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## Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

In 1914 the writer of this column said something about the pleasures of a spring holiday in Victoria, little thinking that it would be five long years before a similar opportunity would be enjoyed; yet five years to the day a start was again made for Victoria.

Following the same plan as on the previous occasion, a few days were spent at Banff, and on April 15th we docked at Victoria at 7.30 in the morning, just in time to see the glories of the Olympics with the rising sun striking their snow-clad peaks. Old-timers said that the spring was the latest in twenty-one years, and it was certainly later than the spring of 1914. But, oh! the change from the brown, bare prairies to this city where crocuses, daffodils and narcissus seem to spring up at every corner, and where the delicious odor of wallflower and sweetbrier mingle with the fresh breeze from the sea.

In the early morning it was hard to believe that such a thing as war had existed, but as the day crept on it was brought home very forcibly by the number of returned men to be seen about the streets, the majority of them more or less disabled; for Victoria has proved a valuable asset to Canada in a way that was never dreamed of in pre-war days, namely, as a spot in which so many of our men who have been injured may recuperate, at least to some extent, to their former health and strength. There are great convalescent homes at Esquimalt, and Dunsuir Castle is rapidly being turned into a permanent convalescent home. There are other spots on the island that are being utilized, and no doubt the number of these will be increased as the medical authorities realize the benefits to be gained by this mild climate and the chance to live entirely in the open among so much that is exquisitely beautiful.

The stray tourist sees very little of the beauties of Victoria. Almost the only provision made for the tourist is the sight-seeing car of the B.C. Electric, and while this certainly gives the passing tourist a drive to many of the places of beauty and interest—because it would be impossible to drive in Victoria at all and not see places of great beauty—it falls far short of giving any adequate idea of the great beauties of the city and its environments.

The writer had the privilege of a long afternoon's motor run with the great-

grandson of the first physician who located on Vancouver Island, to wit, Mr. John Tolmie. It was an afternoon of in and out, and round about, and each turn of the road seemed to bring out unexpected beauties. The dogwoods were just coming to their full glory of snow-white blossoms, and, as they frequently occur among the dark evergreens, the effect is lovely.

One spot visited on this afternoon was the falls on Niagara Canyon. This is reached from the lower portion of the famous Malahatt Drive, and it is safe to say that hundreds of people pass over the drive without an idea that they are close to one of the most picturesque falls in Canada. The old-timer knows, however. We descended a flight of steps which are entirely unnoticed from the roadway, and walking up the canyon for possibly a couple of hundred yards, we turned the corner and came to these falls. The exact height has been forgotten, but it is very great. The fall—not wide—gives the impression of a portion of Niagara, the portion that is divided from the main fall by Goat Island. The rocks on each side of this waterfall are covered with exquisite ferns that everywhere sparkled and glistened with the spray, and from high above, between the big fir trees, that crowned the top of either side, there could be caught a glimpse of blue sky. The water falls into a great pool and from there in rapids to the bed of a stream on the Malahatt Drive. A little rustic platform has been erected where the falls can be viewed to the greatest advantage. It was a spot where one might have lingered the whole afternoon, but was only just one of the many lovely things that you see when a real old-timer takes you driving on Vancouver Island. Along the roads the woods were filled with trilliums and delicate white lilies which nowhere seem to grow to such perfection as they do on this favorite island.

Perhaps one of the greatest wonders of Victoria is the sunken gardens at Brentwood on the Butchart estate. A good motor road and also the B.C. Electric run out to Brentwood. If you take the latter, you walk a short half-mile down a lovely shady road and through the wide gates which stand hospitably open, and follow an avenue until you come upon a beautiful bungalow, which in June is almost smothered in roses. Turning to your left through a little group of trees, you arrive at a rustic summer house perched upon a big boulder. Three or four steps cut in the stone lead up to this, and as you mount the steps and cross to the open window you look down on a picture which is absolutely unique on the Continent of America, and possibly has no counterpart in the whole world. There you are, looking down into what seems to be a valley blasted out of solid rock, yet hanging with flowers and carpeted with lovely soft grass; in the distance a waterfall and a series of lily ponds. In the centre of the valley is an enormous rock with a winding staircase, reaching to the top which is abloom with flowers. To the left, as you look down, is the suggestion of a great dragon sprawled on the floor of the valley, but it is a dragon made of wallflowers, tulips, hyacinth, narcissus and a vast number of flowers that are unknown to the ordinary prairie dweller. Perhaps a foot and a half above these flowers is a mass of vines with leaves and buds, and along the spine of the dragon are rows of curious shapes which, on closer inspection, show that these are rose trees trained as only a Chinese gardener can train them. In June, when the spring flowers have faded, this great dragon-shaped bed will be a mass of roses.

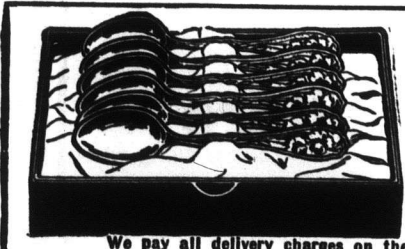
The Butcharts are manufacturers of cement and the secret of this valley is a worked-out quarry, usually one of the most hideous blots on the landscape, but here turned into a dream of exquisite beauty. In April we found gardenias and camellias in bloom in this sheltered spot. It was a woman's idea to turn

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