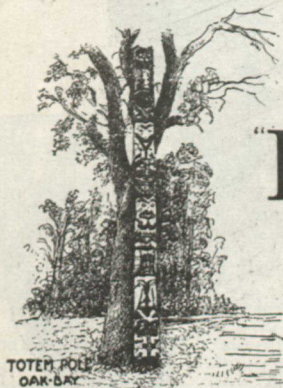


Victoria--The City Beautiful

Whether in Legend, History or Present-day Fact, it Bespeaks a Repose, a Dignity That Finds no Counterpart in Canada

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL



TOTEM POLE
OAK BAY

IN the long-ago days, before James Cook discovered the Gulf of Georgia or Captain George Vancouver sailed his ship *The Discovery* from the mystery of one bay to the lure of another, in the strait of Juan de Fuca, the grand coast-lands of the Pacific were the common kingdom of the great red chieftains. Powerful tribes roved or settled as they listed, in the shelter of the great Rockies. Their peace, their wars, their rise or fall, were swallowed up by the vastness that was British Columbia.

"And of course, there was a princess, above and beyond all other princesses; to her, the mountains gave of their wonder, the sea of its mystery, the forest of its nobility and the sky of its beauty. And they whispered the fact to the young braves, so that there was not one who did not know of the sweetness and desirability of the One Princess.

"They lost no opportunity of gaining favor in her sight. The finest skins from the hunt, the plumpest birds, the earliest flowers, the luckiest talismans all found their way to her.

"Of all the young men, however, there was just one who had knowledge of the things the Indian Princess loved most. He knew her love for the hills, the waters, the woods, the sky, that had dowered her with their best. And he felt that the gift he brought her must be of them.

"So for many moons, he would absent himself, seeking always the supreme gift for the One Princess. But unsatisfied, he would return for a time to be near her.

"One clear, lovely night, he made his way alone to a favorite solitude—a break in a long line of sea beach, where great rocks reared themselves to meet the long, green breakers from the sea; the glorious tumult, the quiet moments of truce, met his mood well. The greatness and the thunder and the beauty of the Pacific always touched him with a sense of intimacy, of understanding.

"To-night as he sat thinking, there came to him a more than usual feeling of communion; and gradually, amid the roar of the surf, a voice came to him, stronger and clearer with each crash of wave on rock: 'The sea gives; the sea gives.'

"Next day, the preparations for a sea voyage were begun, and ere another moon had risen, the Sea Chief, as they came to call him, had left the mainland far behind him.

"Of course, he found his gift—an island to which the mountains, the sea, the forests, the lakes and rivers, the plains and valleys, had given themselves most gloriously.

"A range of mountains, snow-tipped, purple-walled, misty and mysterious, held the land, bracing it, as it were, against the whole Pacific Ocean. Great stretches of forest—dark green fir, spruce and cedar—offered a wondrous hunting-ground. Lakes, fed by the freshest of mountain streams, held fish undreamed of. The sea, its violence leashed to mildness, spread an island-dotted surface as far as the main-land. And beauty was everywhere from the lovely blue of the Camass, blooming in the rockiest places, to the far-off glimpse of the majestic old volcanic mountain that is now known as Mount Baker.

"Naturally, such a gift could not be readily taken to the maiden. But what should prevent the taking of the maiden to the gift? A speedy journey, a wonder-tale, whispered where the murmur of the Pacific added persuasion to the plea—and a Queen led to her kingdom—'twas all just as should be.

"When later, the island was visited and charted and explored and argued over by the charming Spaniard, Senor Don Juan Francisco de la Bodega Y. Quadra, and the firmly persistent George Vancouver—when, later still, James Douglas surveyed the harbors of the island in the schooner *Cadboro*, and chose a site for a new Hudson's Bay trading post—when, even later, that post changed from a little fortified trading-station with a bastion at either end and a palisade surrounding it to a prosperous, charming city—that story has changed very little. The 'braves' who visit it in the fall months, go east with stories of good hunting; the spring visitor gets facts for many a fish story; everyone spreads the tale of a fairness that is stimulating and restful, of a climate that is equable and temperate, of a land that promises much and keeps its faith."

