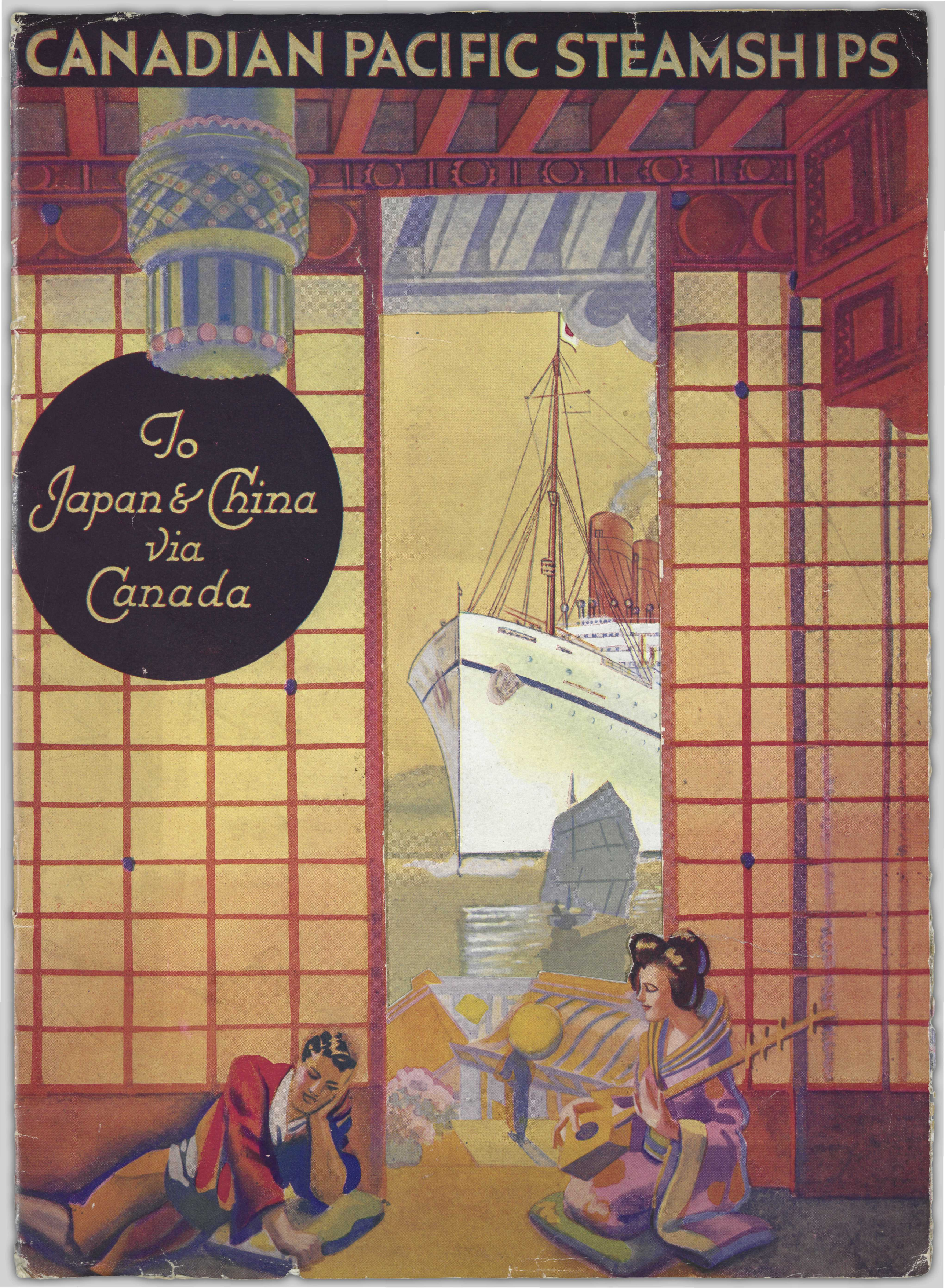
CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS



1930

TO THE FAR EAST
by the
WHITE EMPRESS ROUTE

Largest
and
Fastest
Steamships
across
the
Pacific

CANADIAN PACIFIC

1930

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTE

ACROSS the ATLANTIC to Quebec & Montreal

ACROSS CANADA through the Rockies

and from Vancouver by the

WHITE EMPRESSES to - -

JAPAN - CHINA - HAWAII - KOREA
MANCHURIA - THE PHILIPPINES

ONE SERVICE THROUGHOUT

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

The Canadian Pacific route is the Highway to the Orient. It provides a direct service from Europe to the countries of the Far East via Canada. Across the Atlantic run Canadian Pacific Steamships ; across Canada the Canadian Pacific Railway ; and across the Pacific the White Empresses are the largest and fastest liners in commission on that ocean. The main line route, from Hamburg to Hong Kong, is over 12,700 miles in length ; along its entirety proudly flutters the famous six-square red-and-white house-flag of one management.

The Canadian Pacific route is one of variety. Not only is it the fastest, but it affords a welcome break from too much sea-travel. That break is Canada—the vigorous, fascinating Dominion which stretches from one ocean to another. It is a country of amazing vitality, of great promise for the future ; it is also a land of remarkable beauty, becoming every year more and more one of the most popular holiday and tourist resorts of the world.

Atlantic Steamships The Canadian Pacific trans-Atlantic service is maintained by three classes of liners—the EMPRESSES, the DUCHESSES, and the " M " class. All of them have gained an unrivalled reputation for speed, comfort, and efficiency. They operate from various ports—from Southampton, Liverpool, and Glasgow in Great Britain, from Belfast and Cobh in Ireland, and from Cherbourg, Antwerp, and Hamburg on the Continent. A complete list of the passenger ships will be found on our centre page.

Empresses of the Atlantic The three luxurious EMPRESSES, which provide an express service from English Channel ports to Quebec, are the finest in the Canadian trade. They are the EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA, EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND, and EMPRESS OF FRANCE ; and are frequently known as the " Ships of Royalty," for the Prince of Wales has crossed the Atlantic on each of them during his visits to Canada.

To this fleet will be added in 1931 the EMPRESS OF BRITAIN—a five-day giantess of 40,000 tons, the largest ship running from Great Britain to any part of the British Empire.

Duchesses of the Atlantic The four 20,000-ton DUCHESSES, although they have been in service for only two years, are now as well known as the EMPRESSES, and are equally popular with tourists and travellers. They are finely equipped, with excellent up-to-date accommodation, sailing from either Southampton or Liverpool to Montreal. Bearing historic names, they are Cabin Class ships, especially built for the latest requirements in that service.

Other Ships The " M " vessels are also of the popular Cabin Class type, including the three sister ships, MONTROSE, MONTCALM, and MONTCLARE. They operate from various ports to Montreal.

From Quebec to Montreal, for those who disembark at the former port, is a swift railway journey of less than five hours.

During the winter months, when the St. Lawrence River is closed to navigation, all Canadian Pacific steamships use the port of Saint John, N.B. Special trains are run from there, connecting with steamship arrivals, to Montreal.

The Short Seaway The St. Lawrence route is the short seaway to all parts of North America. It is not only the route of beauty and history : it is also that of utility and convenience, for by means of it you can penetrate on sheltered waters to the very heart of the continent.

Montreal is one of the greatest railway centres of America, and fast and frequent services will carry you from that port not only to all parts of Canada but also—in many cases with through trains—to the United States. New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Washington are just overnight : and from Montreal many trains a day run to Toronto, another important focal point, from which the cities of the border and Middle West are easily reached. Through trains run from Montreal and Toronto to Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis and St. Paul.

Those travelling to Vancouver to take the WHITE EMPRESSES to the Orient have a choice of several routes, according to the time at their disposal. These alternative routes are detailed in some of our other publications and should be examined at the time of engaging tickets so as to secure the maximum of pleasure within the time at one's disposal.

Prestige The high standing of the Canadian Pacific in Oriental countries enables its representatives to make most satisfactory arrangements for the care of its passengers. Salaried employees of the Canadian Pacific meet the WHITE EMPRESSES at the various ports, to assist passengers, furnish information, and secure guides when desired.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
STEAMSHIP LINES
WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

(*Top picture*) The Dining-room, EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

(*Middle left*) The Sitting-room of a private suite, EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

(*Middle right*) The Smoking-room of a DUCHESS steamer

(*At side*) The Smoking-room, EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA

ACROSS CANADA

Fast, luxurious Canadian Pacific trains will carry you across Canada. The journey can be made, from Montreal to Vancouver, in as short a time as 85 hours. Railway trains in Canada are bigger and longer than in Europe ; they carry not only sleeping and dining cars, but also lounge cars of various types, which latter, on such trains as the famous "Trans-Canada Limited," include shower baths, card-rooms, dressing-rooms, and vita-glass sun parlours.

But the wise man does not hurry so much. He will linger at some of Canada's beautiful holiday resorts, at cities like Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa, Winnipeg or Vancouver, and especially in the magnificent Rocky Mountains, where such places as Banff and Lake Louise are enough to make him miss his boat. The Canadian Pacific operates also fourteen splendid hotels from coast to coast, which make ideal stopping-places.

The St. Lawrence Route One of the attractions of the Canadian Pacific route is the journey up the St. Lawrence River. That noble and historic waterway, remarkable amongst rivers in that it is navigated by ocean-going ships a thousand miles from its mouth, meets you at Newfoundland, which lies across its exit into the Atlantic; and it will bear you along its sheltered waters for over a day and a half until its great gulf narrows to river banks. On either side are quaint little French-Canadian villages, becoming closer and closer together as the great rock headlands begin to give way to cultivated farmlands; stretching away to the horizon are the blue Laurentian Mountains.

Presently, turning a corner of the Isle d'Orleans, you see in front the picturesquely situated city of Quebec, greeting you from the top of its great rock.

Quebec Quebec occupies a position remarkable—temperamentally as well as topographically—amongst the cities of America. It might be described as the spirit of romance in an unromantic age. It was the birthplace of civilization in North America. Discovered in 1535 by Jacques Cartier, settled in 1608 by Champlain, it was for a century and a half thereafter the headquarters of French rule in the New World. In the middle of the eighteenth century its destiny changed abruptly, for in 1759, in one of the most famous battles of history, the British under Wolfe defeated the French under Montcalm at the Plains of Abraham.

It is a noble panorama when viewed from the deck of the approaching liner. On the cliff, at the end of Dufferin Terrace, stands the Citadel. Nearby is the massive Canadian Pacific hotel, the Chateau Frontenac, occupying the historic site of the old Chateau St. Louis, for centuries the seat of French government in Canada, and reproducing in its entirety the architecture of an eighteenth-century French chateau. Below, at the base of the crag, lie the narrow streets of Canada's ancient capital, where once trod the pioneers of New France.

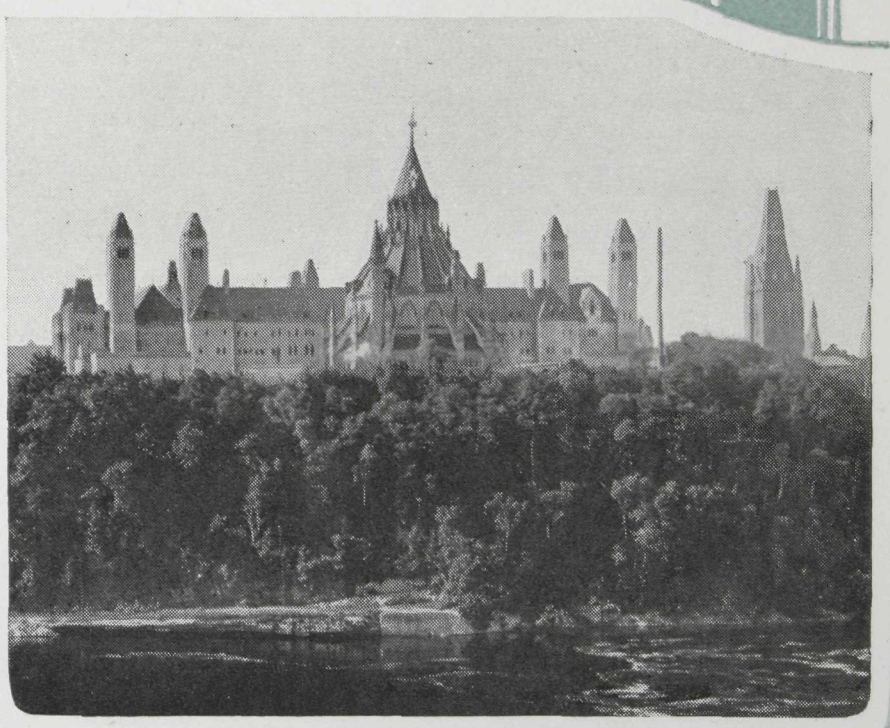
The city retains much of the old French tradition. Blended with the past is the spirit of modern progress, giving to Quebec the charm of the old world and the new.

Montreal Montreal is the commercial metropolis of the Dominion, with a population of over one million, and a history second only to the ancient capital in picturesque interest and charm.

To see Montreal at its best is to see it from the top of Mount Royal. Here the city is revealed in its entirety. Below are the splendid buildings of the Royal Victoria Hospital and McGill University, and thousands of homes embowered in trees. Beyond lie the massive structures of the harbour, financial, transportation and industrial districts, the golden dome of St. James's Cathedral, the twin spires of the magnificent Church of Notre Dame, and the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, spanned by giant bridges. Southward the vision ranges to the far-off hills of Vermont, in the United States.

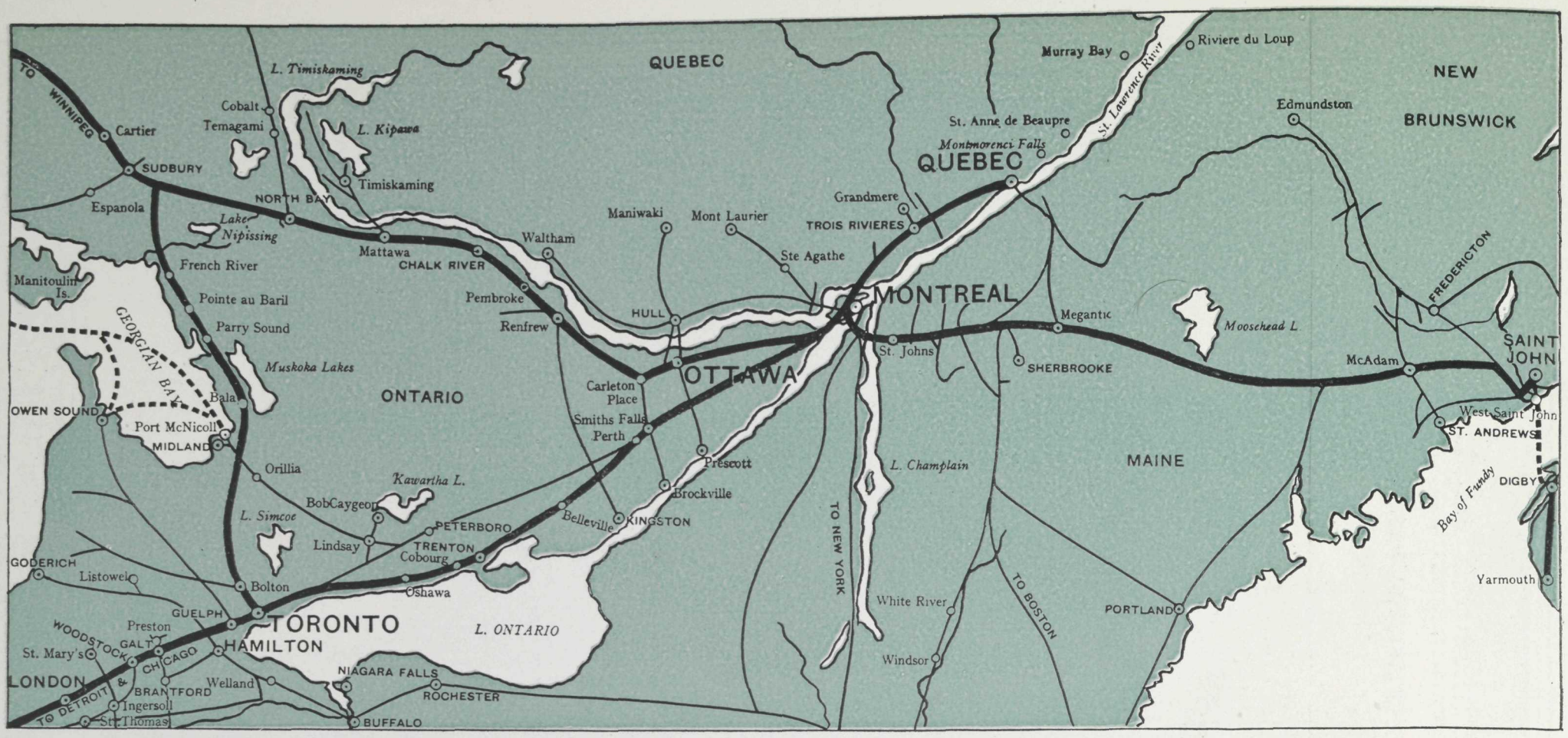
The Chateau de Ramezay is one of the many remaining centres of historical interest in the city. Within its walls, after the fall of Quebec, negotiations were completed for the withdrawal of the last French garrison from Montreal, by which act France's Empire in the New World was finally ceded to Great Britain.

