

the Chief from the parapet: "With one motion of my finger," said Sir James, "I could blow you all into the bay. See my power!" He dramatically raised his hand, and instantly three nine-pounders, with a noise that shook the earth, belched forth grape-shot, scattering the branches of the forest, and tearing the trees into splinters. With a howl of terror the savages leaped into their canoes, and hastened across the bay. Soon after this the pipe of peace was smoked, and Victoria began its historical career, upward and onward.

Seven years elapsed before any attempt was made to lay out the town in streets, and when laid out it was bounded on the north by Johnson Street, on the east by Government Street, on the south by the fort and on the west by the harbor—a very small area. But,

"From small beginning Rome of old
Became a great imperial city."

A marvellous impetus was given the city at the time of the discovery of gold in the Fraser River and in Cariboo, when thousands passed through Victoria, the outfitting post, to these gold fields of fabulous richness. They came from California, Eastern Canada, Europe and the United States.

During the boom the village became a city of considerable population. Thus Victoria began a substantial growth, which has made it, for its size, the wealthiest city in North America.

Its situation on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island is remarkable for its beauty and commercial purposes.

To the south lie the shimmering Straits of Juan de Fuca, beyond which

rise the snow-capped Olympic Mountains, surpassed for panoramic beauty in no part of the world. To the east lie the Cascades, presided over by the great snow sentinel, Mount Baker, the giant of the coast; to the north the white peaks of the Selkirks, between which and the city stretch in all their glory, the Straits of Georgia, an archipelago of forest-clad islands, unequalled for artistic loveliness in any part of the world, a loveliness that grows on the view.

As to the city itself, statistics show that no city in Canada expended so much on its streets as did Victoria during the last year, which makes them a wonder to tourists. The drives to Oak Bay, the Gorge, Esquimalt and other places are the delight of visitors, and well patronized by motors, carriages and saddle-riders, for both ladies and gentlemen here are noted for their horsemanship and saddle recreation. The parks, of which there are many, are very beautiful. Chief among them is Beacon Hill, which has few rivals on the Continent, comprising two hundred and fifty acres. It rises gradually from the pebbly beach, and is dotted with artificial lakes, interspersed with drives among royal oaks, giant firs, and bordered with Scotch broom and innumerable tropical shrubs and flowers. It would take the pen of a Dickens, or the brush of a Raphael to do it justice. The residential part of the city, which lies east of Linden Avenue, a beautiful thoroughfare, and along Rockland Avenue, has magnificent home-like mansions difficult to surpass anywhere.

During the last few years magnificent buildings have been erected that would be a credit to any city, however large, as the Sayward, the Pemberton, the Times, the Central, the Union