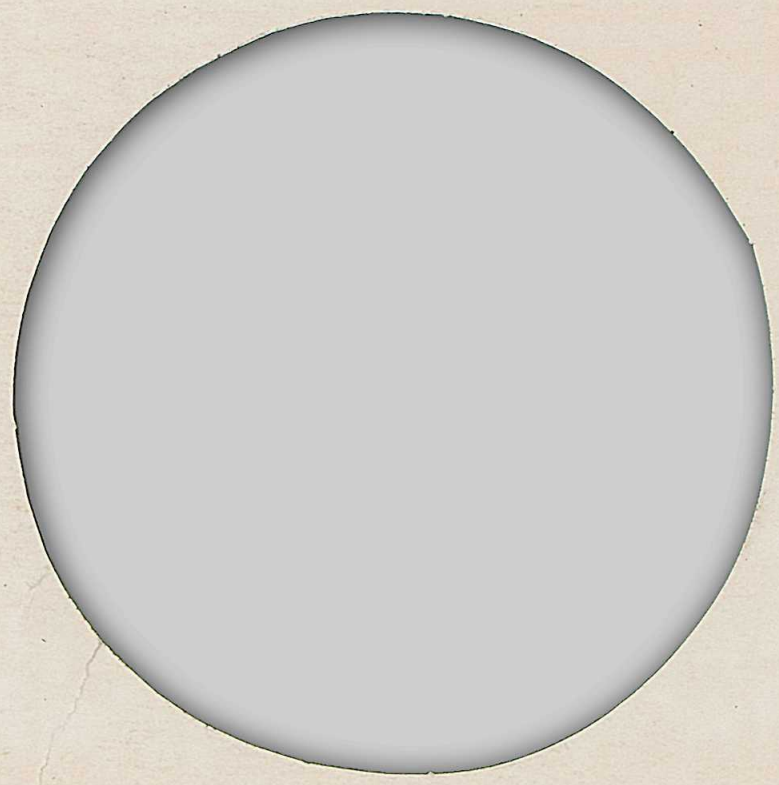
The WHITE EMPRESSES of the PACIFIC

CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS



1929

To the Orient by Canadian Pacific

~ HAWAII ~ JAPAN ~ CHINA ~ KOREA ~
MANCHURIA ~ THE PHILIPPINES

The Empress Route

fastest across the Pacific

Printed in Canada, 1929

HAWAII

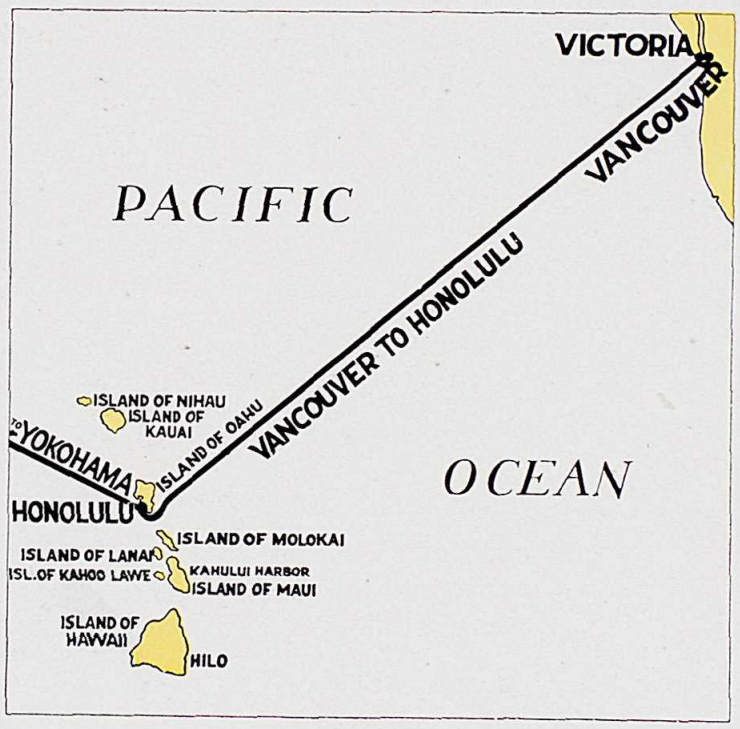
THE LAND OF TROPICAL BEAUTY

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 the native music, the memorable native customs. Or the sincere friendliness of the welcome given 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 with these 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 dreamlike days aboard your palatial White Empress—six days of pleasant, carefree lolling in a comfortable deck chair, of congenial company, of deck sports, dancing, of suave Oriental service, the cool, sleep-inducing airiness of commodious staterooms, of mellow Pacific sunshine, marvellous meals, the soothing touch of salt-laden trade winds — and Hawaii rises from the waters ahead, with breakers rolling foaming white on coral reefs, palm trees asway on wide beaches, roofs gleaming from mazes of brilliant foliage, mountains lifting themselves unbelievably green.



