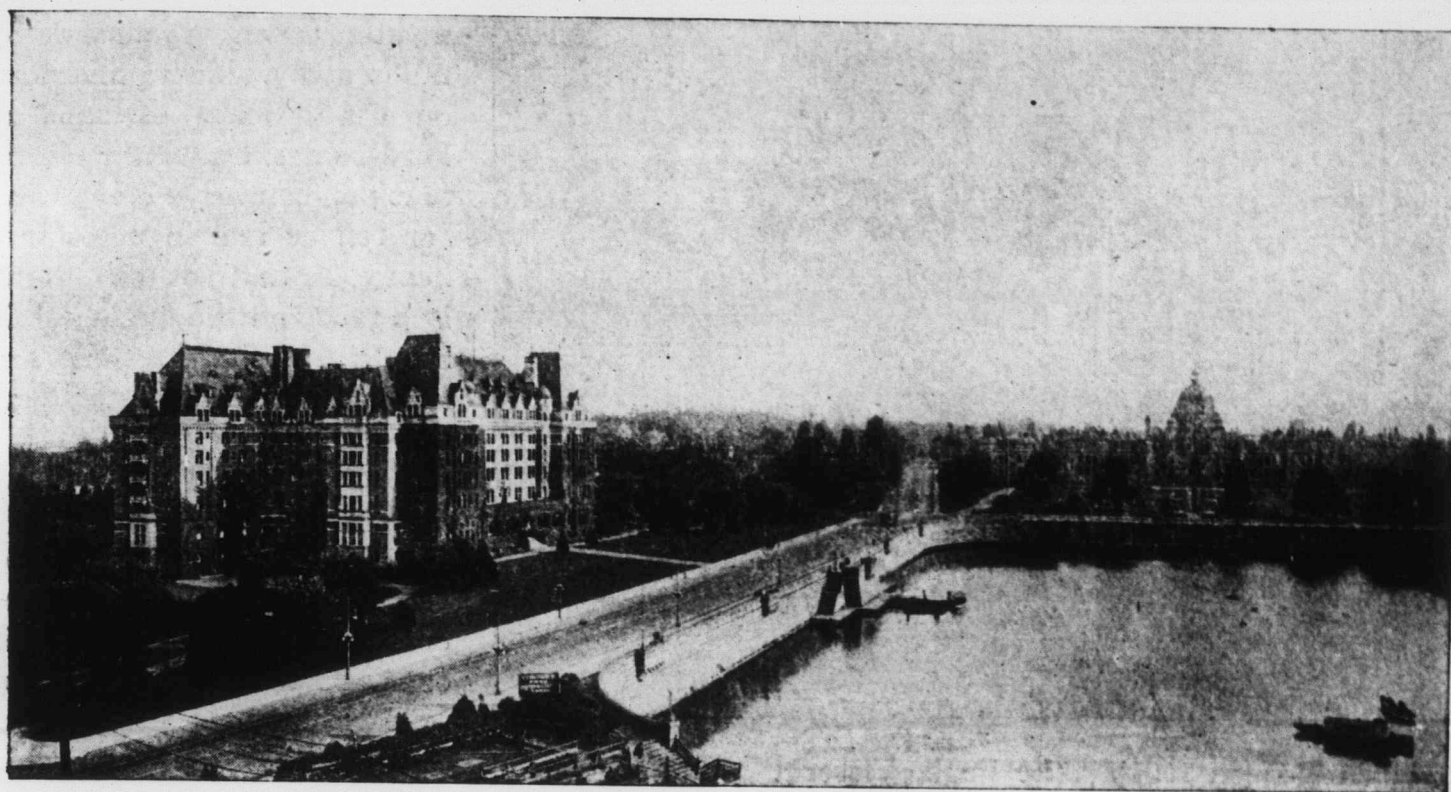


Victoria and Her Island Kingdom

Something about a Continent in Miniature

(By FRANK GIOLMA)



Causeway and Parliament Buildings, Victoria, Capital City of British Columbia

In 1921, 50,000 tourists visited Victoria; in 1922, 80,000; and in 1923, 195,000 made Victoria and her Island Kingdom the objective of their summer holidays. In 1921 the average stay was but two days; in 1922, four days; while in 1923 the length of the average visit had increased to seven days, and yet the same one and only complaint was voiced by the 195,000 visitors of 1923 as had been uttered by those of 1921 and 1922; namely, that they had not allowed half enough time in which to see what Victoria has to show the visitor to her Kingdom.

