

foot of Esquimalt harbor, with which it will probably, some time, be connected by a canal. The arm is bordered by wooded banks, which shade it the greater portion of the day, and is a favorite and most delightful place for boating. At one place it narrows to less than half its usual width, and is hemmed in by rocky walls, between which the tide pours with a strong current. This is known as "the gorge," and is spanned by a bridge, across which no tourist neglects to drive. On either side of the arm, which is spanned by three bridges, a splendid road leads to Esquimalt, the route bordered on both sides by a light forest growth. At Esquimalt, which is the chief naval station of the Pacific coast, several huge ironclads lie constantly at anchor. At seasonable hours, visitors are permitted on board, and are courteously received by the officers. Here, also, is the huge stone dry-dock (see engraving on page 493), which the government is building.

Other roads lead out from the city into the interior, all of them splendidly improved at the public expense, making a system of excellent drives, unsurpassed on the coast. One of these leads past Carey castle the residence of the lieutenant governor, which fronts the waters of the straits. It is a charming spot, and the prospect from its terraced front is one of great beauty. In fact, from every high point in or near the city, the eye rests upon an enchanting landscape. Another road leads to Gold Stream creek and falls, a most charming spot. (See engraving on page 475.) Beacon hill park, which lies across James bay, is one of the most delightful natural parks imaginable. With the exception of improving the driveways, putting in a few rustic seats and clearing out the underbrush, little has been done to second the work of nature. The approach from the city is through a grove of large and leafy

oaks, which gradually disappear as the ascent is made to the large, central and barren hill. From the top, the view is enchanting. Around the base of the hill is a driveway, skirting the edge of the grove on either hand. In front, the gentle declivity leads to a stretch of meadow, terminating at the water's edge, a quarter of a mile away. Across this grassy plain, tinted with the white, blue and yellow of countless wild flowers, the eye pauses over the waters of the Straits of Fuca, to the dark sides and snowy tops of the Olympic range, down whose sides run deep furrows of light and shade, caused by the succession of wooded ridges and snow-lined canyons. To the right, across the harbor and Royal roads, rise the wooded heights of Vancouver island, beyond which the high mountains south of the straits fade away in the distance toward Cape Flattery. Eastward, across the straits and the Canal de Haro, are seen the many wooded islands on the American side, above which rise the summits of the Cascade mountains, a continuous chain of snowy peaks, with Mount Baker for a central point, from which they stretch out to the north and south, until they blend with the distant horizon.

The trip from Victoria to Nanaimo and Wellington, the seat of coal mining operations, is made by the Island railway, a distance of seventy miles. The train leaves in the morning and returns in the evening. The route is a pleasant one, and leads through a region of low mountains and grassy valleys, passing through forests and much of the best agricultural country of Vancouver island. On the left are the mountains which form the backbone of the island, and on the right, the straits and islands of the Gulf of Georgia, beyond which rise the high and snowy mountains of the mainland. Two of the many beautiful scenes are the crossings of Nanaimo riv-