My host, an old Victorian of no uncertain loyalty to his

city and his island, continued to gaze over the pleasant slopes of the Oak Bay Golf Links, toward the shimmering ocean and the brilliant rose and blue-shot whiteness of Mount Baker, gleaming on the distant skyline; and he looked so pleased with himself that I was moved to ask "Is that an actual legend of the island?" For I knew well his agreeable tendency to give always what is wanted—especially if that something were pleasing information about Victoria.

His injured expression was prompt reproof.

"Does our ever-green island not bear out my story? Of course, if one must vouch for happenings of four hundred years ago—"

I accepted the tale, hastily and in toto.

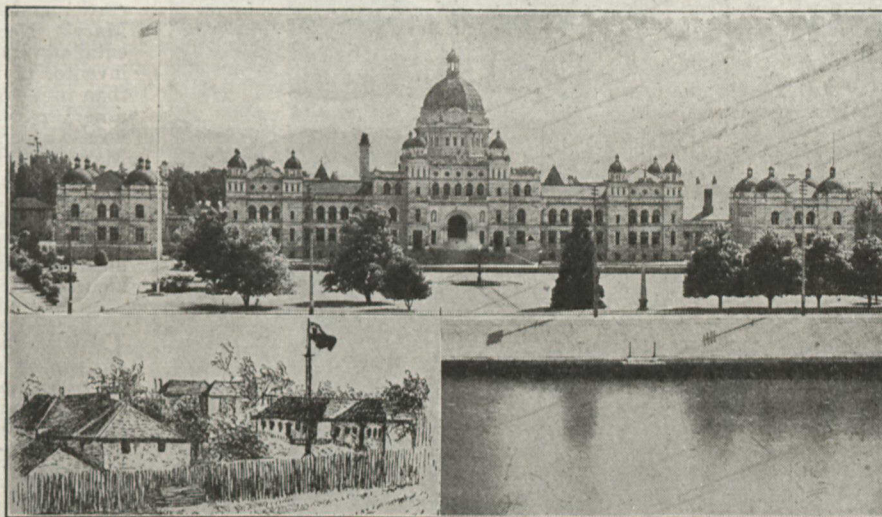
The White Man's Entrance

CERTAINLY Vancouver Island found much favor in the sight of her succeeding discoverers, even before her richness of resources could be gauged or even guessed at.

Some credence is given to the claim of one, Apostolos Valerianos, better known as Juan de Fuca, for the partial exploration in the year 1592, of the waters now called by his name, and those known as Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia.

The latter part of the eighteenth century saw a lively dispute for the island in progress between the Spaniards (who based their rights of possession on the Papal Bulls that assigned the new world to Spain and Portugal) and the bold British navigators who claimed their finds in the name of George III.

Courteous but decisive argument continued between



The old and the new: showing the British Columbian Legislative Buildings at Victoria from the waterfront, and inset at the bottom, a view of Fort Victoria, half a century ago.

the Spanish Senor Quadra and George Vancouver—to the ultimate triumph of the latter. Little attempt at settlement was made, however, until the Hudson's Bay Company built a fort—the foundation stone of the City of Victoria.

Something of the fair courtesy, the generous vision, the gallantry, and love of country, that gave Victoria birth, seems to have come right down through the years to



A glimpse through an island highway between the tall Douglas firs.

probably have received assurance that all is well—"They're playing."

If spring has sent due notice of arrival by the snow-drops and crocuses that are her winsome heralds, a flower-bordered path will lead you whither you will. Flowers yield only to the pavements of the busy streets in the "Rose City of the Pacific"—and even then, there is likely to be a generous compromise of window-box and blossoming basket.

The Heart of the City

THE first things shown me I have ever taken as a hint of the character of a city. If my head be tilted ever at an angle, to command the distant tops of tall buildings, the message is of wealth, of commercial greatness, of hastening and striving, and of ambitions ever just a pace ahead.