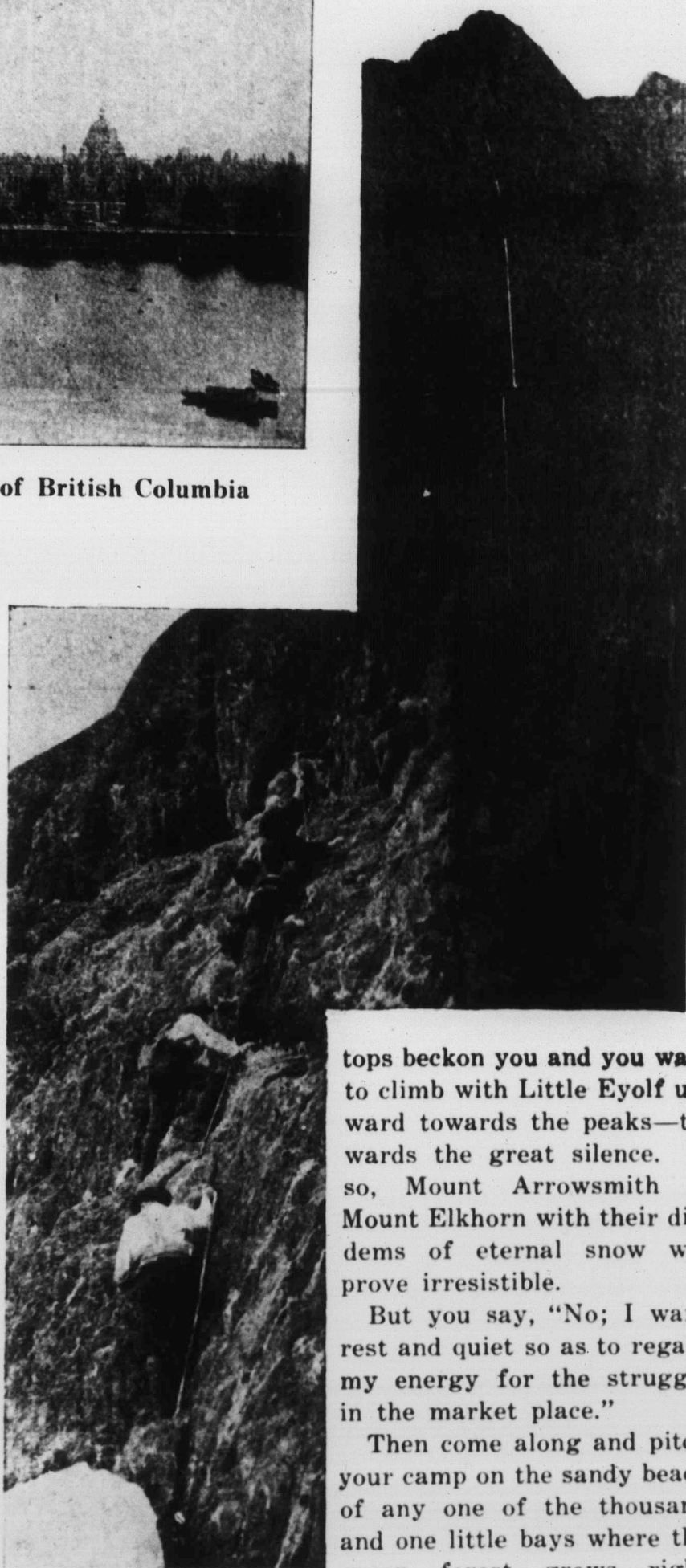
Of course, the excuse is that Vancouver Island, the geographic name of Victoria's Kingdom, is so small as we view countries out here in the great New World, having an area of but 15,000 square miles with a length of 270 miles and a width of from 86 to 20 miles, that they had thought that four or five days would be ample to see its beauties from an automobile. But they were wrong because they had forgotten that Vancouver Island besides having a thousand and one claims all her own and which cannot be found anywhere else in the world is also a complete miniature replica of the continent on the northwest coast of which it is situated.

Yes, tell me what you want so long as you do not ask for arid, parched deserts or barren snow wastes and I will show you the beauties you crave in Victoria's Island Kingdom. More than that, if you wish to see a little bit of rural England come and drive through the Saanich Peninsula, and when you pass old world farmsteads with their irregular fields divided by high, hawthorn hedges or cobble-stone walls with here and there great Old World country residences, if you know the Old Land you will feel sure that you are driving in a magic car that has indeed carried you across continents and oceans until you are in the very heart of rural Eng'land.

Or if your soul hankers after snow-clad peaks with shimmering green glaciers and mighty rushing waterfalls, come to Stamp Falls or Elk Falls or Campbell River Falls or indeed to the hundred and one other mountain cataracts where

millions of tons of water are flung day and night, year's end to year's end, over beetling mountain precipices.

Or perhaps the mountain



tops beckon you and you want to climb with Little Eyolf upward towards the peaks—towards the great silence. If so, Mount Arrowsmith or Mount Elkhorn with their diadems of eternal snow will prove irresistible.

But you say, "No; I want rest and quiet so as to regain my energy for the struggle in the market place."

Then come along and pitch your camp on the sandy beach of any one of the thousand and one little bays where the green forest grows right down to the margin of the sea and you can fill your kettle with sparkling moun-

Rock Climbing
Mt. Elkhorn in Strathcona,
Victoria's National Park