Ottawa From Montreal it is only a short run to Ottawa, capital of the Dominion, residence of the Governor-General, meeting-place of Parliament, and administrative headquarters of the Canadian Government. The site of Ottawa is characterized by a grandeur appropriate to its national importance. The Parliament Buildings, with their score of turrets surmounted by a lofty tower, which has a famous carillon of bells, have a fine setting on a crag overlooking the Ottawa River, and the whole city is beautifully laid out with spacious driveways, open squares, and delightful parks.



The Chateau Frontenac dominates Quebec from Dufferin Terrace

(*Lower left*) Place d'Armes, Montreal
(*Lower right*) The Houses of Parliament, Ottawa



From Montreal to Winnipeg is 1,412 miles, and to Vancouver 2,886 miles. From Quebec to Montreal is 173 miles. From St. John to Montreal is 482 miles

Toronto Toronto, second city in the Dominion and capital of Ontario, is reached either from Montreal or Ottawa. The "Queen City," as it is affectionately called by its citizens, is the chief centre of this beautiful province, with a population of 700,000, mainly of British descent or birth, and is pleasantly situated on the shores of Lake Ontario. The provincial Parliament Buildings are in Queen's Park, very close to the University.

British in its people and ideals, Toronto is distinctively North American in the intensity of its activity and energy. Through its crowded streets throbs a vast hum of commerce, and it is an important banking, financial, and publishing centre. Its educational facilities, such as the Toronto University, are well known.

Yonge Street is one of the busiest shopping streets in Canada. Near by are immense skyscrapers, exemplifying the city's great business activity. The Canadian Pacific's huge hotel, the Royal York, is the largest hotel in the British Empire.

Niagara Falls Niagara Falls, one of the most sublime spectacles known to fame in the two hemispheres, is within easy reach of Toronto. The mighty volume of water that for uncounted years has been dashing over the escarpment, the clouds of rising mist, and the deep, never-ceasing thunderous roar, give to the eye and mind of the beholder an unforgettable impression of the stupendous in elemental force.

Lake Superior Leaving either Montreal or Toronto for the westward journey, the route is through Sudbury and thence into the wild and almost uninhabited country that lies north of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. Well might you imagine yourself here playing an actual part in a cinema drama, for as the train rushes onward there is nothing but forest, deep and impenetrable, with here and there a huge brawling river or lonely ice-cold lake. Now and then you pass a little log-cabin settlement in a forest clearing.

Presently the line nears Lake Superior and emerges on its rock-bound shore, following its indentations for hours amidst magnificent views. Finally it reaches the twin cities of Fort William and Port Arthur, which together form the mouth of the spout through which flows the great wheat crop of Western Canada.

Across the Great Lakes An agreeable and popular summer variation of the westward journey is offered by the Canadian Pacific Great Lakes steamship service—a two days' sail in large, modern, and comfortable vessels. Connection is made from Toronto with the point of embarkation on Georgian Bay. The water route then leads across Lake Huron into the mighty Lake Superior and on to Fort William, where the railway journey is renewed.

Winnipeg For the next four hundred miles you still travel through the same characteristic country—a vast hinterland rich in timber and mineral deposits, now slowly yielding to settlement. A break is made at Lake of the Woods, and then the forest begins to thin out, and you enter the great prairie country, arriving soon at Winnipeg.

Less than sixty years ago Winnipeg was a little frontier settlement, with a population of 200 souls, clustered round the Hudson's Bay Company's post, and known as Fort Garry. Today it is the largest primary grain market in the world, and an important railway and business centre, with a population of

Niagara Falls, one of the most sublime spectacles of the world

(*Lower right*) The Royal York Hotel, largest in the British Empire
(*Lower left*) Winnipeg, principal city of Western Canada

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

about 300,000. Adjoining the big and busy railway station is the Canadian Pacific hotel, the Royal Alexandra.

The Prairies Leaving Winnipeg, one enters the great prairie region in earnest, reaching through Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta for a distance of over eight hundred miles, and extending northward for three hundred miles. This is one of the world's biggest granaries, home of hundreds of thousands of settlers drawn from Eastern Canada, the British Isles, the United States, and Northern Europe. As the train speeds on its journey to the Pacific coast the landscape presents one continuous line of farms and grain fields, thriving cities and stations surmounted by grain elevators.

Many attractive cities are passed, such as Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, Moose Jaw and Medicine Hat. Calgary, most important point between Winnipeg and Vancouver, is a bright and prosperous city within actual sight of the Rockies. Once a famous ranching centre, Calgary holds every year a celebrated carnival of cowboy sports and contests, the " Stampede."

The Rockies As the train pulls out of Calgary, along the ancient glacier-grooved Bow Valley, the full glory of the far-flung line of mountain peaks, hung among the clouds and quivering in the warm summer air, bursts upon the view. First come the grassy foothills, then the dark evergreen forests and the great grey bulk of the first ranges, and so, by narrow passes eroded by turbulent mountain rivers, you reach Banff.

Six principal ranges comprise the Rockies, stretching continuously between the prairies and the Pacific Coast for nearly six hundred miles. Many of the principal mountains seen from the railway average a height of almost a mile above the valley.

Banff Banff is situated in a pocket of a wide circle of pearly-grey limestone peaks, embowered in pine forests and lawns, with the glacial-green Bow River flowing through the village. Its great popularity as a mountain resort is due not only to its own environment, but also to the world-famous Banff Springs Hotel—a magnificent structure that dominates the scene like a huge grey baronial castle. For scenery no part of the Rockies yet to come exhibits a greater or more romantic variety.

There are scores of things to do at Banff to pass pleasant summer days. There is motoring on first-class roads, hot springs that are piped into swimming pools, beautiful hikes all around, easy mountain climbs (or harder ones for the seasoned), tennis, dancing, trail-rides into the depths of the mountains, fishing, and boating. Two special attractions each year are "Indian days "—a colourful pow-wow of Stoney Indians and other tribes, and the Highland Gathering, a wonderful Scottish festival of bagpipes, sports, music, tartans, and dancing.

The Golf Course An eighteen-hole golf course, superbly located on the banks of the Bow River, and guarded by huge bastions of rock, turreted and pinnacled like the fortified castle of old, is open to all visitors on payment of green fees. The course has been entirely reconstructed by the Canadian Pacific, and now offers one of the finest, most perfectly balanced and most scenically beautiful courses in the world. Starting from within 300 feet of the Banff Springs Hotel it has a length of 6,640 yards and a par of 71. One feature, to suit all types of golfers, is the use of three tees for each hole, providing three courses—long, medium and short. The fairways are doubly wide, with two routes to each hole. The " nineteenth hole " is a superb new $100,000 club house admirably situated on the banks of the river. The caddies are Stoney Indians.

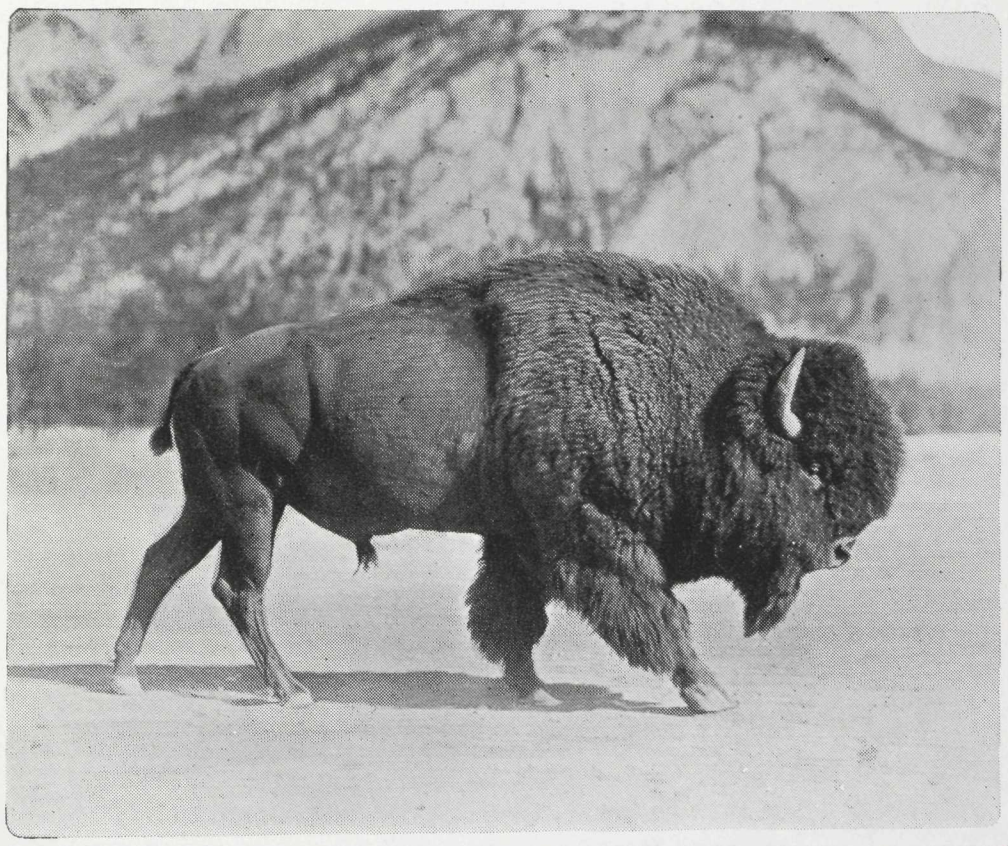
For tennis players there are several admirable courts, and because the exquisite summer climate of Banff is very conducive to both golf and tennis, a large number of people may always be seen enjoying the games.

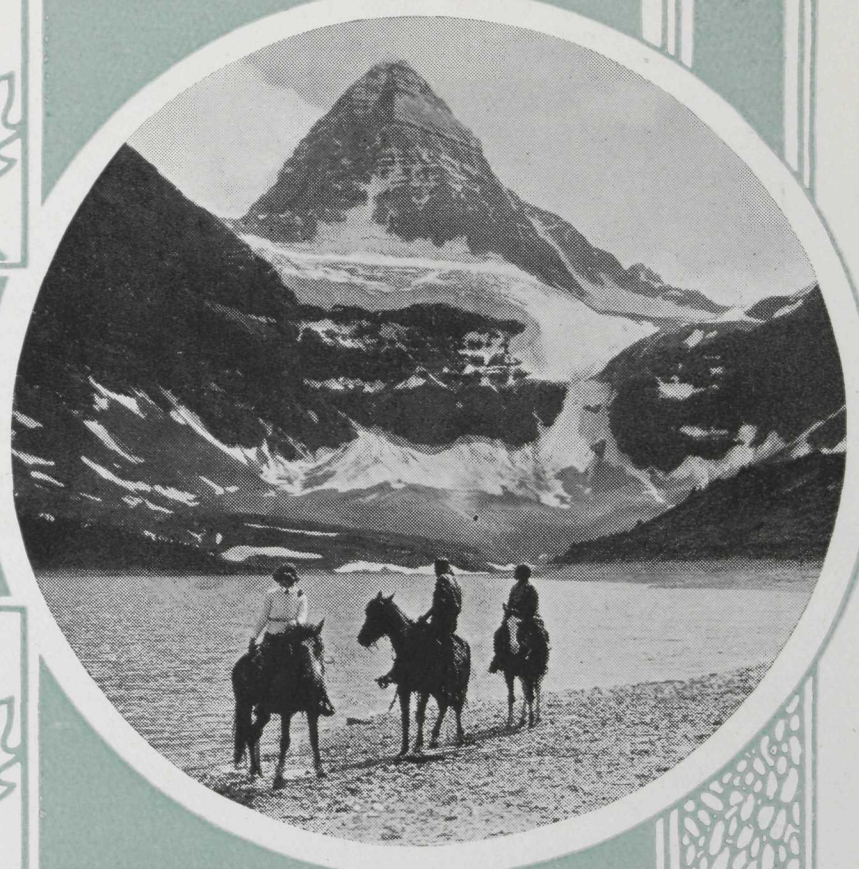
Lake Louise Forty-two miles west of Banff is Lake Louise, " Pearl of the Rockies," probably the most perfect gem of scenery in the world, a gem of composition and colouring beyond the power of artist or poet to depict.

Lake Louise bears the liquid music, the soft colour notes of its name, almost into the realm of the visible. Geographically a " cirque " lake—a deep, steep-walled recess caused by glacial erosion—it is a dramatic palette upon which the Great Artist has splashed his most gorgeous hues. Surrounding it is a magnificent circle of peaks; and many there are who count the day no better spent than to sit and watch the play of light and colour upon the mountains, glacier, and water.

On the margin of this most perfect lake, in one of the wonderful Alpine flower gardens in which the Rockies abound, sloping through terraced lawns to the water's edge, the Canadian Pacific has placed its great Chateau Lake Louise.

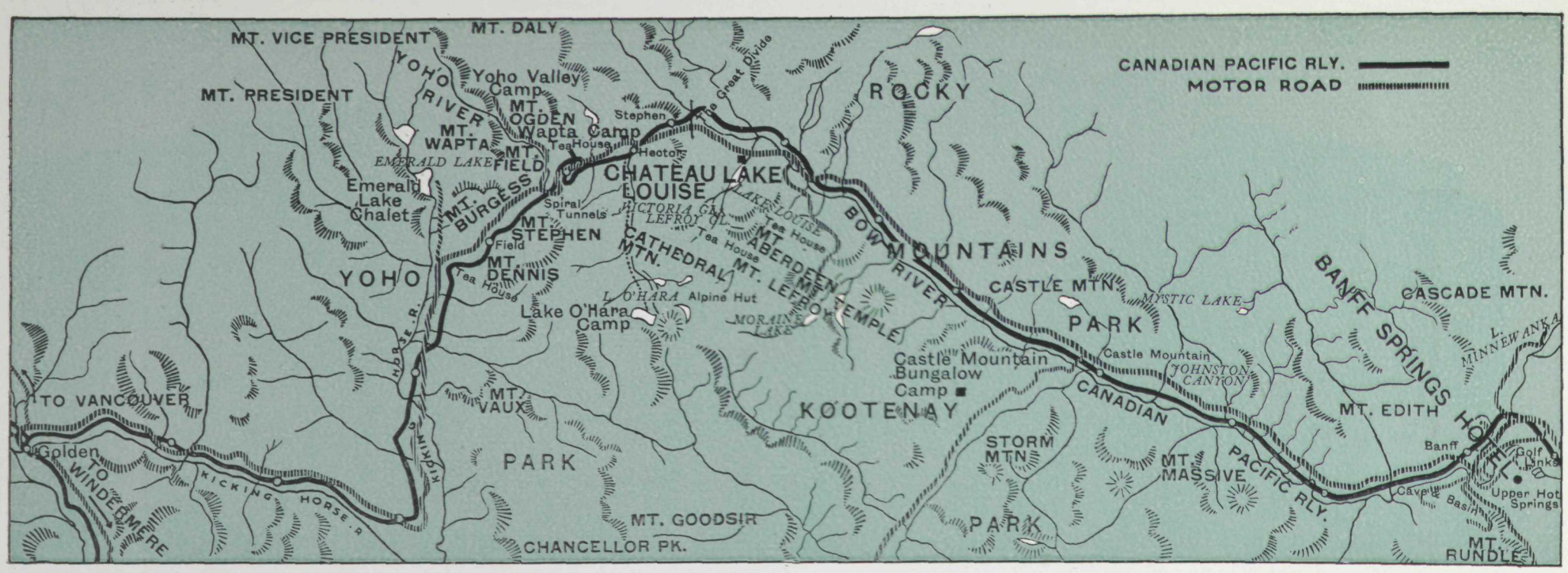
There is fine motoring at Lake Louise, such as to Moraine Lake or the Kicking Horse Pass. Pony rides are very popular, with such objectives as Lakes in the Clouds, Saddleback, Plain of the Six Glaciers or Paradise Valley.