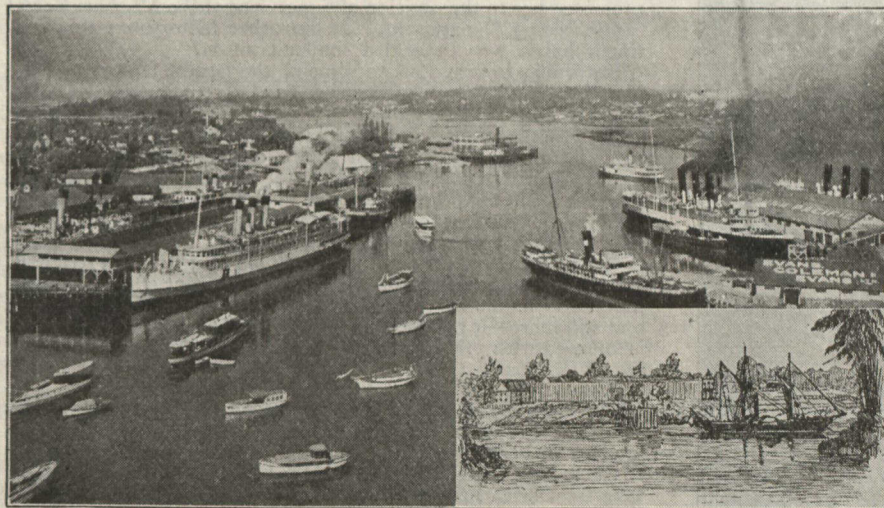
If, however, I am led through exquisitely wrought doors to see the mellow lights that stream through tall windows fall golden and rose and violet, on chancels, statuary or carvings; or if my first excursion be along the lovely banks of a winding river, that city surely takes on the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace, of which I can never divest it.

Victoria, if she leads you to "the heart of the city," will turn from the busy streets, the thriving business districts, the majestic public buildings; she will take you a little way "out" in almost any direction—for, strange paradox, her heart surrounds her. And soon, you will realize that what you see, on either side is a home, and then another, and another.

And straightway, a little of the spirit that makes Victoria a city to remember, will reach you. You will realize that here is a place where the people live neither to make, nor to have, but to be. Prosperous—perhaps out-standingly well-off—this island city has a most definite manner of putting her wealth in the back-ground as a means, not an end. Her most splendid homes have an obvious kinship with her toy-cottages, that is established in terms of roses and honey-suckle. And last impressions only emphasize one's earliest hazard—that here dwell people who will charm at once with their complete assumption that life is best when it is natural, unhurried and appreciatively accepted and with their simple, cordial welcome to the stranger who hastens to them from a chilled or blistered land.

The Victorian at Home

YOUR Victorian is anything but an insular sort of person. He travels often and far. He knows other cities, other countries; but he prefers his own. He may go down the coast, lured by the warmth and fragrance of California, if a month's indifferent weather threatens at home. But spring will call him back, and he will radiate satisfaction when the steamer deposits him before the seat of his own Parliament and the smooth roads lead him to his own bungalow (for most of the houses show the Californian influence strongly). His first thought is his garden—and when the inventory of the flower beds is complete, he feels himself at



A striking contrast: Victoria's magnificent inner harbor teeming with shipping, and inset, a sketch of the Hudson Bay Co.'s fort in 1846, showing their steamship *Beaver*.

charm us. There is a repose, a dignity about the city that finds no counterpart in Canada. She greets her visitors, not as do most cities, with a view of dark, unhappy water-fronts or smoky railway yards, but with a smiling, open welcome. Green lawns, handsome buildings, well-kept docks and landing stations, and a glorious view in each direction—in short, pride well founded, rather

home again.

But for all the leisure and calmness that characterize her, Victoria is by no means an indolent or unprogressive city. Very much to the contrary. As the capital of British Columbia, it is the seat of many interests and much activity. Such exacting and valuable business

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