

stations and missionary posts, presenting a succession of scenes of absorbing interest.

Victoria, the point of our departure and that of all the principal lines of transportation through the Province, occupying one of the most magnificent sites on the Pacific Coast, commanding the principal trade of 300,000 square miles of country rich in the great resources of coal, gold, lumber, fish and agriculture, is destined to become a great commercial metropolis. Sailing out of its beautiful harbor what a glorious panorama of mountains, seas and islands comes into view. Across the Straits of Fuca the snow-covered Olympian peaks present their bold faces to the northward; Mount Baker towers majestically in the east, and scores of picturesque islands, clothed in perpetual green, fill the wonderful waters of Puget Sound and the Gulf of Georgia with landscapes of striking grandeur and beauty. Sailing northward we skirt the shores of Vancouver Island, whose sea wall of rounded trappean rock, sparsely wooded with pine and oak, receding gradually, is interspersed with pleasant green slopes and park-like openings. The conspicuous mansion situated upon a commanding eminence in the eastern suburbs of Victoria is the Government House, now occupied by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Cornwall. A little beyond, bordering the shores of Cadboro Bay, several well-improved farms are visible. Driven into this snug little harbor in the month of April, I was surprised to see vegetation so well advanced, the grasses green and flowers in bloom.

Approaching the entrance to the Canal de Haro, San Juan Island, to the northeast, first engages the attention. It is the largest of the San Juan group—comprising Orcas, Lopez, Blakely, Decatur, Waldron, Shaw's, Stuart, Speiden, Henry and others—being thirteen miles long, with an average width of four miles. It acquired historical importance as disputed territory, having been jointly occupied by the English and American forces from 1858 to 1873, when the boundary question was finally settled. Lying to the westward of this group, and comprising the Archipelago de Haro, are numerous islands belonging to British Columbia. Of these Salt Spring, Galiano, Saturna, Pender, Sidney, Moresby, Mayne and Texada (the famous island of iron) are the most important. They are uniformly rock bound, with basalt, sandstone and conglomerate formations, interspersed with lignite, rugged and irregular in outline, thickly wooded with fir and spruce, and rising from 500 to 3,000 feet above the sea. Their climate is healthful and uniform, rainfall not excessive, and great extremes of heat or cold unknown. The forests abound with deer, otter, coon and mink, and the surrounding waters with salmon, halibut, cod and other excellent fish. There are no beasts of prey or poisonous reptiles.

Following the Canal de Haro to near Plumper's Pass, then taking the Nanaimo channel and sailing within sight of the City of Nanaimo, early on the 9th of April we reach Departure Bay, a fine little land-locked, forest-bound harbor, eighty miles from Victoria. This is the shipping point of the Nanaimo coal mines, the

most productive in the Province, exporting annually about 200,000 tons to San Francisco, Wilmington, Honolulu and China. This coal, the best found on the Pacific Coast, underlies hundreds of thousands of acres along the east shore of Vancouver Island. The early construction of the Island Railway from Victoria to these coal fields, now assured by the passage of the Settlement Bill by the Dominion Parliament, will give a marked impetus to the development of this great and permanent source of wealth to the whole Province. Many moons ago, before the pale faces came, according to tradition, several hundred Indians made the largest island near the entrance their refuge and stronghold in time of war. But being taken by surprise by their enemies, a powerful northern tribe, all were slain. Their bones, it is said, still whiten the island in places. A small band of Indians are seen camping on the shore of the gulf, just outside of the bay, drying the spawn of herring for food. They suspend and buoy the branches of trees in deep water where herring abound, and when covered with spawn haul them out and hang them up to dry in the sun. A little further on several canoes, manned by Indians, are engaged in catching dogfish, which are very numerous in these waters, and are used for making oil.

Resuming our voyage on the following day, we pass Comox, one of the largest and most prosperous settlements on Vancouver Island, 135 miles from Victoria. Here are also very extensive deposits of good bituminous coal destined to be of immense value. Texada Island, containing mountain masses of rich magnetic iron ore, now used by the Port Townsend smelting works, is seen in the distance on the right. On the left lies a long stretch of level, fir-timbered country, with a productive soil, affording good opportunities for hundreds of families willing to work to acquire homes and independence. On past Oyster Bay, at Cape Mudge, the southern extremity of Valdez Island, we enter Discovery Passage, the beginning of the wonderful deep-sea channels leading away north to Alaska. Here are Seymour Narrows, through which the pent-up waters rush whirling and foaming at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour, and where the United States steamer *Saranac* struck a rock and sunk a few years ago. The most powerful steamers seldom attempt the passage against the tide. This is the point where the Canadian Pacific Railroad once considered the practicability of bridging from Valdez Island to Vancouver Island for an extension of their line from the mainland to Victoria. The same end will perhaps eventually be accomplished by the running of immense train transfer ferry boats from Burrard Inlet across the gulf to Nanaimo. The Indians inhabiting these shores were formerly hostile and dangerous. Twenty-two years ago R. Maynard, the photographer, camped on the shore opposite the Narrows, en route in a ship's boat from the Stickeen River to Victoria. The Indians formed a plot to murder him and his twelve companions while sleeping, burn their boats and carry off their supplies, which they would doubtless have done had not one of the party, known as "Big Charley," who understood the Indian