The magnificent panorama of the Bow Valley at Banff, with Banff Springs Hotel in the foreground

(*Lower left*) In the Buffalo park at Banff
(*Lower right*) Mount Assiniboine, near Banff



Banff, Lake Louise, and Emerald Lake are places that no one should miss. Good motor roads enable the visitor to see all the principal points of interest in a short time

Mountain Climbing The Canadian Rockies present to the mountain climber one of the most extensive and interesting fields of any easily accessible ranges of the world. Not without good cause has the whole region been described as "fifty Switzerlands in one," and not without good reason do noted climbers make their way thither from all parts of the world. In the splendid variety of climbs which the Rockies offer lies half their attraction for the climber. The most accomplished alpinist will find peaks which will tax his skill to the utmost and provide a maximum of thrills. But let not the novice be daunted. There are easy climbs aplenty from which he may graduate—on some, indeed, he (or she, in fact) can ride or walk along good trails almost to the summit, while on others a short scramble will bring him to his goal.

The Alpine Club of Canada, with considerably over 600 members and headquarters established in a singularly handsome Club House at Banff, holds a Camp each year in the Canadian Rockies, and welcomes all who have the ambition to climb or are interested in any way in the mountains.

Emerald Lake Six miles west of Lake Louise is the Great Divide—highest elevation of the railway, interprovincial boundary, and backbone of the continent, where waters divide either west to the Pacific or east to the Atlantic. From here into Field the railway descends nearly a quarter mile down the narrow Kicking Horse Pass, and here you see the wonderful "Spiral Tunnels" that were constructed through two mountains to cut the difficult grade in half.

Seven miles from Field, through the hush of a pine forest, brings you to Emerald Lake. This beautiful sheet of water, of most exquisite colouring and sublimity of surroundings, lies placidly under the protection of Mount Wapta. On its wooded shore is Emerald Lake Chalet, a picturesque, cosy Canadian Pacific hotel.

At Emerald Lake there are a wide variety of fine hikes, rides and climbs, and also some fishing. One of the favourite excursions is to hike or ride over the pass to Yoho Valley.

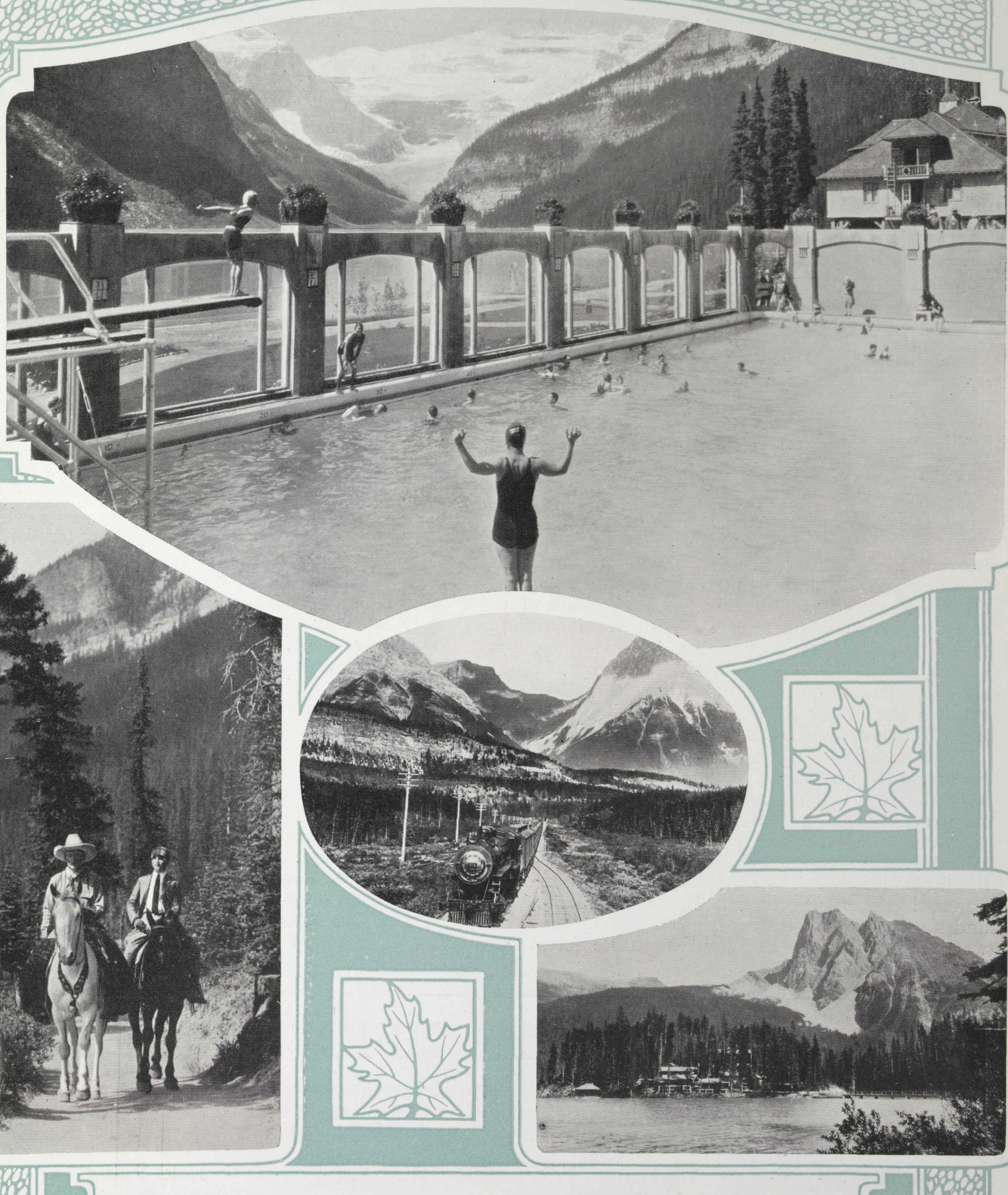
Yoho Valley Emerald Lake is one of the centres of Yoho National Park—a little wilder, a little more densely forested than Rocky Mountains Park, and offering some very attractive motoring, climbing and pony trips. And the centre is the celebrated Yoho Valley, reached by motor. Yoho Valley Bungalow Camp, facing Takakkaw Falls, is about halfway up the valley. Another is Wapta Camp, on the railway and Kicking Horse motor road; and south of the latter, reached only by trail through an almost primeval forest, is Lake O'Hara Camp.

Each of these Bungalow Camps (which, built of logs, have been constructed by the Canadian Pacific to supplement its hotel accommodation in the mountains) ties up with other points in the Park by an excellent system of roads or trails.

Motor Detour From Banff to Golden is a continuous motor road over which daily excursions are run. An exceedingly interesting organized motor trip along the Kicking Horse Trail is available to passengers, giving a quick survey of all this country. It leaves Banff every afternoon during the summer season, and takes you for 142 miles through the finest part of the Rockies. An overnight stop is made at Lake Louise, and next morning the journey is resumed to Wapta Lake, the Yoho Valley, Field, Emerald Lake, the Kicking Horse Canyon and Golden, at which last point the buses arrive in time for passengers to make connection with westbound trains.

The Canyons From Field the line descends into the valley of the Columbia River, and then climbs up again into the great and spectacular Selkirk Range, with the five-mile Connaught Tunnel bringing it to Glacier. This magnificent mountain area contains numerous glaciers and giant peaks, many of which are visible from the track.

Following the Illecillewaet River, along the brink



(*Top picture*) Lake Louise, with the Chateau Swimming Pool
(*Bottom left*) The Return from a Trail Ride
(*Bottom right*) Emerald Lake and Mount Burgess
(*In oval*) Leaving Yoho National Park

THE PACIFIC COAST

of deep chasms, one next reaches Revelstoke, on the Columbia River, Sicamous, and Kamloops. To the south are some famous fruit-raising districts, such as the Kootenay and Okanagan valleys.

From Kamloops the line, continually descending, follows the gigantic canyons of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers—second only in scenic grandeur to the Rockies themselves. Presently the Fraser River widens out, and we reach a meadow-like country through which we roll to Vancouver.

Vancouver Vancouver, the largest city of British Columbia, is beautifully situated on Burrard Inlet, a long arm of the Pacific Ocean that forms a nearly landlocked and fully sheltered harbour. Facing it across this harbour is the sharp profile of a magnificent mountain range. With its imposing business section, its busy docks, its fine shopping streets, and its flower-garbed residential suburbs that have overflowed north across the Inlet and south towards the Fraser River, Vancouver is one of the great Metropolitan centres of Canada.

The Hotel Vancouver, operated by the Canadian Pacific, is the finest hotel of the North Pacific Coast, very strikingly situated, and with a high reputation for the excellence of its service.

Vancouver is a favourite summer city, for its mild climate, floral luxuriance and closeness to water make life there pleasant. There are many bathing beaches, parks, boulevards, golf courses, automobile roads, and short and long steamer trips on the surrounding waterways. Stanley Park, a remarkable forest of almost primeval characteristics, is situated within the city limits. Across the Inlet is Capilano Canyon, a remarkable natural feature; and the Marine Drive is one that introduces you to some very picturesque scenery. The Grouse Mountain drive is another very attractive outing. English Bay and Kipilano are amongst the most popular of the many beaches.

The volume of trans-Pacific export and import trade has made Vancouver a very important seaport; while the city has also immense lumbering, mining, agricultural, shipbuilding, and manufacturing interests.

Victoria Before entering the open waters of the Pacific a call is made at Victoria, capital of British Columbia, after a short but very attractive run through the island-studded Straits of Georgia.

Delightfully situated at the southern extremity of Vancouver Island, overlooking the Straits of Fuca to the Pacific, and across the strait to the beautiful Olympic Mountains, Victoria is a city of many charms—"a bit of England on the Pacific," it has been called. Pre-eminently a city of homes, the trim, well-kept lawns and gardens around the houses, the green, irregular winding lanes of the suburbs, and the profusion of oak trees and broom go to make a scene as restful as it is charming, and one which to the English eye and English mind has no peer in the whole of Canada.

The Parliament Buildings, facing the inner harbour, have much architectural splendour, rivalled only by the nearby Canadian Pacific "Empress" Hotel.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTELS

Canadian Pacific Hotels—situated in the most important cities or the principal holiday resorts—complete the chain of travel luxury that stretches from Europe to Asia

QUEBEC	The Chateau Frontenac	CALGARY	Hotel Palliser
MONTREAL	Place Viger Hotel	BANFF	Banff Springs Hotel
TORONTO	The Royal York	LAKE LOUISE	Chateau Lake Louise
ST. ANDREWS (N.B.)	The Algonquin	EMERALD LAKE	Emerald Lake Chalet (Near Field, B.C.)
McADAM (N.B.)	McAdam Hotel	SICAMOUS	Hotel Sicamous
WINNIPEG	The Royal Alexandra	VANCOUVER	Hotel Vancouver
REGINA	Hotel Saskatchewan	VICTORIA	Empress Hotel

(*Large picture*) English Bay, Vancouver. (*Top left*) Empress Hotel, Victoria. (*Top right*) Big trees in Stanley Park, Vancouver

HAWAII

THE LAND OF TROPICAL BEAUTY

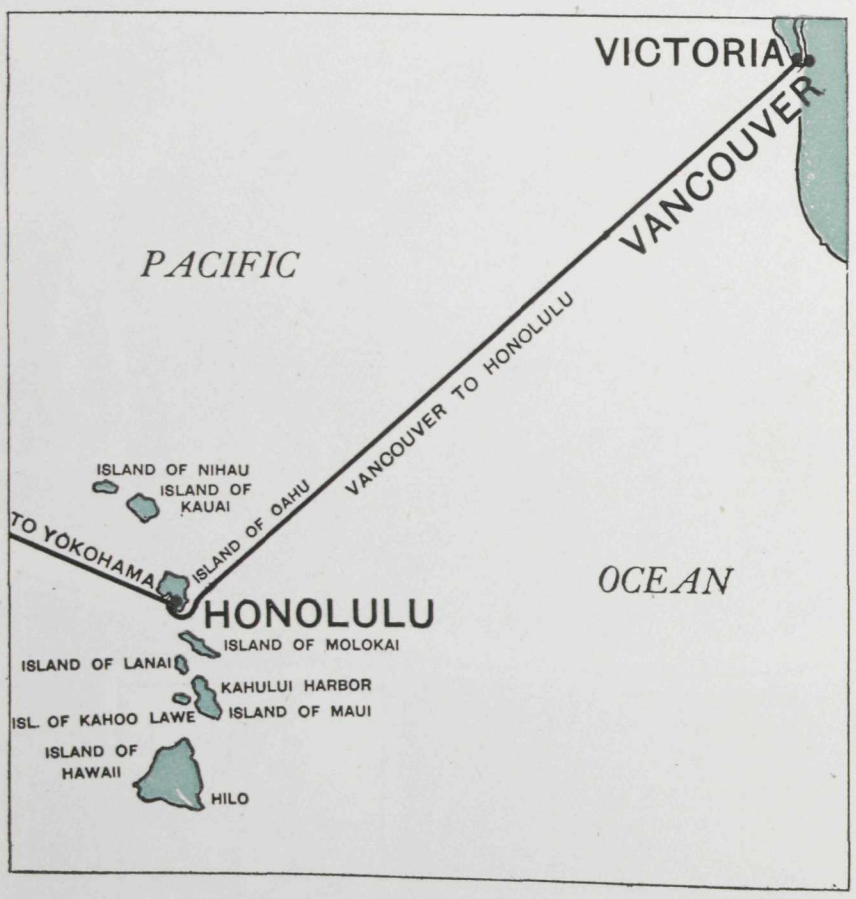
Six days after you board one of the swift "White Empresses" of the Pacific at Vancouver or Victoria, you step ashore at Honolulu—capital and pleasure centre of the Hawaiian Islands—into what is truly a Paradise.

Here, two thousand miles distant from the mainland, is an unsurpassed climate, a never-ending summer of warm sunshine and cool trade winds, with nights every bit as delightful and languorous as the days, and with scarcely a dip or rise in temperature from month to month. Midnight is as ideal for surf-bathing as afternoon, January hardly different from August.

And who, without being there, can adequately picture the amazingly lovely scenery of these small exotic isles, with their golden sands, rolling surf, luxuriant vegetation, swaying palms, fertile valleys, gardens, mountains? Or the charm of the native life, the throbbing spell of native music, the memorable native customs? Or the sincere friendliness of the welcome given to visitors, the luxury of the hotels, the gay round of pastimes and pleasures, the long-to-be-cherished farewell? Or all the rest that goes to make up the subtle enchantment that Hawaii and the Hawaiians cast over the hearts of those who come to her and them from across the sunny Pacific waters?

Honolulu Six dream-like days aboard your palatial WHITE EMPRESS—six days of pleasant, care-free lolling in a comfortable deck chair, of congenial company, deck sports, dancing, of mellow Pacific sunshine, and the soothing touch of salt-laden trade winds—and Hawaii rises from the water ahead. Its breakers roll foaming white on coral reefs, its palm trees sway on wide beaches, its roofs gleam from mazes of brilliant foliage, with, behind, the mountains lifting themselves behind the unbelievable green.