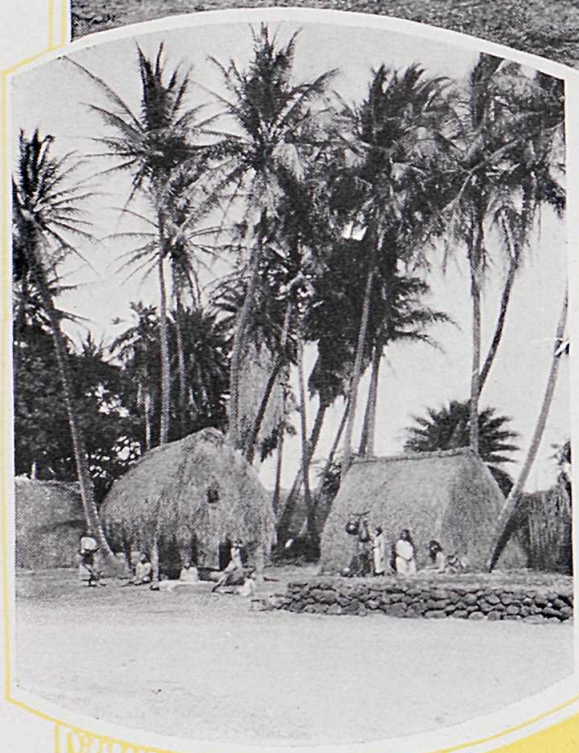
Silver coins rain into the blue depths, to be expertly retrieved by the swarm of diving boys. The unforgettable strains of "Aloha Oe" float upward from the pier, and then you are ashore, with a *lei* about your neck, and are borne away to your hotel past riotously gay gardens of bougainvillea, hibiscus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

Waikiki First of all, of course, it is to Waikiki you go, to bask on the warm sands, to take a dip in the rolling surf, to flash beachward on a flying surfboard or outrigger canoe, to dance at nighttime in the sophisticated splendor of one of the great hotels, to play golf on the superb links.

Later, if you have time, you will take a ride around the beautiful city, to the parks and museums and other show places. You will not miss Bishop Museum with its fascinating displays of Polynesian natural history and life, nor the Aquarium, nor Iolani Palace, Queen Emma Residence, the coral-built church of Kawaiahao, the pine-apple canneries. If you are fond of walking, there are interesting jaunts up Pacific, Makiki and Alewa Heights, to the extinct crater of the Punchbowl and Tantalus Mountains. The Pali, Haleiwa, Schofield Barracks, Pearl Harbor 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 southeast of Oahu is Maui and 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 of lava flows, minor cones and cinder banks. Sunrise or sunset, when the sun gilds the clouds with a glory of color, is the best time to visit Haleakala.

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 one thousand, two hundred feet in diameter, a boiling, seething inferno of molten lava. From the lovely city of Hilo, county seat of the island, excursions may also be made to Coconut Island, Rainbow Falls, Boiling Pots and Lava Caves.



Hawaii

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

(*Left*) Reconstruction of an old-time Hawaiian village for a native pageant

(*Right*) 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,* teahouses, 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 colored leaves, and the winter its starry snowflakes, worshipped by poets in strange little verses.

Those who first see Japan when the sky is cloudless may deem themselves favored of the gods. Beyond the rail 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-tired, 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 colorful 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.

