

## VICTORIA—"THE MAGIC PORTAL"

And when, after a week or two of leisurely sightseeing, you have feasted your eyes and senses on the beauties of the city gardens, the Marine Drive, the public parks, the massive Legislative Buildings, housing wonderful museums, libraries, archives and the unique charts of the discoverers of the Pacific Coast; when you have wandered along the winding hedge-guarded country roads of Saanich Peninsula, that re-



Island Waterfall in Strathcona,—Victoria's National Park.

plica of the heart of England. and lolled on the sunlit yet shaded beaches, and bathed in the life-giving waters of the great Pacific Ocean and fished and golfed and drunk in the real joy of life, and you turn to explore the rest of Vancouver Island, you will find that Victoria is the magic portal to a thousand miles of wonderland.

From the city scenic drives radiate North and West taking you through miles and miles of forest, the way winding among giant trees rising from mossy beds to a height of over two hundred feet, through deep valleys, verdure-clad and cool on the hottest day of summer; up towards the mountain-tops to more than 1200 feet above the sea. Now your way skirts a brawling, tumbling mountain stream, now you stop to gaze enraptured over a panorama of forest, mountain, sea and islands, with nothing to interrupt or break the view until the farthest ones melt into the horizon.



Scene in Mr. Butchart's Famous Sunken Gardens, Victoria.

## "A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND"—AND MUCH MORE

Now you are surely passing through a bit of Old England. Here are farmsteads and creeper-clad cottages and dinky little irregular fields; also great big barns and weather-hued farm houses of many rooms and even more gables, and herds of Jerseys, second to none on the whole continent. And then, just round a bend in the ever-bending road, you come on a great mountain lake twenty or more miles in length and full of the gamest trout, tempting you to "Keep silence, praise God and go a-fishing" as old Walton has it!

Maybe if it is getting late, you will take old Isaac's advice and camp right there by the lakeside, broiling your catch over glowing alder embers. Or you will push on a bit, coming suddenly on an old-world inn where you will get food fit for a king, and can take your ease.

Just take your choice—the Island offers you all real inns,



Picturesque Glimpse of Victoria, the Capital City of British Columbia.