

much to do with it, the multitudinous roses contribute, the gentle voices of the people play no small part, the breezes, soft with suggestiveness from the cane-groves of Honolulu and the gardens of Nippon.

The sun never sets with greater beauty than over the edge of the Sooke Hills, tipping the rough-hewn silver of the Olympics with a rosy glow and spilling itself in prodigality over the waters of the Fucan Straits. On the streets of this polyglot town the Indian clam-digger brushes the immaculate red tunic of Tommy Atkins, and the sailor from Esquimalt hobnobs with the Hindoo. The City of Victoria runs out in broom and buttercups to the country lanes, and the firs of the forest creep into the city streets.

One feature of Victoria commends itself to visitors: an active Tourists' Association, with centrally located headquarters and a permanent secretary. You should first make your way to these rooms, and register. The officials will take you in hand, find you a boarding-place, and plan so that you will get the maximum of enjoyment with the minimum of money and time. The one-day visitor should see the Park and Museum, take the tram to the Gorge and historic Esquimalt, and in the Tourist Tally-ho enjoy the delights of the world's grandest ocean-drive.

It is monstrous pity, though, to leave Victoria under a week's sojourn. Goldstream should be visited; go to Oak Bay and look across the water to historic San Juan Island which the wisdom of the German Emperor plucked from Britain's crown to sparkle in the neckerchief of Uncle Sam.

Get up early one morning and try the salmon-trawling; it will not be exceptional luck if you bring home half a dozen 10-pounders before breakfast. As evening lights close in, a walk through the Golf Links where the pheasants are calling in the long grass, and the meadow-lark announces to all and sundry that "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world," will send you to bed sane and content.

#### VANCOUVER.

Then off to Vancouver, the Pacific terminal of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The *Princess Victoria* carries you again, and it is another four hours' run. Start in the early morning, by all means. You pass through a wonder-archipelago without a duplicate in the world's scenic routes. What a riot of color as you pull out from Victoria Harbor and creep coastwise round Beacon Hill and the beaches of Shoal Bay! With a toot of recognition from the smokestack, you glide past Cadboro Bay, where the long crescent of silver sand echoes back the holiday noises of half a hundred camps.

Out on the sunken ridges of that burnt-umber reef a pod of hair-seals whimpers in the morning sunshine, and far across are the lime-cliffs of Salt Spring. That dark ribbon