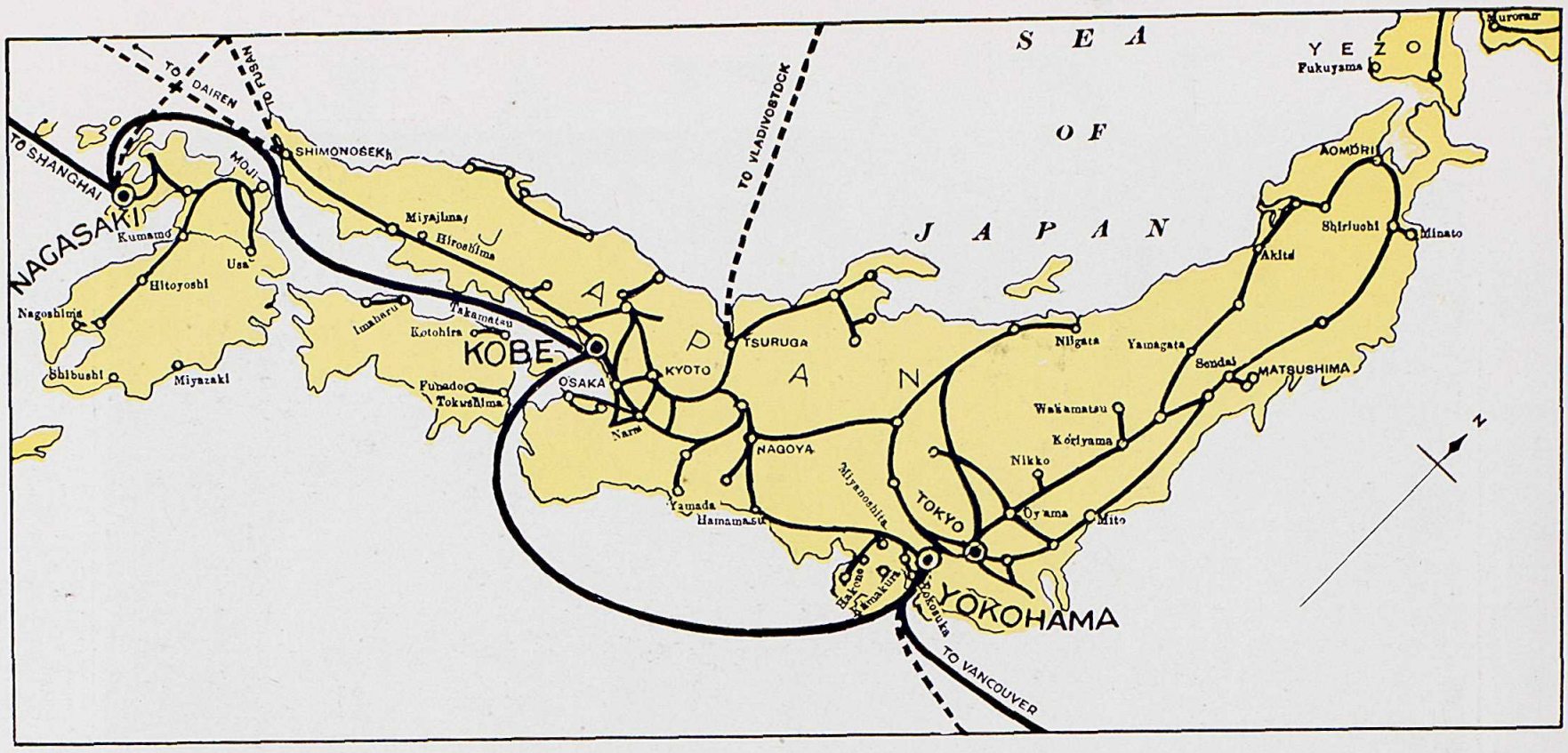
Picturesque Japan

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

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

(*Right*) Geisha Girls at Yokohama

Note:—Most of the photographs used in this booklet are by Associated Screen News



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.

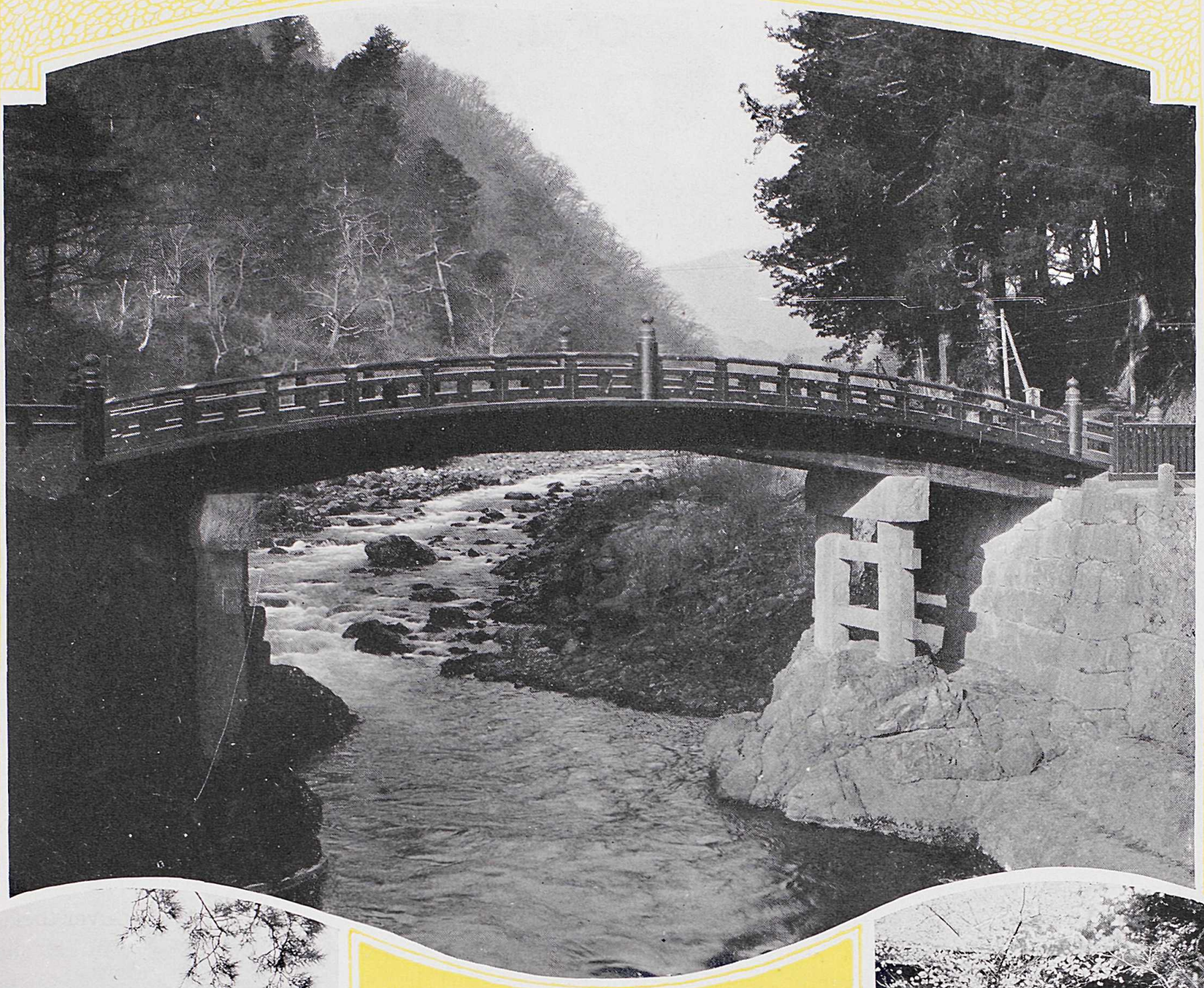
Nikko And Nikko—you must see Nikko, 4 hours from Tokyo by railway, but quite a thousand years as the mind flies. Nikko has been a holy place since 766 A.D. Here kindly Nature has surpassed itself in the glorious profusion with which it has scattered feathery woods and sombre forests, silvery cascades 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 "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 two thousand 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. Mine host Yamaguchi of the famous Fujiya Hotel omits no attention to add to the enjoyment of our stay. Those who come for days stay for weeks, and then leave this enchanting spot with many regrets.

