

FEW Pacific seaboard cities can boast as does Victoria the possession of such distinctive landmarks as British Columbia's massive Parliamentary pile, and the palatial **Empress Hotel**, each emblematic of that catholicity of taste, and sterling solidity characteristic of this most English of Western cities. Of Parliament Buildings and **Empress** Victorians are rightly proud. They mark superlatives in their respective spheres, and each is an object lesson in the miraculous evolution of the West. What fairy lore transcends the tale of this latest in the Canadian Pacific hotel chain, an architectural monument to progress, where was, but a decade since, a dreary tidal flat?

Appropriately the **Empress** faces the golden West. A striking example of the French Renaissance, its chateau beauties will be more impressively emphasized when Nature shall have overtaken Enterprise and completed, with flower and tree accessories, the outline picture of today.

Exteriorly a first glimpse of the stately structure carries assurance of restfulness, comfort and good taste within. Here is no glaring architectural obtrusiveness. The eye finds naturally, in a second glance, the suggested environment of quiet, arboreal walks and flower-gemmed lawns. The house is effectively placed in four acres of beauty-crowded gardens, designed by Mr. Wallace, of which rustic pergolas on three sides, covered with wonderful roses, clematis and other climbers, are distinctive features. On the north exposure is a rock-bound lakelet fed by a mimic mountain brook, the leaping waters whispering of sylvan delights.

Room, too, there is for three fine tennis courts, a croquet lawn on the lower terrace, a course for archery, and a bowling green, as well as kitchen gardens obscured by ranks of roses, from which come special delicacies for favored guests.

Entering either by the great swinging doorway of plate, set midway in the western front, or by the carriage and motor-car entrance at the southern end of the hotel building, protected against occasionally inhospitable weather by an imposing *porte cochere*, one finds all favorable premonitions well sustained. Restfulness—of body, of eye, of mind—is the predominant note. To the very smallest detail the place bespeaks quiet elegance and the perfection of comfort.