

er and Arbutus canyon. (See engravings on pages 473, 474.) Nanaimo and Wellington possess much interest to visitors, who can view coal mining on a large scale, besides admiring the beauties of nature, by which they are surrounded. The return trip can be made by water if desired, and is a pleasant variation of the journey.

From Victoria to Vancouver, the terminus of the Canadian Pacific, on Burrard inlet, the journey is made by water. This is now, and will remain for a long time, the only mode of traveling between those two points. There is talk of putting on a huge ferry boat to convey trains across a narrow portion of the Gulf of Georgia, from which they may run down the Island railway, or a new track, to Victoria, thus making the capital city the actual terminus of that great transcontinental line. This, however, is a problem for the future. The trip consumes about three hours, and is full of pleasure to one alive to the beauties of nature, and who delights to fill his lungs with the fresh air of the sea, which comes to him laden with the incense of the forest. The *Princess Louise*, a large and comfortable steamer of the Canadian Pacific Navigation Co., backed away from the dock just as day was breaking in the morning, and after threading its way through the harbor channel, and rounding the point which marks the extreme southwestern limit of the island and the province, headed almost due north, and entered the Canal de Haro. In a short time we were among the islands, which almost fill this portion of the great inland sea, and followed carefully the tortuous channels they formed. For two hours we wound in and out, now crossing a brief open space, and now passing between the bluff and wooded banks of adjacent islands, which were distant but a stone's throw on either side. So narrow are some of these chan-

nels, that the tide makes a strong current in passing through. Many of them are not visible until just as they are entered, and the steamer often appears to be headed directly toward an unbroken shore. The traveler wonders if the vessel is going to make a landing, and although he can see no wharf or other evidence of a port, he naturally supposes that such is the purpose of the pilot, until, suddenly, one of these narrow channels opens into view, and the steamer glides quickly through it into another stretch of open water beyond.

Great masses of barren rocks are noticeable on these islands, into which run many little bays and inlets. There are, also, numerous little valleys, where the cabin of the settler and fisherman may be seen, surrounded by a small tract of cleared and cultivated land, his cattle grazing on the adjacent slopes. The water was as smooth as glass, and the light floating clouds above the bluffs and firs on the islands, as well as the long trail of smoke we left behind us, were perfectly mirrored on its surface. At another time, I passed through these islands just as the sun had sunk behind the western horizon. The dark hills and forest were set in a frame of gold and crimson, a tall tree here and there shooting far up into the tinted background, and all this mass of shade and color was reproduced in the water, even to the faintest detail.

We at length emerged from this island maze, and entered the open sea of the Gulf of Georgia, beyond which towered up the great mass of the mainland mountains, their dark sides capped with a ridge of white. A strong breeze was blowing from the north, and the surface of the water was ruffled by miniature waves. While yet we were within the shadow of the islands, the little caps of white sparkled in the rays of the sun. There was not, however, enough motion