Favorite 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 honorable mountain fair."



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

THE OLDER JAPAN

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.

Shoji There is no place in Japan where one may better study Fuji at one's leisure than at Shoji—a half-day's journey from Subashiri. In this bewilderingly beautiful oasis, in a land which itself is an oasis on the earth, one may pay homage, reclining in a comfortable chair, to the sacred mountain.

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 armor, 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 Armor 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.

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.

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 favored 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.

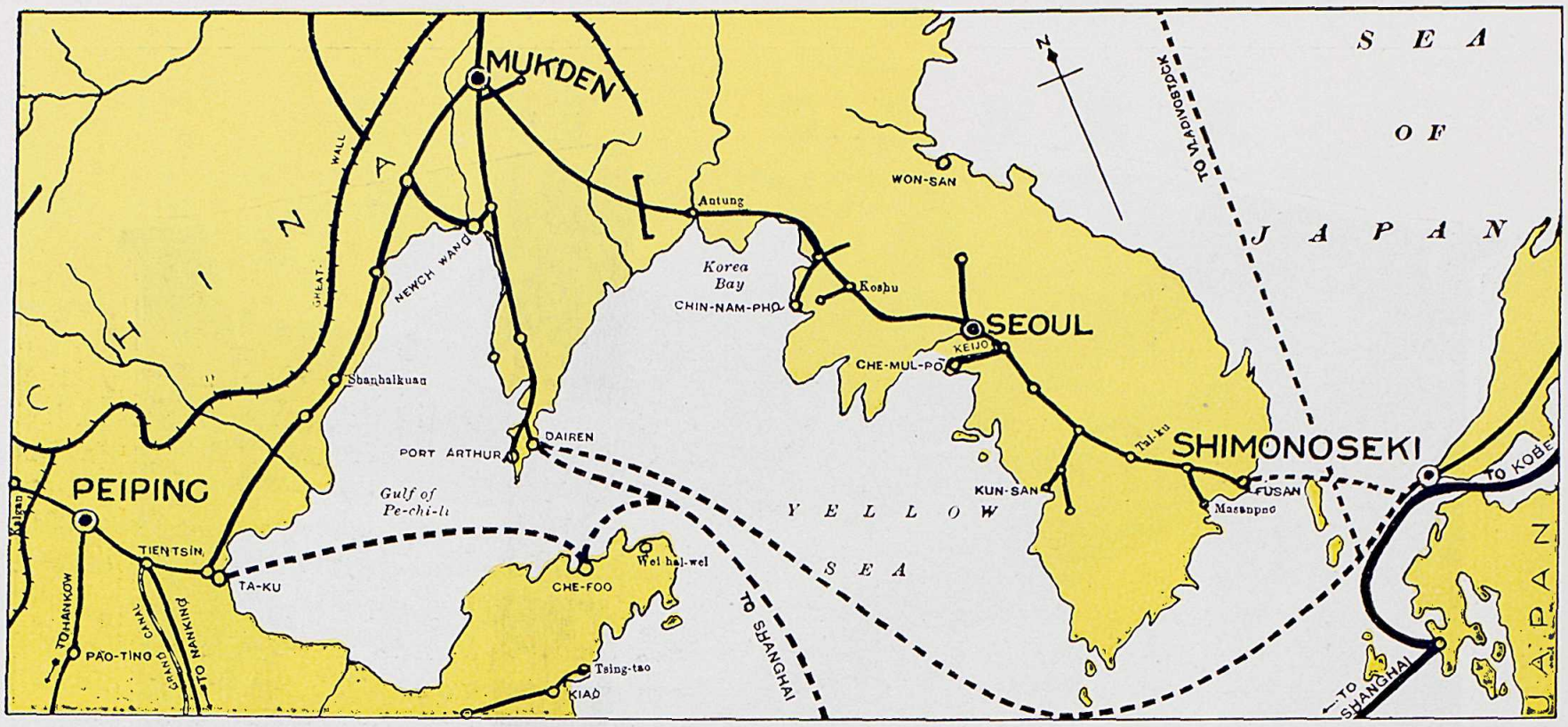
There is the Mikado's palace and the Nijo castle where the Tokugawa Shoguns lived. Perhaps the most beautiful temple of all is the Nishi Hongwanji; but while we talk of the polished "nightingale floors," whose boards are so laid that they slip on one another and sing plaintively as you walk over them, or the "peacock room," or the "stork room," or the "chrysanthemum room"—we know perfectly well that they cannot be described. For how can one describe painted panels, gold-backed screens and sliding doors of old and lovely cedar wood, each cut by some master hand?