Silver coins rain into the blue depths, to be expertly retrieved by the swarm of diving boys. The unforgettable strains of "Aloha Oe" float upward from the pier, and then you are ashore, with a *lei* about your neck, to be borne away to your hotel past riotously gay gardens of bougainvillea, hibiscus and oleander, past banana groves, coconut trees and rice fields.

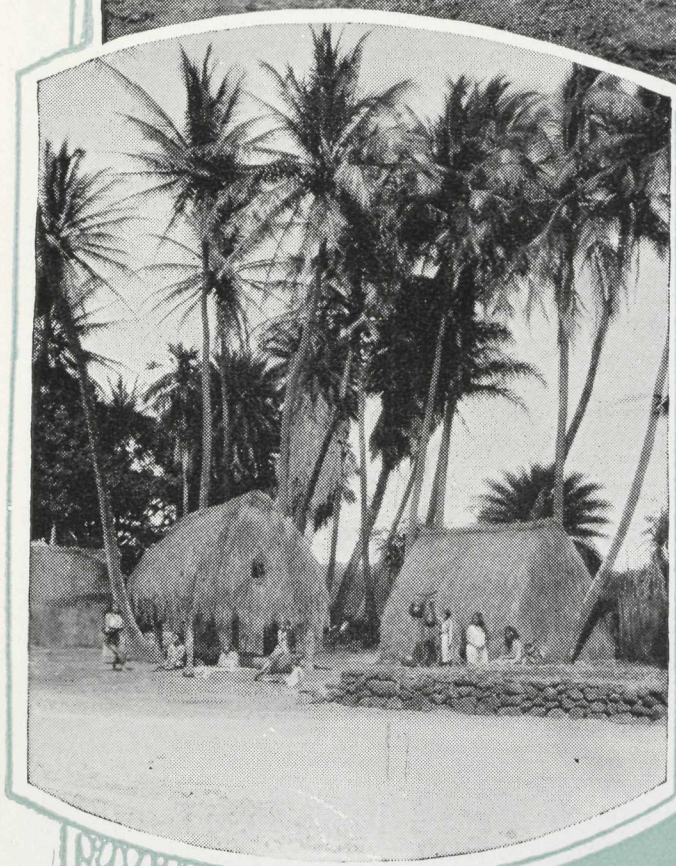


Waikiki First of all, of course, you will go to Waikiki to bask on the warm sands, take a dip in the rolling surf, flash beachward on a flying surfboard or outrigger canoe, or dance at night time in the sophisticated splendour of one of the great hotels—to say nothing of golf on the superb links!

Later, if you have time, you will take a ride around the beautiful city. You will not miss Bishop Museum, with its fascinating displays of Polynesian natural history and life, nor the Aquarium, nor Iolani Palace, the coral-built church of Kawaiahao, or the pineapple canneries. If you are fond of walking there are interesting jaunts up Pacific, Makiki and Alewa Heights, to the extinct crater of the Punch-bowl and Tantalus Mountains. The Pali, Haleiwa, Schofield Barracks, Pearl Harbour and Moanalua Gardens may all be seen on the eighty-five-mile drive around the island of Oahu on which Honolulu is situated.

Island of Maui Sixty-five miles south-east of Oahu is Maui, with the famous Hawaii National Park, which has as its chief attraction Haleakala, the largest extinct volcano in the world. From its cloud-wrapped rim, 10,000 feet above the sea, a marvellous view can be obtained of the crater, which encloses nineteen square miles.

Island of Hawaii In another section of Hawaii National Park, on the Island of Hawaii, is Kilauea, the largest continuously active volcano in the world. The fiery pit of Halemaumau in the centre of the crater is 1,200 feet in diameter—a boiling, seething inferno of molten lava. From the lovely city of Hilo, county seat of the island, many interesting excursions may be made.



Hawaii

(*Large picture*) Palms on the shore near Honolulu

(*Left*) An old-time Hawaiian village reconstructed for a native pageant

(*Right*) A Hawaiian maid with dress of *tapa* cloth and feather *lei*, symbol of friendship

JAPAN
THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Japan! Land of the Rising Sun—Chrysanthemum Land—what a fascination there is in its very name! A country situated at the crossroads of world traffic, at the crossroads of two civilizations—a country, on the one hand, of picturesque quaintness, of kimonos, tea-houses, cherry blossoms, wistarias, and joyous festivals; on the other hand, of a remodelled national life that embraces a great industrial development, an enlightened government and a remarkable educational movement.

Japan is a perpetual play! Temples and *torii*—lanterns and torches and shops—babies and kites and street signs—the plaintive note of the *samisen*. The country is so small that you could go all over it in a fairly short stay, yet so fascinating and different that you could spend a long time in one place and never be bored. From the plum blossoms of February to the chrysanthemums of October, Japan is a land of flowers; and the late autumn, too, has its coloured leaves, and the winter its starry snowflakes, worshipped by poets in strange little verses.

The sea is hazy azure; there are more kinds of islands than were ever set in any sea before, and strange craft manned by little brown fishermen, the sampans like toy boats swinging between the islands. And, rising above the scene, that loveliest of mountains—Fujiyama—stands revealed in all her beauty.

Yokohama Just thirteen sunshiny, interesting days from Vancouver and Victoria, and you are in old Japan, where every pretty spot is enshrouded with mystery and legend. You slip your shutter an inch to the right one morning, and sure enough you're there—in Yokohama. The first thing to meet your eyes, very likely, is a little man, with a straw hat like an old-fashioned chopping bowl and a short, square-cut blue cotton coat—a little gnome of a man with sandals on. And behind him stands a pretty lady, with a marvellous coiffure and a dark silk coat-thing over her flowery kimono, which shows at the edges. And there is an old lady with a million wrinkles disputing the groundwork of her smiles. She is holding what must be a baby—though it looks like a glorified oversize doll—in a red, blue, green and yellow dress.

Ashore, there are plenty of ricksha men with no other smiling purpose than to implore you to mount their high, rubber-tyred, white-cushioned pull-carts. They will take you to the new Benten Dori, where the curio and silk stores have been rebuilt in all their former glamour; and each little shop is so perfect, each little proprietor so persuasive, each little bit of gold lacquer so just what you dreamed about, that you want to carry the whole ensemble away.

Kamakura In about an hour one can motor to Kamakura, to see the big bronze Buddha who has sat there for six hundred years. It is hard to say which is the more interesting—Buddha himself or the little toy country one drives through on the way to his serene remoteness.

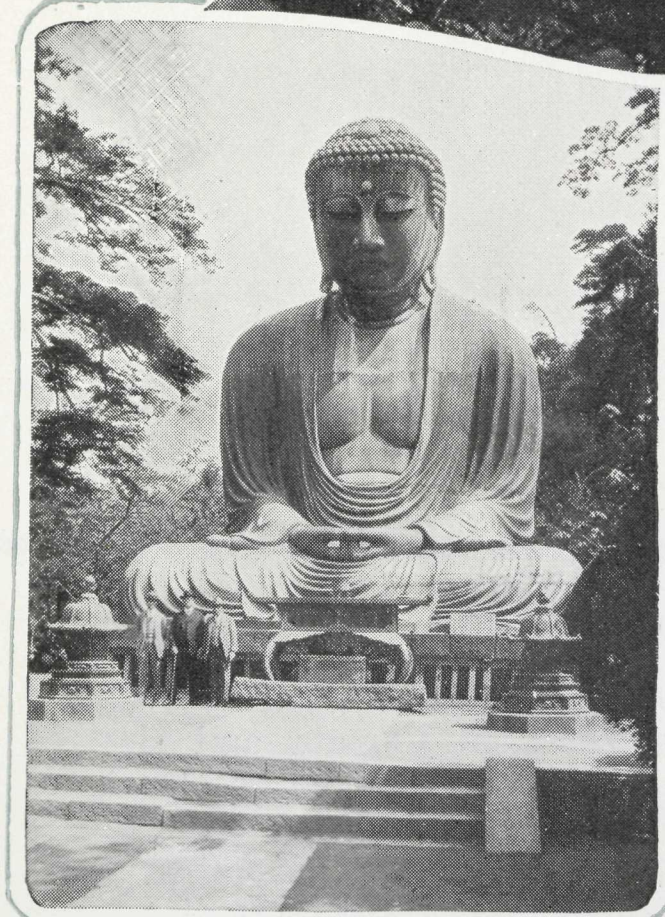
You will want to stop every five minutes to play with the farmhouses and their little bamboo fences, their little thatched roofs, their terraced handkerchief-sized rice fields, their dozens and hundreds and millions of butterfly children, and their old-old-people who look as though they are carved out of brown wood.

Tokyo Tokyo—only a fifty-minute train-ride away from Yokohama—is crammed with colourful life. Almost every day there is a festival of some sort in Tokyo, and, of course, it has something to do with flowers. Plum blossoms in February, peach blossoms in March, cherry blossoms in April, wistaria in May, iris in June, peonies in July, lotuses in August, chrysanthemums in September and October.

Where else can one see a department store where shoes come off at the door (to be quite Japanese) and yet where one can ride in an escalator? There is Uyeno Park, and the Ginza where all the world shops. There are theatres, where the stage rests on rollers and is turned right around (actors, props and all) when they want a new scene—and the audience squats on the floor and has its lunch sent in.

There are wrestling matches, or baseball, if one is intent upon being modern. There is Asakusa Temple, museums of all kinds, and the Imperial Palace to be gazed at from afar.

Nikko And Nikko—you must see Nikko, four hours from Tokyo by railway, but quite a thousand years as the mind flies. Nikko has been a holy place since A.D. 766. Here kindly Nature has surpassed itself in the glorious profusion with which it has scattered feathery woods and sombre forests, silvery cascades and white-robed waterfalls. There are fat old carved stone Buddhas wearing wigs and ear-laps of green moss, and there is the river, blue as melted sapphires, roaring under its Sacred Red Bridge. The great bell, held by its gilded dragon, can be struck by one old priest alone. Near the Abbot's garden is the

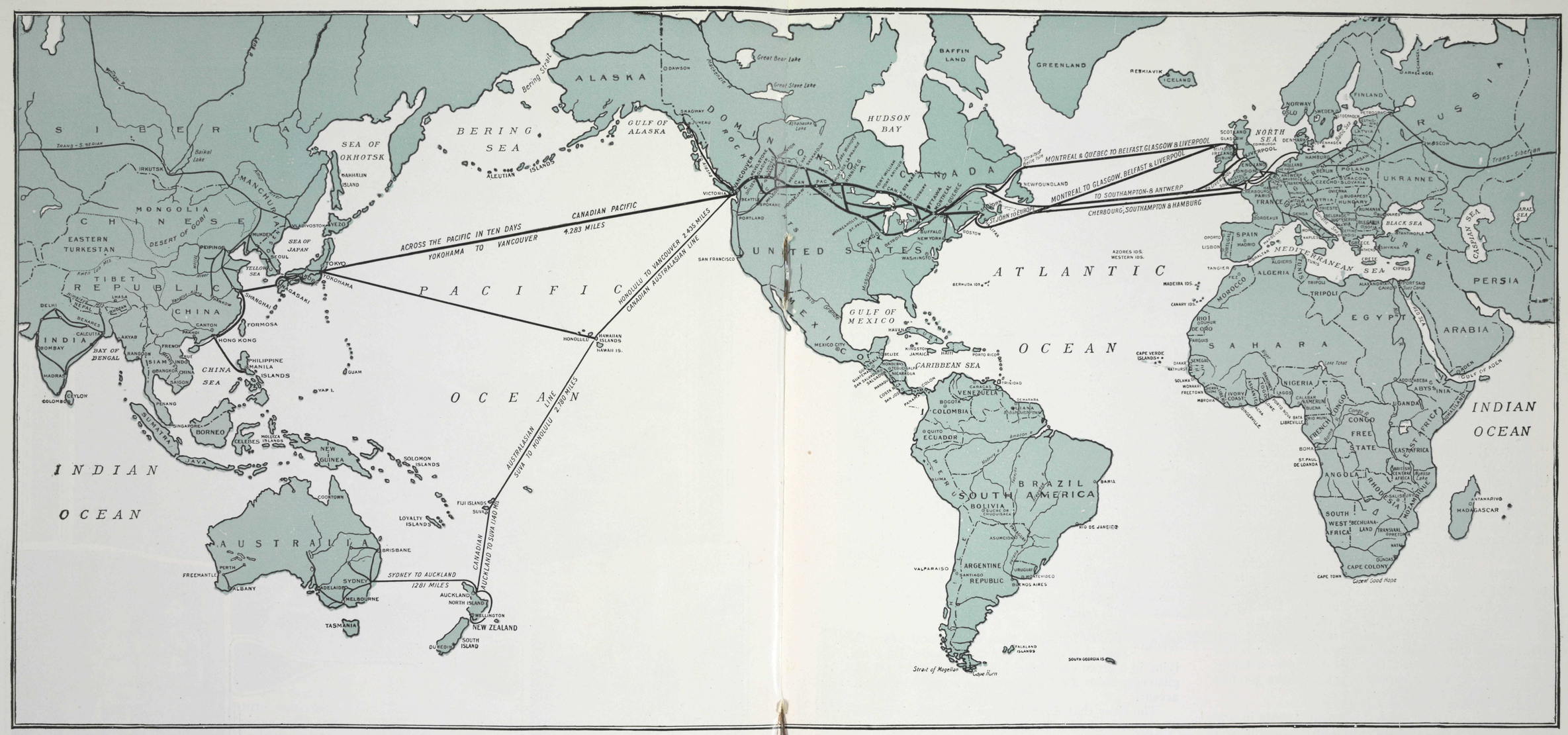


Picturesque Japan

(*Large picture*) The central motif of Japanese art and religion—Sacred Fujiyama

(*Left*) The famous big bronze Buddha at Kamakura

(*Right*) Geisha Girls at Yokohama



Across the Atlantic

The Canadian Pacific operates Trans-Atlantic passenger steamship services with the following fleets:

Between Southampton, Cherbourg, and Quebec:

	Gross Registered Tons
Empress of Britain (in Service 1931)	40,000
Empress of Scotland	25,150
Empress of Australia	21,850
Empress of France	18,450

Between Southampton, Cherbourg, Antwerp, Hamburg, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast or Cobh, and Quebec-Montreal:

	Gross Registered Tons		Gross Registered Tons.
Duchess of Atholl ...	20,000	Montrose ...	16,400
Duchess of Bedford...	20,000	Montclare ...	16,400
Duchess of Richmond	20,000	Melita ...	15,200
Duchess of York ...	20,000	Minnedosa ...	15,200
Montcalm	16,400	Metagama ...	12,400

Atlantic Steamships sail from Saint John, N.B., in Winter months.

Across Canada

The Canadian Pacific owns and operates over 21,000 miles of railway lines in Canada and the United States. Its main line extends from Montreal on the Atlantic seaboard to Vancouver on the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 2,886 miles.

In Summer, Canadian Pacific operates five trains a day across the continent in both directions:

Trans-Canada Limited ... Montreal-Toronto-Vancouver

Longest Distance Fast Limited All-Sleeping Car Express Train of the World.

The Imperial	Montreal-Vancouver
The Dominion	Toronto-Vancouver
The Mountaineer	Chicago-Vancouver
Soo-Pacific Express	Chicago-Vancouver

The Imperial, the Dominion, and the Soo-Pacific Express run every day of the year.

Train Equipment

The equipment of Canadian Pacific trans-continental trains varies with each train, and includes: Solarium-Lounge Cars, Compartment-Observation Sleeping Cars, Compartment Sleeping Cars, Standard Sleeping Cars, Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars, Day Coaches. For the different trains, see our current time tables,

The Canadian Pacific chain of fourteen hotels located in principal cities and holiday centres of Canada includes the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec; Empress Hotel, Victoria; Hotel Vancouver, Vancouver; Royal York Hotel, Toronto.

