

this used-up quarry into a thing of beauty. Rough stone steps led down from the summer house to the bottom of the quarry. It takes hours to make the tour and you come away feeling that there are so many things you have not seen. The sound of the falling water coming to you pleasantly, and as you walk along the series of pools or ponds in which it is carried away you find aquatic plants in great profusion.

Gazing at the immense walls of stone you find that an artist's hand arranged the planting of the walls with just the kind of flowers and plants that are best suited to the scheme, and you are not surprised to learn that Mrs. Butchart did this work herself, having been lowered in a basket over the edge of the cliffs. There are many plants from Japan, India and China, and all of them have found spots which make them feel at home. All of the work has not yet been completed; a section of the quarry yet remains to be converted into a garden. When you realize that three years ago this quarry had just been worked out, it seems almost as if you had stepped upon the Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights.

But the beauty and glory of the Butchart gardens does not even end here. Lingeringly you ascend out of the quarry garden and cross the road, and find yourself in one of the most wonderful Japanese gardens. Continuing your walk, you come also on a garden of old-fashioned English flowers, but everywhere roses, roses, roses. In June this place must be a veritable heaven. There are little summer houses standing in tiny lakes, and they are reached by stepping stones or quaint rustic bridges. Water rushes from the mouth of a green dragon and falls in a miniature cascade.

Almost satiated with the wonders of these gardens, you turn down a path to the native woods and walk along the shores of Todd's Inlet where the waters of the Pacific lie at the very foot of these gardens. Gazing down into the clear depths, you see wonderful green and red starfish, like exquisite flowers on the bottom of the sea. The windows of the bungalow look through a vista of trees across the Japanese garden and down this inlet. Returning along a wide path, on your right you come to a large rustic summer house, charmingly furnished and with the latest magazines on the table. A little notice is pinned up against the door and, stopping to read it, you learn to your amazement that if you have brought your lunch you can get water from the Chinese cook at the bungalow and eat your lunch in this charming spot.

All this beauty and charm has been created by private enterprise and private capital, and yet the owners of these wonderful gardens keep for their own use only two afternoons a week; Wonderful Thursday and Sunday afternoons are the only times when you may not go to these gardens and view them from every angle and stay as long as you please. Yet so little effort is made on the part of Victoria as a city to take advantage of this great opportunity that hundreds of tourists and visitors, even visitors who stay for months, never hear and never see this marvellous place.

One of the most delightful drives out from Victoria is that up to the new observatory. The observatory is unique in many ways, and for a number of things has not its counterpart on this continent. The difficulties experienced in securing the wonderful lens and also securing its proper placing is a sort of fairy story all by itself, and this work was carried on during the war. Where the observatory stands is between 750 and 800 feet above sea level. It is reached by a circular drive which winds round and round the hill or mountain from base to summit, and from every turn of this road a gorgeous panorama of the island is to be seen. The observatory is especially for the study of the stars and its findings. The photography of them is not only contributable to science, but is also a great aid to mariners.

The writer is too abysmally ignorant on the subject of astronomy to speak of this observatory. On Saturday evenings for certain hours the public is given the

opportunity of looking through the immense telescope. A great many people avail themselves of it. To the ordinary tourist the drive itself up the mountain is of sufficient delight, even without a glimpse of the far-away stars.

In addition to all the glories mentioned, there is the glorious drive up over the famous Malahatt, to say nothing of a day's sailing among the islands.

It seems a pity that with such a climate and such marvels of beauty so little has been done to make of Victoria and Vancouver Island a winter and spring resort for the Canadians. Millions of Canadian money goes into the resorts to the south, and while by no means all of it could be retained on Vancouver Island, under any circumstances, yet very much of it could be retained if only an effort was made by the Provincial Government and the City of Victoria to supply certain things which are especially attractive to those who have only a short holiday to spend.

In the first place, there is no adequate hotel accommodation and living is extremely high. Even the foods produced on the island are dearer than they are in Winnipeg. Most extraordinary of all, there is no particular provision made to take advantage of sea bathing. It is well known that the Pacific as far north as Vancouver Island is not suitable for sea bathing except in the summer months, but at a comparatively small outlay baths could be erected that would be an enormous attraction to the people, and would be very remunerative to the city and to the island generally, yet nothing of this kind is done.

There is a great colony of people in Victoria who have retired from the prairies to make homes where the climate is milder, and they are anxious to see Victoria and the other coast cities of the island developed along these lines, but there seems to be a determined effort on the part of certain of the old-time population to balk every attempt of this kind. Enormous sums have been spent both by the province and by the city in

the construction of good roads for motoring. The taxation is extremely high, and yet there is nothing done to turn the expenditure for roads into an asset by encouraging the people from other parts of Canada, and from many parts of the States, to make of Vancouver Island a great holiday ground for which purpose it is so admirably suited by Nature.

In another article there will be something to say about the possibility of intensive farming on the island, particularly on the Saanwich Peninsula, Saanwich, by the way, meaning "Pleasant Land." A more appropriate name would be impossible to imagine.

### THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

By Billy Sunday

I know there are various opinions held by men as to what they believe or think constitutes the sin against the Holy Ghost.

#### What It Is Not

It is not swearing.

If swearing were the unpardonable sin, lots of men in heaven would have to go to hell today, and there are multitudes on earth, on their way to heaven, that would have to go to hell, and I would have to go with them, because I am standing here to tell you that you never looked into the face of a man that could swear more than I could, and I think a man is a dirty low-down dog that will cuss.

It's not drunkenness.

There are multitudes in heaven that have crept and crawled out of the sewers of infamy and drunkenness. Some of the brightest lights that ever blazed from God have been men that God saved from hell.

It's not adultery.

Jesus said to the woman committing adultery: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

Out of Mary Magdalene He cast seven devils.

It's not murder.

Men's hands have been red with blood and God has forgiven them. The Apostle Paul's hands were red with blood.

#### What It Is

To me it is plain. It is constant and continual and final rejection of Jesus Christ as your Saviour.

God's offer of mercy and salvation comes to you, and you say "No," and push it aside. I do not know when the time takes place in the life of an individual when you can say "No" to God for the last time, but I do know that there is such a thing as a last call to every man and to every woman, and when a man or a woman says "No" as God's Spirit strives within you in these days may for ever seal your doom.

You hear the call; you go about your business; go about the cares of home, about the requirements and demands of society, and God will keep on calling, and you will keep on saying "No," until there will come a time in every man's life when God will call for the last time.

It is no special form of sin. It might be swearing, it might be drunkenness, it might be adultery or theft.

Any sin becomes unpardonable if God keeps calling on you to forsake that sin and you keep on refusing to forsake it for the last time, and if you don't, then He will withdraw and let you alone, and that sin will become unpardonable, for God doesn't ask you again to forsake it.

#### Who Can Commit It?

Any man or woman that says "No" to God's offer of mercy. You may be a man down in sin, or, like the Pharisees, you may be the best man, morally, in the community. You may even defend the Bible, the Church, you may even be my friend; you may even stand on the street and speak well of this campaign; but I say, let Jesus try to get you to walk out publicly before the people, and you say "No" to every appeal, and He will keep on asking you, and there will come a time when He will ask you for the last time, and then He will let you alone. He will pass you by. God pity you!

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