Lake Biwa There are all sorts of trips to be made to nearby places from Kyoto, but that to Lake Biwa, the largest lake in the Empire, is perhaps the best. You get a marvellous view from the top of the mountain going over, and there are the famous eight views of Biwa itself. Lastly, there is the opportunity to come back in a torch-lit boat through the tunnels of Biwa Canal.

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

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



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.

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 Japan before the advent of America 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.

And then, of course, there is Aso-San himself, that great still-smoky mountain which you may climb till you look down into its ghastly, roaring throat.

Nagasaki Last of all in Japan there's Nagasaki, with its huge harbor, where the vessels are coaled with a precision, lightheartedness and rapidity that astonish the beholder. Nagasaki has interesting shops that sell everything imaginable in tortoise-shell—great lacy combs, intricate little jewel boxes, feathery carved vanity mirrors that swing on long chains of tortoise-shell links. Nagasaki has temples, too, and canals full of *sampans*, and hump-backed bridges.

Kyoto and Kobe

(*Large picture*) The Ikuta Jinga Temple at Kobe

(*Below*) One of many smiling gatherers of indigo—and a five-storied Pagoda at Omuro Temple, Kyoto

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 neighbor, Manchuria, really do best of all.

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 horse hair, or perhaps it is enamelled in color. 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.

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 silk worms 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.