Interchange of Tickets

First Class through tickets of Canadian Pacific Steamships are interchangeable at ports of call with

Matson Navigation Co. *Los Angeles Steamship Co.*
Canadian-Australasian Royal Mail Line
Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Co.
Nippon Yusen Kaisha

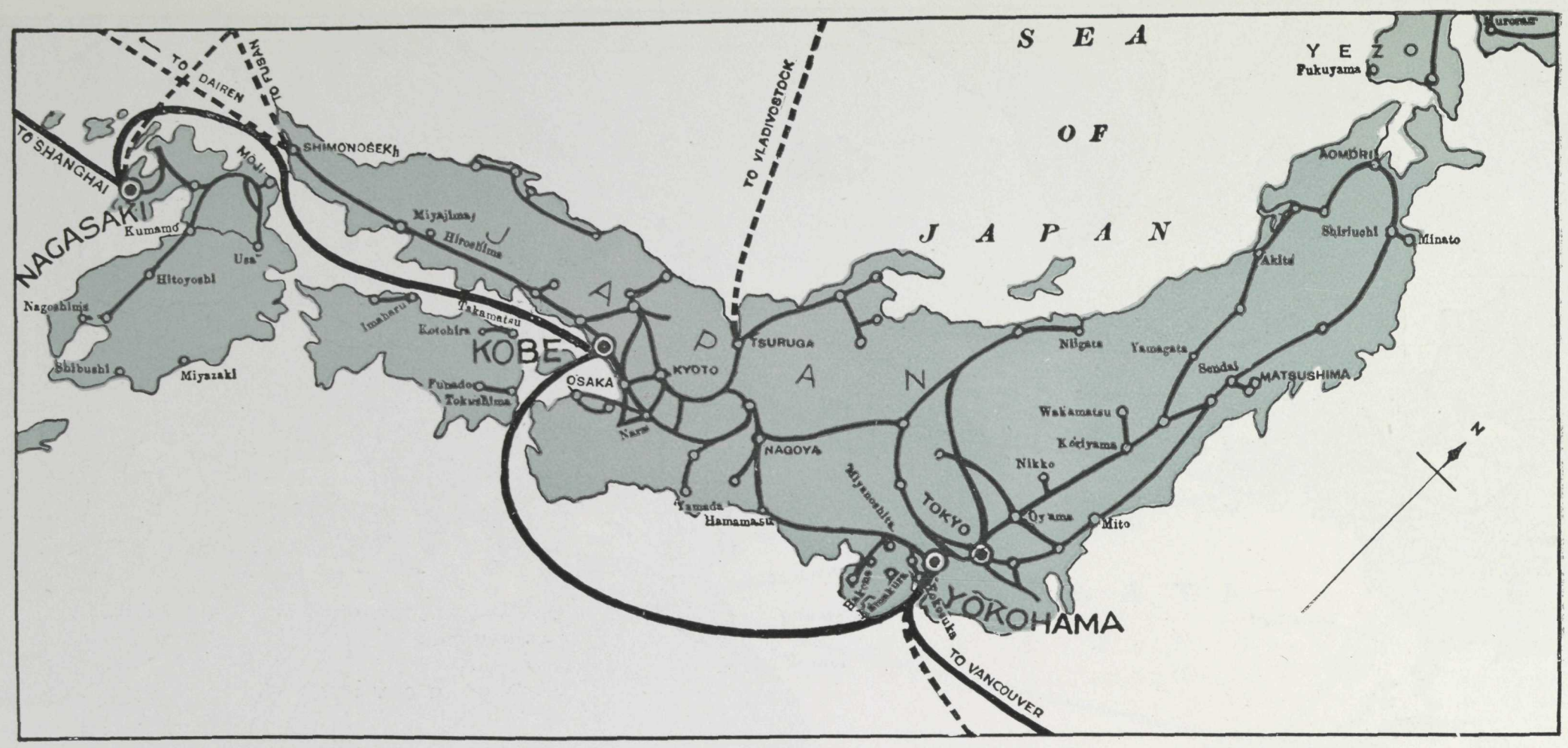
and with Blue Funnel Line "A" Class Steamships between Hong Kong and Shanghai only.

Second and Third Class through tickets are not interchangeable.

Above interchange arrangement does not apply in connection with local tickets between ports in the Orient.

Stopover vouchers will be issued by Pursers covering ports of call of steamship for which ticket is sold. Coupons will be honoured on steamships of lines named when stamped by Agent.

Reservations made will be endorsed on back of stopover vouchers, and when so endorsed stopover vouchers or tickets will not be accepted for passage on any other line unless authorized by Agent of line on which reservation was made.



Japan—Hondo Island (Mainland)

Yokohama to Vancouver, 4,283 miles; Yokohama to Kobe, 347 miles; Kobe to Nagasaki, 384 miles; Nagasaki to Shanghai, 426 miles.

"sunrise-till-dark" gate that a man may study a whole day long. Perhaps nowhere else in the world is there such a gorgeous, bewildering series of buildings and stairways, of carvings, images and gateways, all leading to a single tomb. When the holy of holies is reached, the pilgrim is given a green gown and a little sacred *saké* in a tiny red and gold lacquered cup.

Chuzenji Eight miles distant from Nikko and more than 2,000 feet higher in the hills is beautiful Lake Chuzenji. The journey may be taken on sure-footed ponies, which climb up the abrupt hillside by a zigzag path. When the top of the pass is reached the road plunges into a virgin forest, and the fatigue of the journey is forgotten! For before you is Kegan-no-take, Chuzenji's overflow—a lovely pillar of snowy water leaping over a precipice 300 feet in height.

Miyanoshita There are few pleasanter spots in any land, for those who love a ramble over hill and dale, than the Hakone district of Japan. Everybody goes to Miyanoshita—the chief village of that district, and Yokohama's hill resort. Those who come for days stay for weeks, and then leave this enchanting spot with many regrets.

Favourite of all the delightful excursions from the hotel is that to Lake Hakone. Across this charming lake, and beyond the rugged mountains on the western side, the peerless Fujisan—or Fujiyama—raises her queenly head.

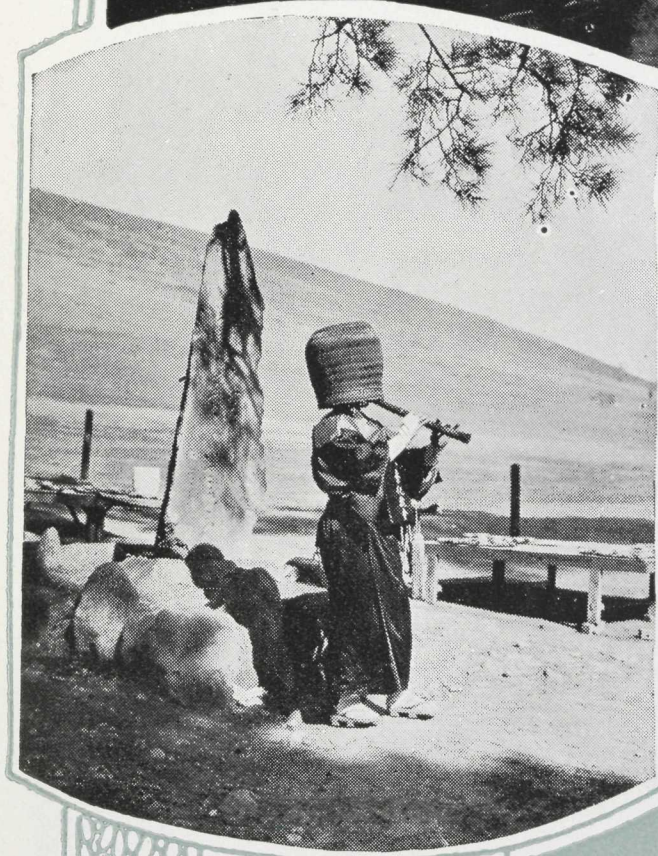
Fujiyama As one gazes enraptured at the sacred Fuji, an intense longing comes to climb the mountain. You will want to creep up that glorious outline which sweeps in one curve from seashore to sky, and to look far over the world below from the topmost pinnacle of Japan. The best way is to go to Subashiri and stay overnight at the inn, where you will get a sight of real Japan, including black-eyed *nesans* and white-clad pilgrims. In the morning, ponies will be waiting, and the first stage of the long climb is begun. Hundreds of foot travellers are passed on the way, all intoning the mystic formula "May our six senses be pure and the weather on the honourable mountain fair."

It is better to sleep midway of your desire and go on next morning, until the unimaginable happens and the sun bursts out of the ocean and boils through the mist, and the clouds glow, and you forget the discomforts of the way. Japan lies below you like a huge map in relief.

Kyoto Kyoto, for more than a thousand years the capital of Japan, is a city wholly Japanese, lying in a green cup in the hills, with temples set like glittering *objets d'art* wherever the scene demands an accent.

The river that flows through its centre is crossed and re-crossed with bridges; and every bridge has its story and its song, as hundreds and hundreds of pairs of wooden *geta* clatter across it hour after hour. There are tea-houses on the river banks, delicate things of perfect satiny wood and paper windows, within which there is endless hurrying of dainty *nesans* across the clean matting, waiting on the lords of creation who wish to eat, or drink tea, or smoke. There is the sound of the *samisen*, too, because the *geisha* of Kyoto are the most skilful in the Empire.

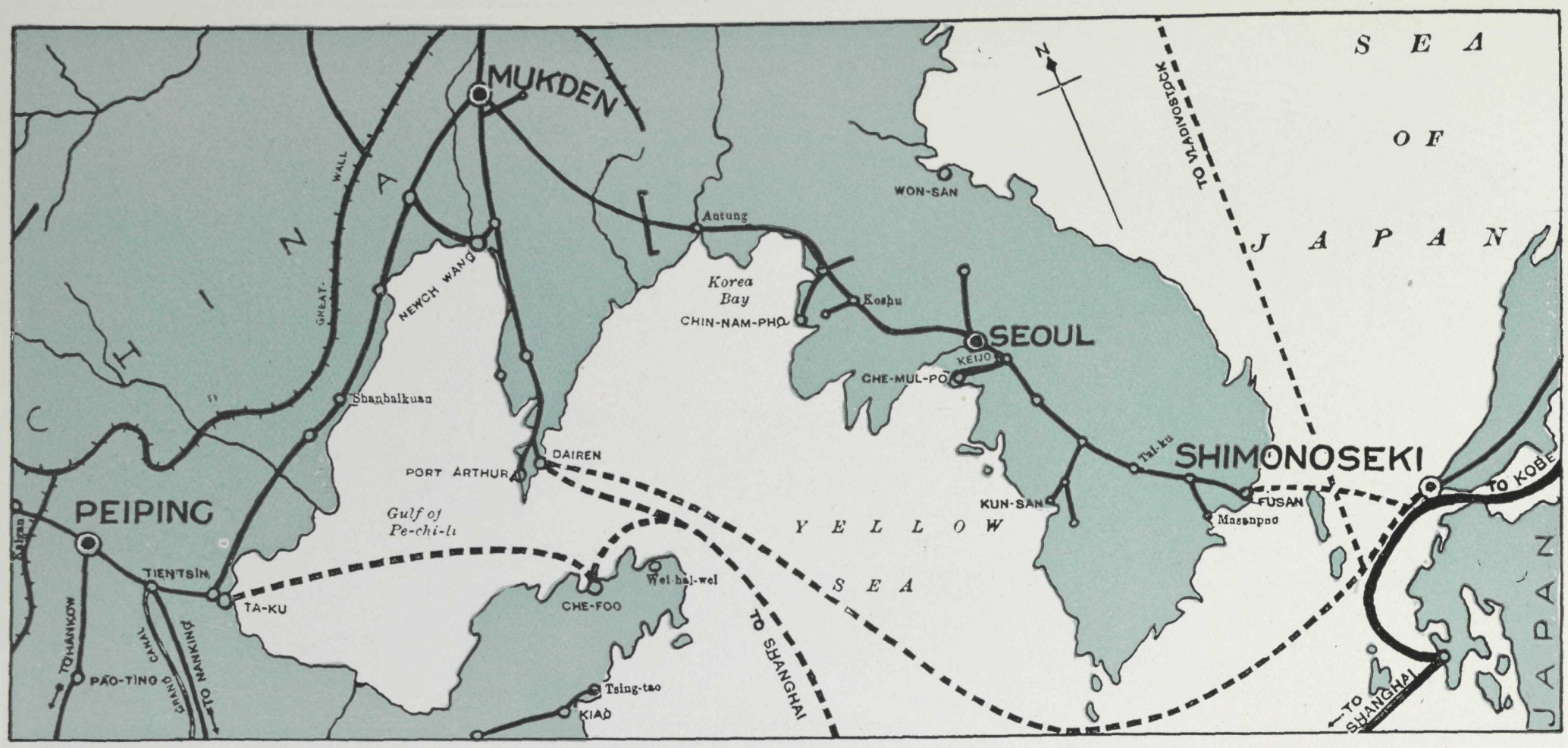
Kyoto seems to have a genius for festivals: and who can describe the knights in armour, the floats and boats, the procession of lovely ladies, the Cherry Dance of the *geisha*, the dance of the Festival of the Dead, the Festival of Armour and Flags for boys, and the Festival of Dolls for girls? Out, on the slightest of provocations, come thousands of lanterns; and crowds will go to Uji, and wait in a boat all night, to watch the brilliant Battle of the Fireflies, the ghosts of warriors dead and gone eight hundred years.



Nikko and Nara

(*Large picture*) The Sacred Red Lacquer Bridge at Nikko

(*Below*) Komu-So, priest—and a Cherry Tree in blossom—both at Nara, Japan's ancient capital



Japan-China Overland Tour—Japan to Pei-ping

Yokohama to Shimonoseki, 687 miles; Shimonoseki to Seoul, 425 miles; Seoul to Mukden, 479 miles; Mukden to Pei-ping, 518 miles. Total, 2,109 miles.

As a background for all this enchantment there are the shops. Kyoto makes the loveliest fans in all Japan, the quaintest dolls, the most marvellous silks and brocades, the most beautiful china and pottery.

The City of Temples If you have learned to love temples, then you will never tire of Kyoto, where even the palace where the Emperors lived so long looks like a temple. Each one has art treasures, or history, or a garden to distinguish it from the rest. There is a little waterfall under which one must stand to pray—though it is not a shrine favoured by foreigners, as all one's clothes must come off first, and the water is cold. And then there is the statue of Binjuri, whose face has been so rubbed by those who want to get well that the authorities have provided him with a new set of features. There are countless statues of Jizo—the children's god—to whom mothers bring baby bibs, which they even tie round his neck to make sure the accompanying requests don't slip his memory. There is the shrine of Inari, round which centres all that strange cult of the fox that has so puzzled westerners.

Nara One can motor from Kyoto to Nara—one of Japan's early capitals, where the charm of this wonderful little country began first to differentiate itself from the older and quite different charm of China. Nara is not a large city, but it has more temples than any one traveller is ever likely to see. It has a museum, too, and streets of little tempting shops. Best of all, it has Nara Park—a great, quiet, cultivated woodland, where live hundreds of tame deer who poke their noses into the pockets of the appreciative visitor.

Osaka and Kobe The short train journey from Kyoto to Kobe, passing Osaka—the largest manufacturing city in Japan—is a most interesting one. Kobe is an excellent city to choose as headquarters for seeing all that ancient Japanese civilization that practically began at Nara, went on at Kyoto, and even now looks upon Tokyo as an upstart—royal, to be sure, but slightly *nouveau riche*. In Kobe there are golf clubs, bathing beaches, foreign as well as native stores, *thé dansants*, bridge parties, even a walking club—and all this mixed up with life as it might be lived on a paper fan.

Miyajima Some will go by train from Kobe to Nagasaki, visiting on the way the sacred island of Miyajima. For ages Miyajima has been accounted one of the three most beautiful places in Japan. The waters are crystal clear, the breezes balmy, and the air all sweet and scented. Human beings may neither be born nor die within its holy precincts, and dogs are not permitted. Deer roam down from the hills to haunt the avenues of mossy granite lanterns by the shore and tame pigeons settle on one's hands and shoulders, begging to be fed. The temple, with its six hundred and forty-eight foot gallery, is unique, and has furnished many *motifs* to native artists. The best known of these is the *torii*—a colossal arch made of camphor wood—which forms one of the chief features in every view of the island.

Beppu On the island of Kyushu, which comes as near being Ancient Japan as anything we'll ever see in a too-modern world, Beppu is perhaps the most interesting place. It is as characteristically Japanese as Nikko or Kyoto, but in quite a different way. For Beppu is where you go to have the disease boiled out of you, digging a private bath for yourself on the hot-sanded seashore, if you're poor; or if you can afford to be charged modestly, patronizing one of those amazing communal bathing-places where two-piece bathing suits are unknown.

Nara and Kyoto

(*Large picture*) Theatre Street, Kyoto—once the capital of Japan, and still its artistic centre. (*Left*) The Torii—this one being at Nara—is an arch characteristic of Japanese scenery. (*Right*) These storks are bronze

KOREA AND MANCHURIA

Getting to Korea is easy, whether you go from Japan or China, and there are many reasons for going. Perhaps the two strongest reasons lie embalmed in the names by which the country has been so long known—" The Hermit Kingdom " and " The Land of the Morning Calm." We just naturally wish to see those people who wouldn't see us until their gates were forced open. What was it the hermits had that they hid so jealously? What are they like themselves, that they so resented the rest of humanity? But besides curiosity, another reason is climate; for summer weather is one of the things that Korea and its neighbour, Manchuria, really do best of all.

Nagasaki Last of all in Japan there's Nagasaki, with its huge harbour, where the vessels are coaled with a precision, lightheartedness and rapidity that astonish the beholder. Nagasaki has interesting shops that sell everything imaginable in tortoiseshell—great lacy combs, intricate little jewel boxes, feathery carved vanity mirrors that swing on long chains of tortoiseshell links.

Seoul Midway between Kobe and Nagasaki are Moji and the Straits of Shimonoseki, where you may take the boat to Fusan—the south-east gateway to Korea. Fusan streets are interesting as a background for the picturesque life of transplanted Japan. But the train is waiting to take you to Seoul, the present capital and the city best known to the outside world. Like everything else in Korea, it has two names, for the Japanese call it Keijo. One can stay at the Chosen Hotel (which would be a good hotel anywhere) on the site of the ancient Temple of Heaven. You play golf at Ryuzan, and yet all the time there is the Old Korean background.

Hats have always held a unique, not to say extraordinary, position in the Korean mind's eye. The everyday hat of black crinoline is strange enough in all conscience—the tight-fitting skull cap, a high cone placed over it, and a small round brim, the whole tied with ribbons under the chin. A more unusual hat is of white horsehair, or perhaps it is enamelled in colour. There are the old-time military hats which are blue, and hats with ears out at the sides to indicate that the subject's attention is directed to the voice of his Sovereign, and the Sovereign's own hat with ears tied up at the top—since he needn't listen to anybody. Strange to say, in such a land of millinery ecstasy, ladies have no hats at all.

In the shops are quaint things in wrought silver, inlaid iron, or that brass which is such a Korean specialty. Every foreigner wants to carry away a brass-trimmed chest with butterfly hinges.

In Seoul is the palace of former Emperors, Prince Li's household fine art works, beautiful lotus ponds, and the famous big bell. For centuries this bell boomed out the hours for opening and closing the city gates—boomed out, too, that strange signal that told men it was eight o'clock, time to go home, and let the women walk abroad and enjoy themselves free and unmolested.

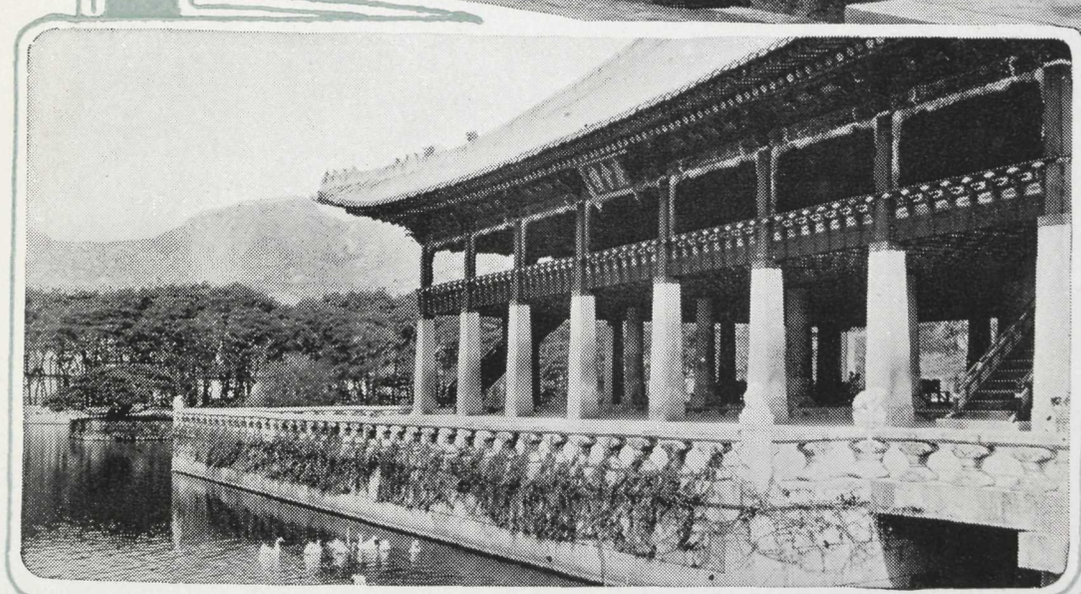
The Diamond Mountain Half a day's journey from Seoul is Kongosan, the diamond mountain. Of the countless old monasteries and temples in Kongosan there are fifty left, and here, among the awesome gorges, live some five hundred monks and nuns who keep to the ancient ways, despite the wheels of progress (which they have never heard) and the Kongosan Hotel with its chef and its motor-bus—set down on the very doorstep of their " most illustrious world's mountain."

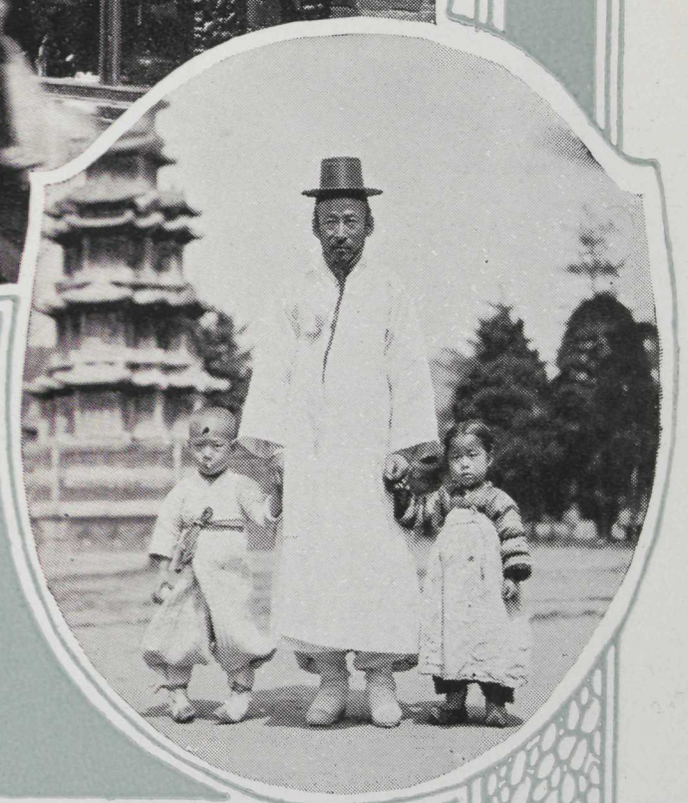
Mukden The overland tour proceeds up the Korean Peninsula, through Antung on the Yalu River—where the lumber rafts come down, and all the wild silkworms in the world seem to have sent their cocoons—to Mukden. Mukden is the city in Manchuria where three railroads join, and we are at a loss to know whether this is China, or Japan, or the home of the ancient Manchus who built the red-walled, yellow-tiled palaces.

To the business man, Mukden means perhaps the soya bean, that does everything from making a foundation for Worcester Sauce to playing fertilizer for worn-out fields and fattener for cattle. But to the woman, Mukden may mean a chance to get some of the eight million pelts that come down from the mountains, destined for the world's great fur markets.

From Mukden we go south-west through Shanhaikwan (the nearest point of the railway to the Great Wall of China), through the international up-to-date port of Tientsin, to Pei-ping, the capital of China, until lately known as Peking.

Dairen From Mukden we might also go north to Harbin—or south to that splendid go-ahead seaport called " Black Mud Hollow " long years ago by the Chinese, later " Dalny " by the Russians, now Dairen by the Japanese. Port Arthur, that famous old bone of contention, is only thirty-eight miles from Dairen. What historical recollections are recalled as one drives in a drosky all over the battle-scarred sides of the hills overlooking the vast expanse of sea in front!





Manchuria and Korea

(*Large picture*) A Silversmith's shop at Mukden, the principal city of Manchuria. (*Below*) The Hall of Congratulations, at Seoul, Korea—and also a Korean gentleman

THAT ANCIENT LAND CHINA

There are a thousand things to see, a thousand places to visit in China—vast rivers dotted with junks, camel caravans, temples, huge images, forbidden cities, ancient walls that surround cities and even countries, monuments so old the human mind can hardly go back to their origin, dynastic tombs, flowery pagodas, memorial arches to ancestors, altars where worship today is the same as it was in the days of Confucius.

And today one may travel among these historic memorials in the greatest comfort, for the door has swung wide enough to let in the railway train and the European hotel.

There is much to see! A wedding procession goes by, the bride's chair, a glitter of red and gold, with the curtains down —and inside, a girl who is going to a man she does not know. Or a funeral cortège, every beggar within a mile carrying an embroidered banner, the son of the dead man dressed in sackcloth, and a long line of weeping, white-cottoned relatives. By the roadside, a fortune teller has just predicted to an ambitious young Chinese a job with a wealthy foreigner—who will pay him, probably, some fifteen dollars a month!

Thousands of sampans creep like water-beetles across every available inch of the rivers, carrying wood, straw, fruit, vegetables, rice or mulberry leaves for the voracious silkworms. (Incidentally, twenty million people in China live for no other purpose than silk.) There are lovely little gardens, with their tip-tilted-roofed pavilions, their pools, their lotuses, their shadows and soft silences. The mystery of the whole East is here.

Pei-ping Before visiting any of the many points of interest in Pei-ping—to which Peking has recently changed its name—everybody first views this most wonderful of ancient cities from the top of the outer old grey wall, 50 feet high and 40 feet thick: a wall three-quarters of a century old when Columbus discovered America.

A great city breaks against the foot of this wall—many coloured, eternally talking, dusty, full of strange scents, made up of wide streets and little twisted byways. But straight ahead there is quite another kind of city, inside the first but enclosed in a wall of its own. And inside that again is another city, full of vast, long roofs that perk up at the corners—yellow roofs like sunshine. You never saw such a city as this inner one, with a pink wall around it, and long white marble bridges. You don't have to be told that the yellow roofs are palaces, or that the strange city in the trees is the old Forbidden City. There isn't another city like it this side of the moon, and the best of it is that foreigners may now visit it.

Now turn your eyes to the right, and you will see roofs planned by many architects from many lands, each striving to say in plaster and stone that there's no place like home, whether that home is in England, Europe, or America. This is the Legation Quarter of Pei-ping, near which is situated your hotel.

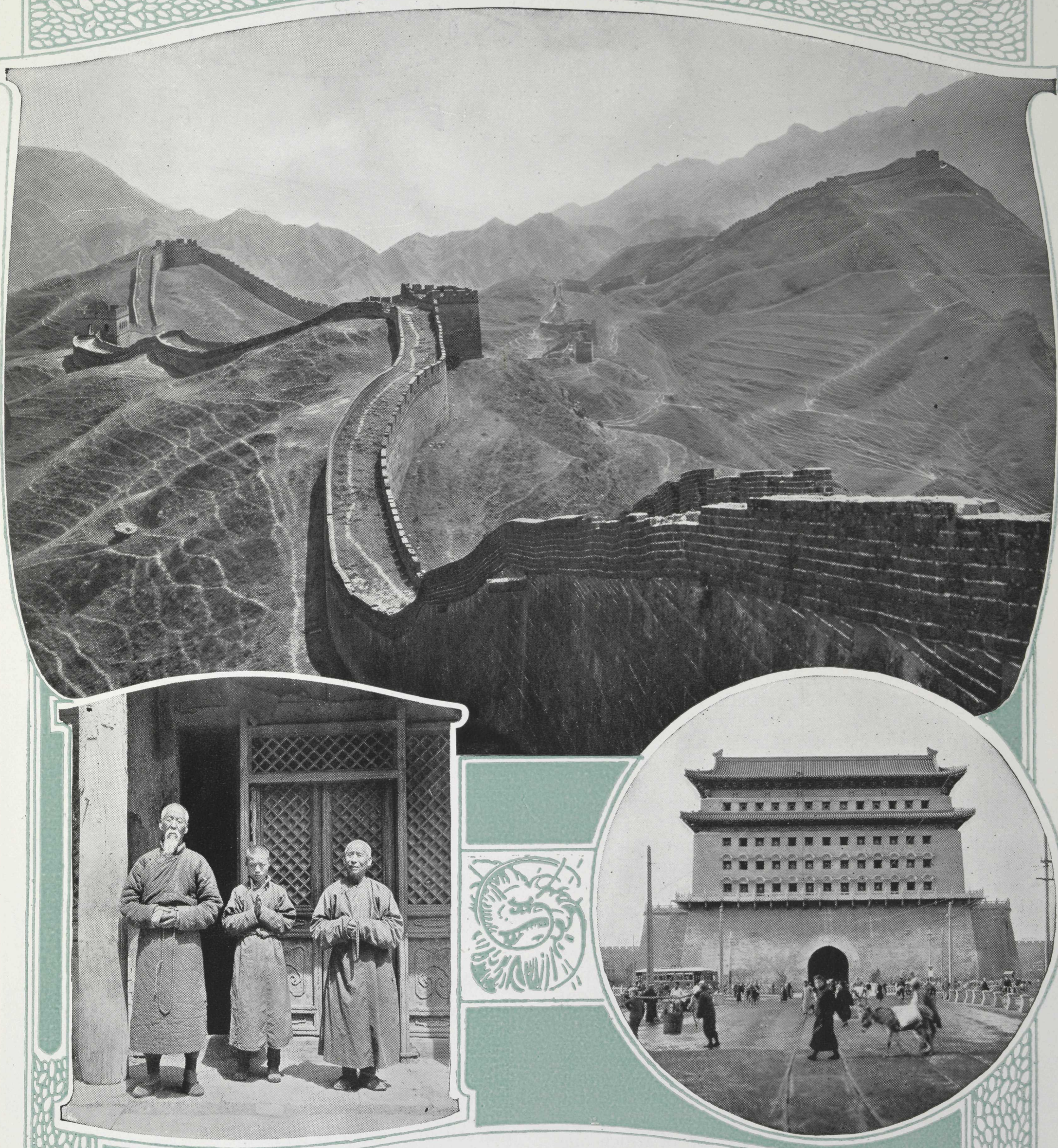
The Temple of Heaven But before you go, turn around. You've seen three cities, one inside the other. But a fourth city crowds up against the wall from the south, a strange blend of shops, slums, palaces, temples and parks, out of which one lovely, perfect thing rises like a tall, tinted flower—the Temple of Heaven, triple-domed, as blue-tiled as heaven itself, and capped with gold.

Come down off the wall and watch the crowd that boils through the great front door of Pei-ping, the Chien Men —the mouth of that fabled dragon whose eyes are two of the other nine gates, and whose body is the breathing city itself. Here comes a camel, and behind it a Pei-ping cart, small, springless, and blue covered, drawn by a tall mule. Now here is a limousine of a former high mandarin, and a Manchu matron in bright pink with her hair done over a satin-covered board.

Temptation to buy is on every side, and one finds one's room in the comfortable hotel filling with mandarin coats, lengths of brilliant silk, embroidered trifles, and wonderful bits of jade and lace.

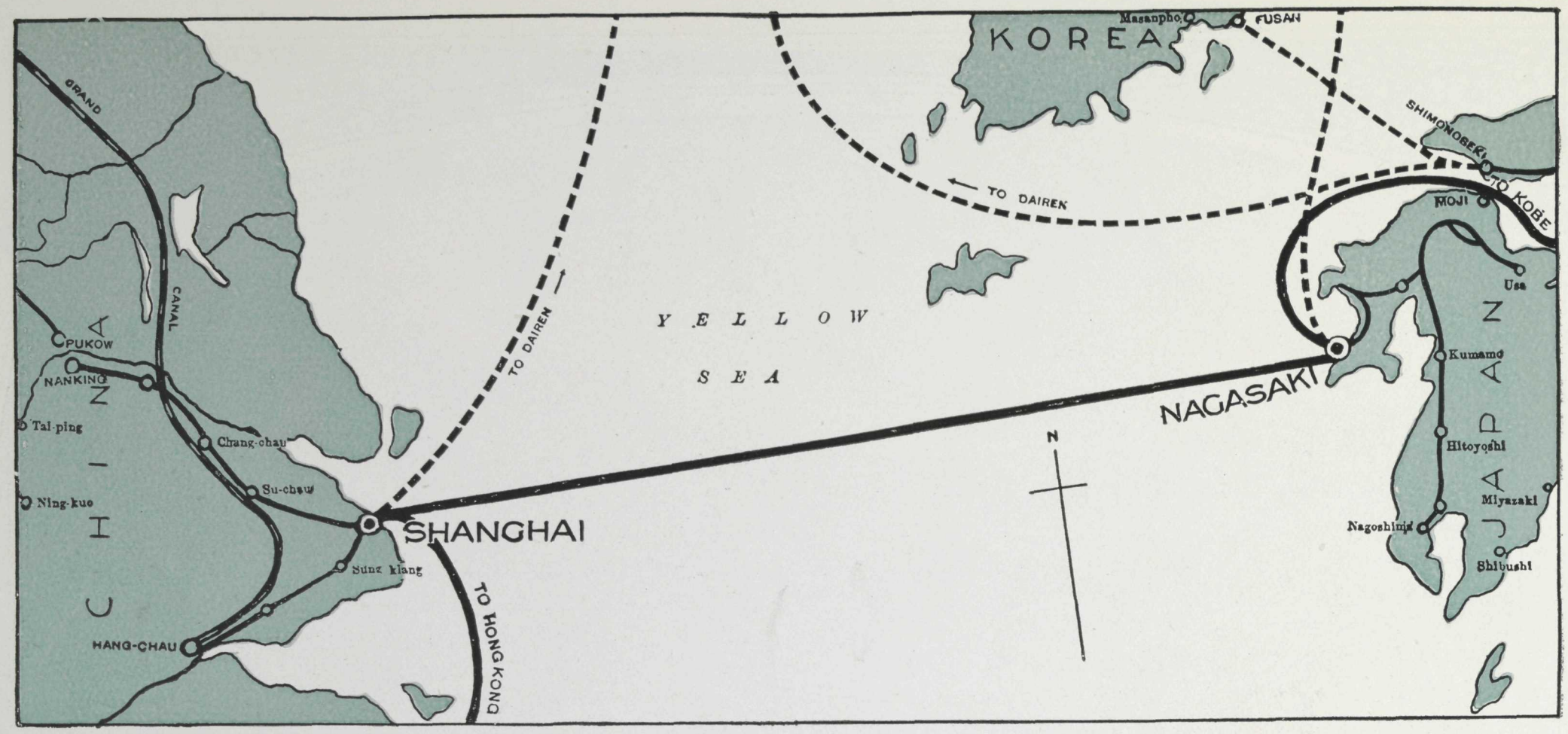
The Imperial City Tomorrow you will visit the Imperial City, to feast your eyes on its wonders—the sea palace of the Empress Dowager, the miniature lakes, the rock gardens where all the flowers are twisted stone, the Bridge of Ten Thousand Years, and the theatre where the Empress watched the classic three-day plays. You must visit the museum with its thirty-million-dollar collection of Chinese masterpieces, and the Winter and Summer Palaces. In the Summer Palace grounds is the hump-backed bridge, the loveliest long, flattened marble curve in all the world of bridges, and the dreaming lake in which lies the Empress Dowager's barge, with its marble base, and built with money which was to have been turned into a Chinese navy.

Within easy reaching distance of the Imperial City are, among other temples, the Temple of Confucius, the Lama Temple, and the Temple of the



Pei-ping and its Vicinity

(*Large picture*) The Great Wall of China, two thousand miles long, was built to guard the country against the northern hordes. (*Below*) Lama priests at a Buddhist Temple—and the Chien Men Gate, the great front door of Pei-ping



Nagasaki to Shanghai

Nagasaki to Shanghai, 426 miles; Shanghai to Hong Kong, 810 miles; Nagasaki to Yokohama, 731 miles.

Eighteen Hells, depicting in life-sized statues the awful punishments awaiting the sinner.

There are two places we haven't mentioned yet, the most important of all. The first is the Great Wall. Not the wall of Pei-ping, but the two-thousand-mile defence that used to guard China from the northern hordes, and was one of the wonders of the ancient world. The other is (or are) the tombs of the Ming Emperors and the gigantic guardian animals of stone that line the road.

Nanking From Pei-ping there are two routes to Shanghai. One may go by rail to Hankow, from which place well-appointed steamers make the trip down the Yangtze River to Shanghai, past Nanking, in less than four days. The quicker route however, is by all rail from Pei-ping to Shanghai via Pukow and Nanking.

Nanking never fails to interest, and one experiences a new sensation as one moves through the quaint stone-paved streets on a little grey donkey whose bells, on their bright-coloured strings, tinkle-tinkle as he trots. Not far away are the acres of old Examination Halls, where students were imprisoned in tiny cubicles during the week of the test of literary skill. One should visit also the Ming Tombs, the Government Palace, the Observatory and Mint, and the Drum Tower, from the square top of which one views the hurry-skurry life in the streets below.

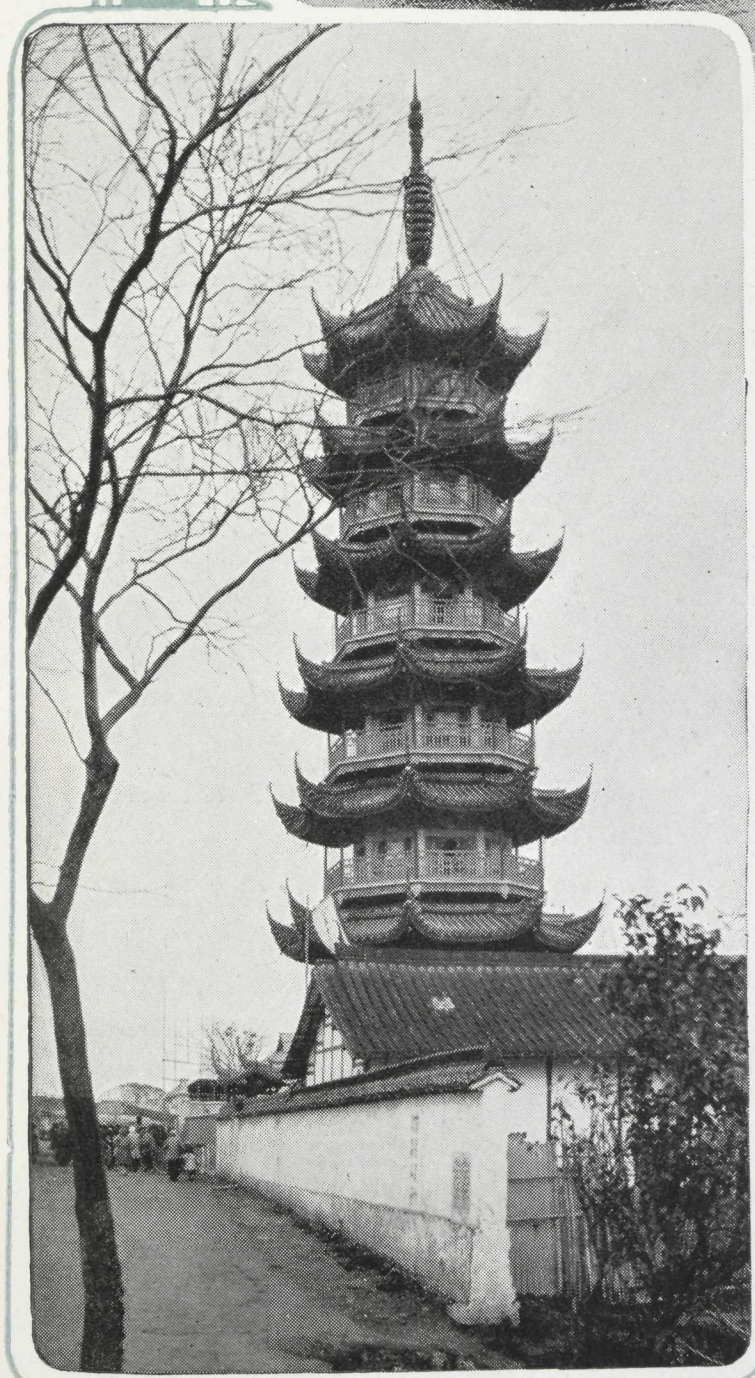
Shanghai Here is a city with two souls, a city where you can live in all the comfort of the West, with the sound and colour and mystery of the East right around the corner. A city with telephones—and firecrackers at funerals. A city with electric light—and where one is pinched to cure a cold. A city with street cars—and silver collars around the children's necks to fool the evil spirits into thinking them dogs. Twenty-five thousand foreigners make a little life of their own: gay, alert, picturesque, cosmopolitan in the middle of a great age-old civilization, represented by two million Chinese.

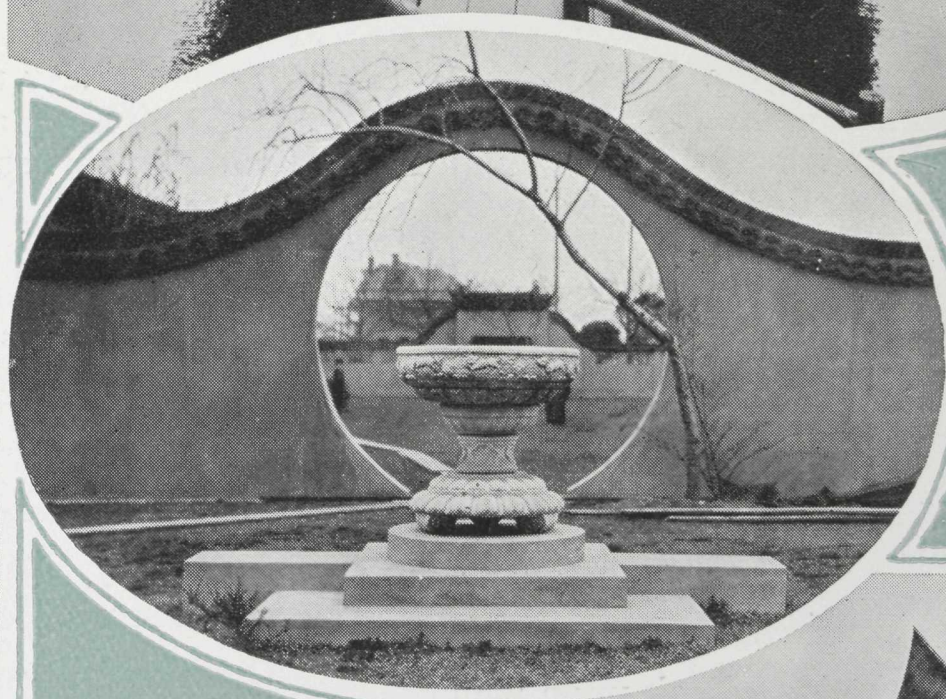
The Original Willow Pattern But fascinating as the life of the foreign settlements may be, there is the still more fascinating red and black lacquered temple, with its golden gods, and the theatres where the show begins just after dinner and runs until 1 a.m.

Away deep in the native city is the original Willow Pattern Tea-house, reached by the famous crooked bridge. And here one joins a many-coloured crowd that is never rude, never ill-natured, just curious and friendly and frank in its comments which the foreigner cannot understand.

Hong Kong It sheers up out of the water—a huge rock, green to the top with semi-tropical foliage, except where it is stone-grey with streets and houses. The WHITE EMPRESS docks across the harbour at the mainland, but five minutes in a launch will carry the traveller to the beautiful island. Hong Kong stands at the crossroads of the East, and an enormous trade flows in and out of the marvellous harbour at its feet.

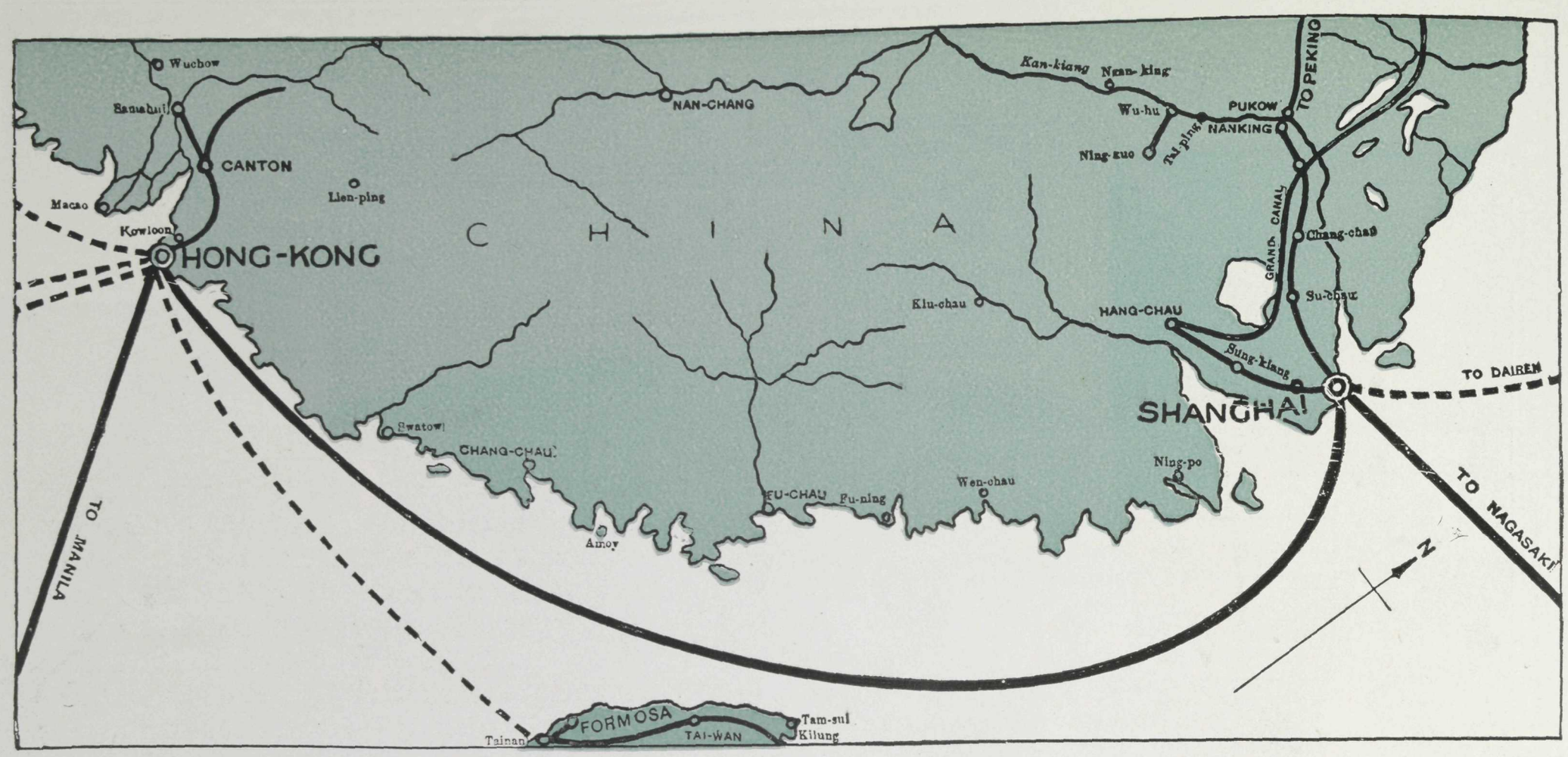
Motoring is something that everyone does, and touring cars may be had very cheaply. Today it may mean taking a twenty-five-mile trip around the island, passing beautiful bays and picturesque villages, and stopping for tea at the Repulse Bay Hotel. Tomorrow one crosses in the Kowloon Ferry over to the mainland for a sixty-five mile ride in what is known as the New Territory, which doesn't belong to Great Britain but is held on a ninety-nine year lease.





