

pleasure steamers, crowded with tourists, ply frequently. Southwestward the Straits of Fuca lead out past the entrance to Puget Sound and past the city of Victoria, to the open Pacific. All these waters, from Puget Sound to Alaska, hardly known a few years ago, are now dotted with all kinds of craft, from the largest to the smallest, engaged in all manner of trade.

No wonder that, with all her magnificent resources in precious metals, her coal and iron, her inexhaustible fisheries and vast forests, her delightful climate and rich valleys, her matchless harbors and her newly completed transcontinental railway, British Columbia expects a brilliant future; and no wonder that everybody here is at work with all his might!

I ask your pardon, patient reader, for my persistence in showing you all sorts of things as we came along, whether you wished to see them or not. My anxiety that you should miss nothing you might wish to see is my only excuse. You have been bored nearly to death, no doubt, and I have noticed signs of impatience which lead me to suspect your desire for freedom to go and see as you like, and as you have found that no guide is necessary, I will, with your permission, leave you here: but before releasing your hand, let me advise you not to fail, now that you are so near, to visit Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. A steamer will take you there in a few hours, and you will be rewarded in finding a transplanted section of Old England, climate, people, and all; and more vigorous, perhaps, because of the transplanting. The city stands on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits