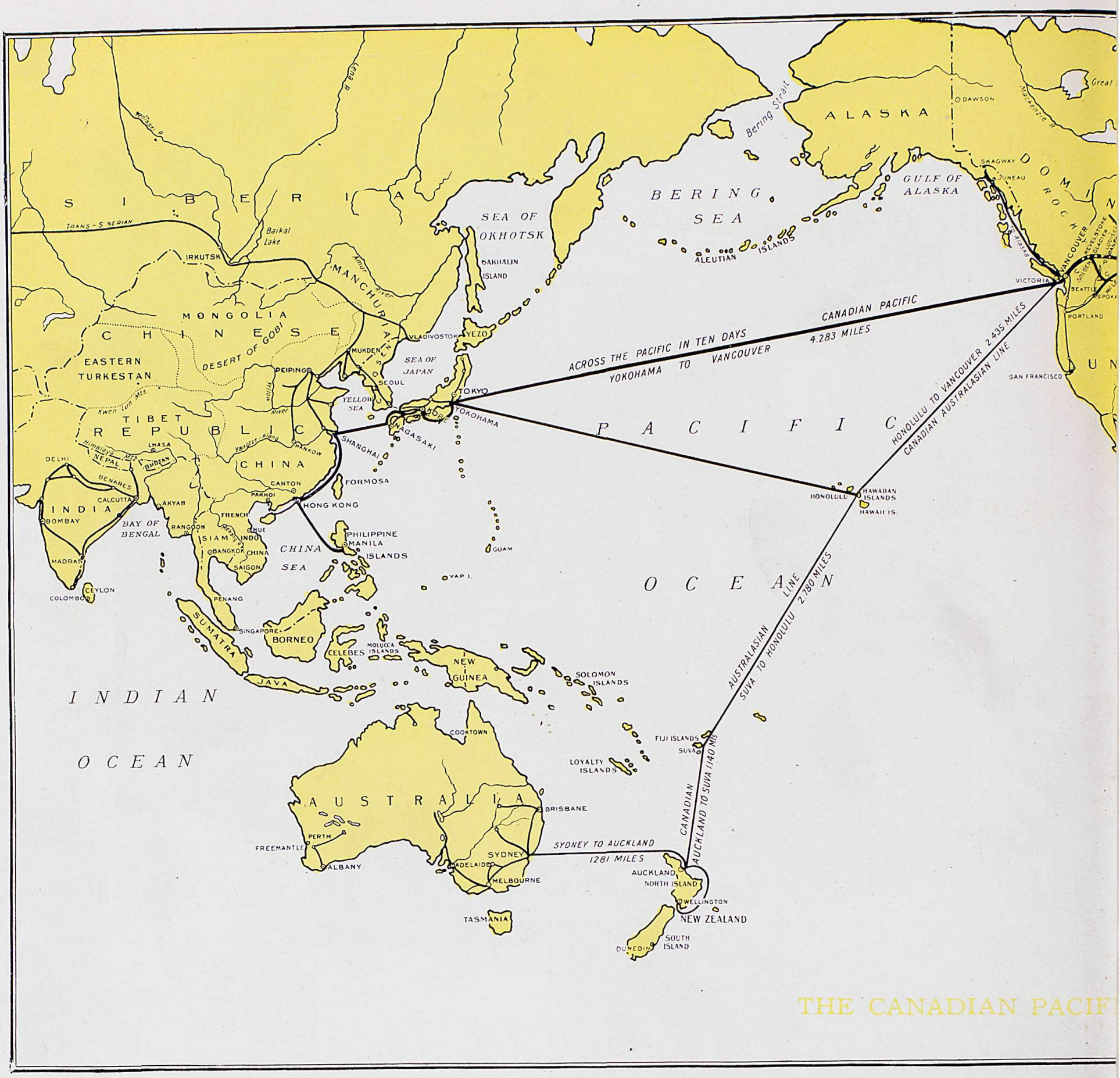
To the business man, Mukden means perhaps the soya bean, that does everything from making a foundation for Worcester Sauce to playing fertilizer for worn-out fields and fattener for cattle. But to the woman, Mukden may mean a chance to get some of the eight million pelts that come down from the mountains,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



Across Canada

Canadian Pacific owns and operates over 20,000 miles of railway lines in Canada and United States. Its main line extends from Montreal on the Atlantic seaboard to Vancouver on the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 2,885.7 miles.

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

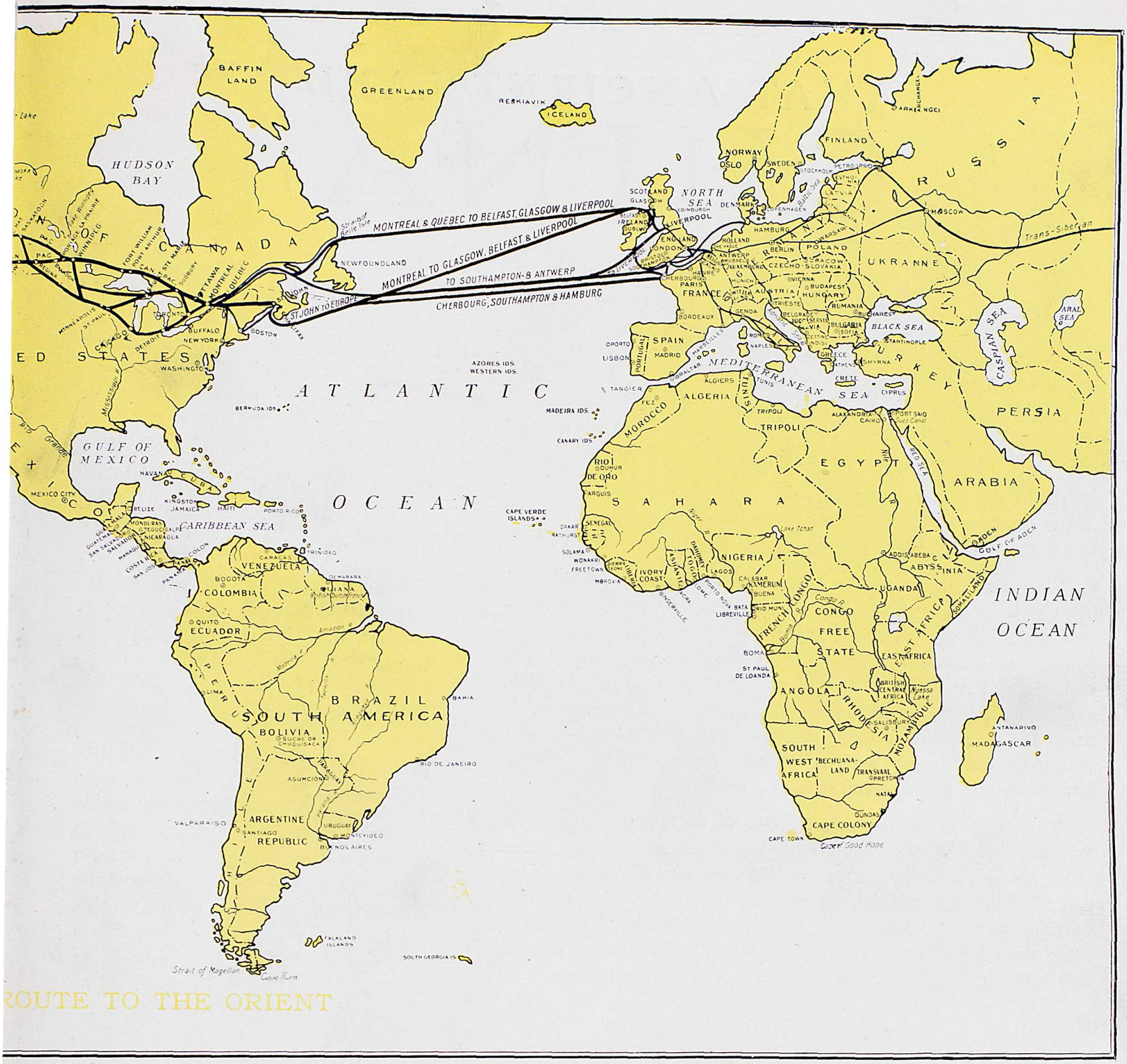
Trans-Canada Limited	Montreal-Vancouver
The Imperial	Montreal-Vancouver
Trans-Canada Limited	Toronto-Vancouver
The Dominion	Toronto-Vancouver
The Mountaineer	Chicago-Vancouver
Soo-Pacific Express	Chicago-Vancouver