Shanghai

(*Large picture*) Here, approached by the famous crooked bridge, is the original Willow Pattern Tea-House itself. (*From left to right below*) The Lunghwa Pagoda—The Moon Arch in the Garden of the Jade Tree Studio—and a two-sailed junk on the Whangpoo River



Shanghai to Hong Kong

Shanghai to Nagasaki, 426 miles; Shanghai to Hong Kong, 810 miles; Hong Kong to Manila, 628 miles.

Why Work ? The best golf in the East is to be found at Fanling in the New Territory, about eighteen miles inland. It is unique because there are two perfect courses of eighteen holes. There are other good courses at Deep Water Bay and Happy Valley. The Jockey Club is at Happy Valley, too, and the Racecourse, with hills on three sides of it.

But, as may be imagined, those amusements which have to do with the water are popular in Hong Kong. The water is so warm in summer that swimmers stay in for hours, and even in the winter the semi-tropical sea is pleasant.

The Peak Or one may ascend the Peak upon which the city is built, by automobile or by sedan chair, through beautiful winding roads or by the elevated railway, in which case one marvels at the gorgeous mass of bloom along the route. When the top is reached the whole harbour lies spread out below, a great polished tinted map—many-armed, backed with blue hills, covered with islands and a collection of shipping from all over the world.

You will like the shops in Hong Kong; and there are plenty of rickshas waiting to take you along Queen's Road, where you will find the most interesting bazaars.

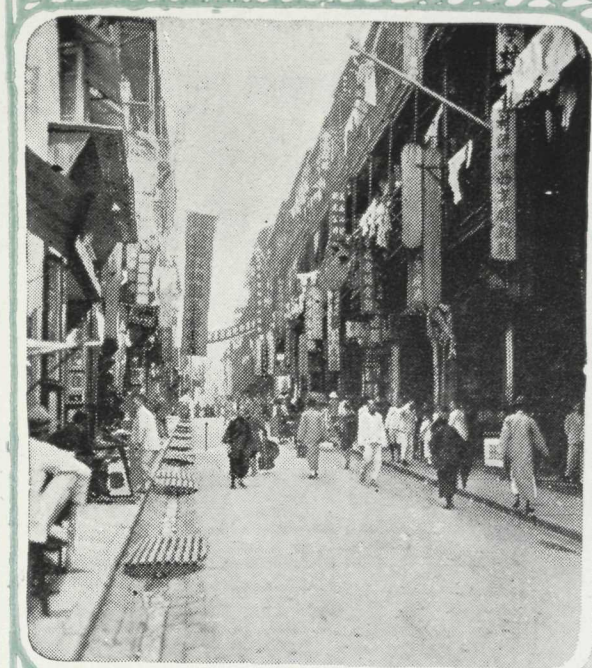
Macao A few hours by steam brings one to the Monte Carlo of China—Macao—that rocky peninsula which has been the possession of the Portuguese, and their stronghold in the East, since 1557. Most visitors go for the purpose of playing *fan tan ;* and looking around the circle of unsmiling faces in a *fan tan* house, the foreigner marvels at the hold which the game takes upon apparently so unemotional a race.

Canton Ninety miles from Hong Kong lies Canton. There are two hundred thousand boat dwellers in this strange city, who, if they have never lived on shore, have mainly been actuated because there was no room for them on shore. The total population is estimated at two million; and the whole city is ringed by cemeteries where the dead lie in millions upon millions more.

The Real Cathay We can visit the five-storied "Flowery" Pagoda, or the City of the Dead, with its flowers and its paths and its little brick pavilions—seldom used now.

East and West meet, smile and pass on the Bund at Canton. You must get into a ricksha and go for a ride, past streets and streets of house-boats, past rows and rows of western-styled buildings, into miles of eight-foot rabbit warren, tangled matting-roofed streets (the first of which was put there some four thousand years ago), cobble-paved, damp and cool—past shops that gleam with silver and with jade, past shops where lovely fans are sold and silks, and ivories, and slippers and tea. You've seen China on the screen; you've read of it in books. But you need the purr of ricksha tyres and the pad of a coolie's feet, you need to get down and walk right into the picture, before you feel the magic of it—the real Cathay.

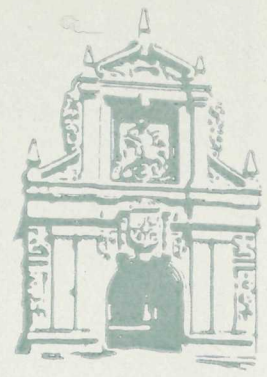
To Manila Hong Kong is the great cross-roads port of the Orient, and from here you may take other services to many parts of Asia and Australia. The WHITE EMPRESSES, after remaining one day in Hong Kong, sail for Manila, capital of the Philippines, and then return to Hong Kong before sailing back to Vancouver.



Southern China

(*Large picture*) Canton has two hundred thousand boat dwellers, who never live on shore, possibly because there isn't room. (*Top*) Jewellery Street, Hong Kong. (*Below*) The Shrine of the Temple of the Five hundred Genii, Canton

MANILA
& THE PHILIPPINES



The Spanish discoverers called the Philippines the "Pearl of the Orient." Magellan, the heroic and ill-fated explorer, set foot on these islands in 1521. Twenty years later they were named for Philip, Prince of the Asturias, afterwards Philip II of Spain. In 1570 the first permanent settlement was made, and Manila founded.

Spanish the islands remained for over three hundred years until, in 1898, after the Spanish-American War, they passed into the possession of the United States. But Spanish the principal language still remains, followed by English and Tagalog, the latter the most widely-used native language.

Manila One enters the archipelago by Bona Chita, a narrow gateway leading to the historic Manila Bay. The first object seen as the WHITE EMPRESS glides in is the massive dome of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—the most imposing and famous church in all this country of churches. Nearer the wharf a kaleidoscope of colour greets the traveller, for moving in and out are the reds and blues and yellows and greens (and all the shades that come between) of the women's dresses. Of the many picturesque garments of the Orient, those worn by the Filipino women are surely the most becoming. The short-waisted, low-necked, long-trained costume is a combination of brightly-dyed cotton and hemp gauze, or *pina* a—cloth made of pineapple fibre.

Drowsily, pleasantly warm is this "Venice of the East," intersected by canals which are crossed and recrossed with bridges. Three separate civilizations are here. In one part are native houses, roofed with *nipa* and built on stilts, or in the trees. A touch of old Spain is Intramuros—the walled city, entered by five gates. Old moats surround the walls, and one can now play golf in them—just as one can motor over the drawbridges, which up till sixty or seventy years ago were closed every night at eleven. And then there is the modern section, with paved streets and up-to-date buildings.

Sight-seeing in Spanish But while you are travelling over good roads in automobiles, you'll go carefully, for on all sides is the strangely-mixed traffic—pony or mule or carabao-drawn, driven by half-awake natives who have little regard for the rules of the road. You will want to ride, too, in the funny two-wheeled *calesa*, or the less-comfortable, less-expensive *carrameta*, which will take you quite a long way for twenty *centavos*. There is the Malacanan Palace to visit—the residence of the Governor-General—as well as the splendidly-built and well-stocked Aquarium in the old bastion of the south corner of Intramuros. Bilibid prison is one of the most interesting sights in Manila; every afternoon a well-trained prison band leads the daily closing exercises for the three or four thousand inmates.

Cockfighting is a universal sport in Manila, and much money changes hands. The cockpits are built to accommodate thousands, and one of the commonest sights in the native city is the young Filipino petting and training his prize cock.

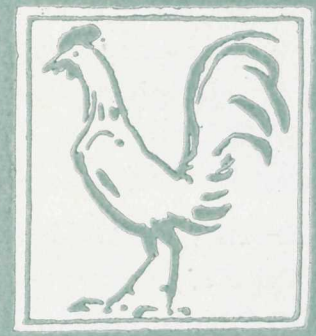
The Native City Drive past the market-place—it's well worth while. You will see many kinds of curious vegetables piled up on large round trays, and luscious tropical fruits—mangoes, mangosteens, *chico* and *lanzons*. Flowers are there, too, in profusion—jasmine, *champaca*, and *dama de noche* (lady of the night), which, after nightfall, emits an incomparably sweet smell.

Truly native is the making of thousands and thousands of hats and cigars, which probably you will later buy on the Strand. Filipino women do not wear hats, but men, women and children smoke the cigars, and a long, fat family cigar often hangs by a string in the home. Native, too, is the needlework—the marvellous stitchery, the patient work of little brown, slender-fingered hands, that you can buy for next to nothing.

As the day wanes the crowd drifts to Luneta Park. There you will find most of the foreign and upper-class native population listening to the famous Filipino band. Later in the evening everyone dances—in turn at the roof garden of the Manila Hotel, at Lerma Park and Santa Ana.

Baguio Most assuredly, if you have time, you will motor through the 160 miles of charming scenery to Baguio, Manila's health resort and summer capital. Situated in the midst of pine-clad mountains is this great tableland of crystal air, flowers, and placid streams. And here is Camp John Hay, an army post, with a remarkably beautiful open-air amphitheatre.

Shorter drives of interest include those to Fort Camp McKinley, Montalban, and Los Banos. It takes a full day to visit Pagsanjan; but one is repaid a thousandfold and returns with stored-up memories of native dug-out canoes, seething rapids, and thundering waterfalls.



Manila

(*Large picture*) A Filipino tree-top house. (*Top*) The oldest church in the Philippines—San Augustine, begun in 1577. (*Left*) Another church, the most famous and imposing in this land of churches, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception. (*Right*) A touch of old Spain—the gateway to Intramuros, the walled city.

EMPRESSES OF THE PACIFIC

The fastest and largest steamships on the Pacific Ocean are the famous "White Empresses," sailing between Vancouver-Victoria and Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Westward bound from Vancouver-Victoria, these fast, palatial liners arrive at Honolulu in six days, Yokohama in thirteen days, Kobe in fourteen days, Nagasaki in fifteen days, Shanghai in seventeen days, Hong Kong in twenty days, Manila in twenty-three days. They make the eastward voyage from Yokohama to Victoria-Vancouver in ten days.

The service is provided by four ships—the "Empress of Japan" which made its first trip in the summer of 1930, the "Empress of Canada," the "Empress of Russia," and the "Empress of Asia."

The record for the fastest voyage between Asia and America is at present held by the "Empress of Canada," which has made the run from Yokohama to Vancouver in 8 days 10 hours and 53 minutes, at an average speed of 20·6 knots.

The Empress of Japan The EMPRESS OF JAPAN, which entered service in 1930, is the latest conception of swift, luxurious comfort in ocean travel. Nothing on the Pacific matches it in speed. Nothing on the Pacific approaches it in size or in sumptuous beauty. Architects, artists, and master craftsmen, working with rare woods and materials, have combined their talents to produce the marvellous public rooms and state-rooms—the lofty, glass-domed lounge, the exquisite palm court, the richly beautiful smoking-room, the long gallery, the card room and writing-room, the strikingly handsome dining saloon, and the luxurious de luxe suites and state-rooms.

Beautiful Accommodation The WHITE EMPRESSES of the Pacific are of the most modern type of steamship, and in their construction due consideration has been given to climatic conditions in the Orient. All rooms, both public and private, are large, airy, and well ventilated, and extensive promenade space has been provided on the broad decks.

The state-rooms are beautifully furnished and have one or two beds. Communicating doors make it possible to use many of the state-rooms *en suite*, an ideal arrangement for family parties. The EMPRESS OF JAPAN is fitted entirely with bedsteads instead of berths; so are most of the state-rooms on the other ships.

Private Suites Luxuriously furnished private suites are a feature of all the WHITE EMPRESSES. The EMPRESS OF JAPAN has eight private suites, each composed of bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom, in addition to ten special rooms with private baths, and other rooms equipped with showers. The EMPRESS OF CANADA has six suites of three rooms each and twelve special rooms. The EMPRESS OF RUSSIA and EMPRESS OF ASIA have each eight suites of three rooms.

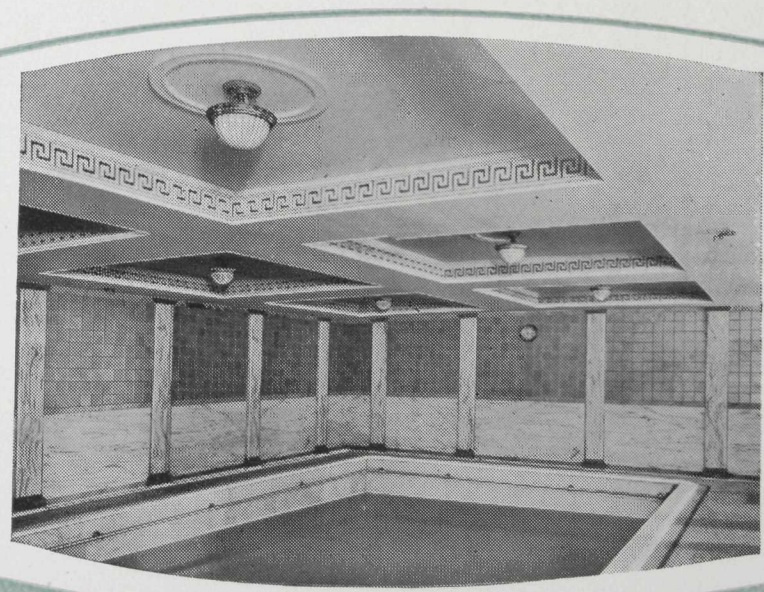
Public Rooms Public rooms on the WHITE EMPRESSES—lounge, palm court, drawing-room, long gallery, reception-room, card-room, writing-room, smoking-room, and dining-room—are charmingly furnished and supply a tasteful background for this most delightful of ocean journeys. Each ship has also a veranda café and children's playroom. The EMPRESS OF JAPAN and EMPRESS OF CANADA have beautiful swimming-pools.

Service Both white and Asiatic stewards are employed on the WHITE EMPRESSES, and passengers will find the service efficient yet unobtrusive. Amongst the many conveniences carried are hairdressing parlours, manicurist, laundry, dispensary, hospital, public stenographer, photographic dark-room, moving pictures. Each ship has also an excellent orchestra which provides music for dancing and entertainments.

	Gross Registered Tonnage	Displacement Tonnage	First Class	Second Class	Third Class
Empress of Japan	26,000	39,000	377	162	100
Empress of Canada	21,500	32,300	448	62	155
Empress of Asia	16,900	25,400	342	73	92
Empress of Russia	16,800	25,200	342	73	92

The White Empresses

The pictures on this page illustrate the EMPRESS OF CANADA. Above is seen a corner of the beautiful Dining-room; the other pictures show the Lounge, the Smoking-room, and the Swimming-bath



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(*Large picture*) The Lounge, EMPRESS OF ASIA and EMPRESS OF RUSSIA. (*Middle picture*) The Bedroom of a Private Suite on the EMPRESS OF JAPAN. (*Lower pictures*) A suite—and the Long Gallery—EMPRESS OF CANADA

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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