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

Train Equipment

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 equipment of different trains, see current time tables.

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



ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

Across the Atlantic

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

**Between Quebec and Cherbourg, Southampton and Hamburg:*	Gross Registered Tons
Empress of Britain (In Service, 1931)	40,000
Empress of Scotland	25,150
Empress of Australia	21,850
Empress of France	18,350

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

	Gross Registered Tons		Gross Registered Tons
Duchess of Atholl	20,000	Montrose	16,402
Duchess of Bedford	20,000	Montclare	16,314
Duchess of Richmond	20,000	Montroyal	15,646
Duchess of York	20,000	Melita	15,183
Montnairn	17,282	Minnedosa	15,185
Montcalm	16,418	Metagama	12,420

**Atlantic Steamships sail from Saint John, N.B., in winter months*
†From Quebec

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.

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 to-day is the same as it was in the days of Confucius.

And to-day 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 *cortege,* 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 silk worms. (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, as Peking is now called, 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.

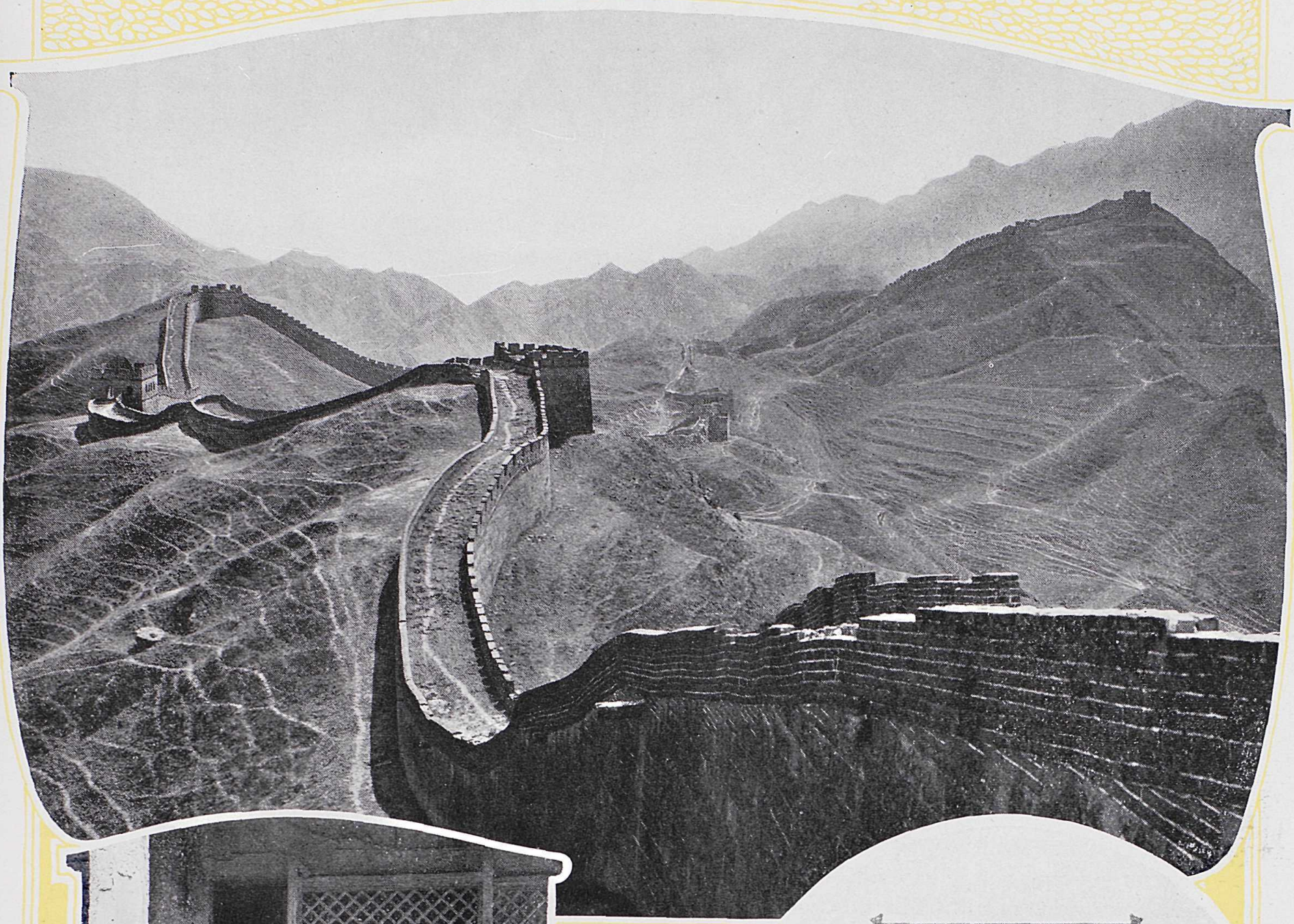
A great city breaks against the foot of this wall—many-colored, eternally talking, dusty, full of strange scents, made up of wide streets and little twisted byways. But straight ahead there is quite another kind of city, inside the first but enclosed in a wall of its own. And inside that again is another 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.

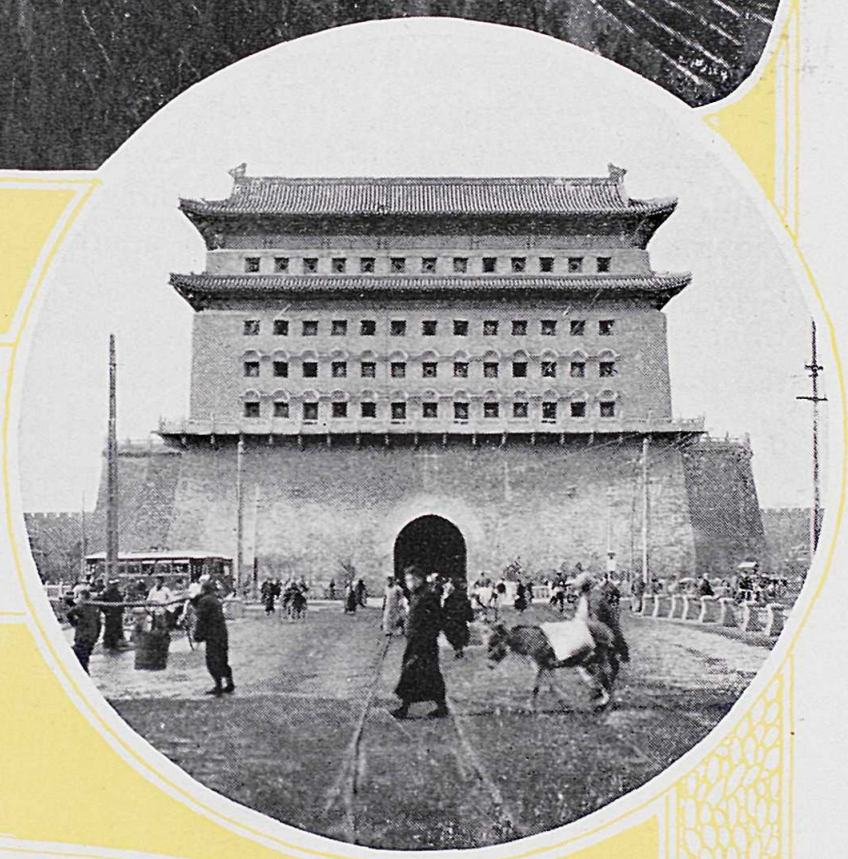
Now, turn your eyes to the right, and you will see roofs planned by many architects from many lands, each striving to say in plaster and stone that there's no place like home, whether that home is in England, Europe or America. This is the Legation Quarter of Pei-ping, near which is situated your hotel.

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.





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

THE ORIGINAL WILLOW PATTERN

The Imperial City To-morrow 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 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.

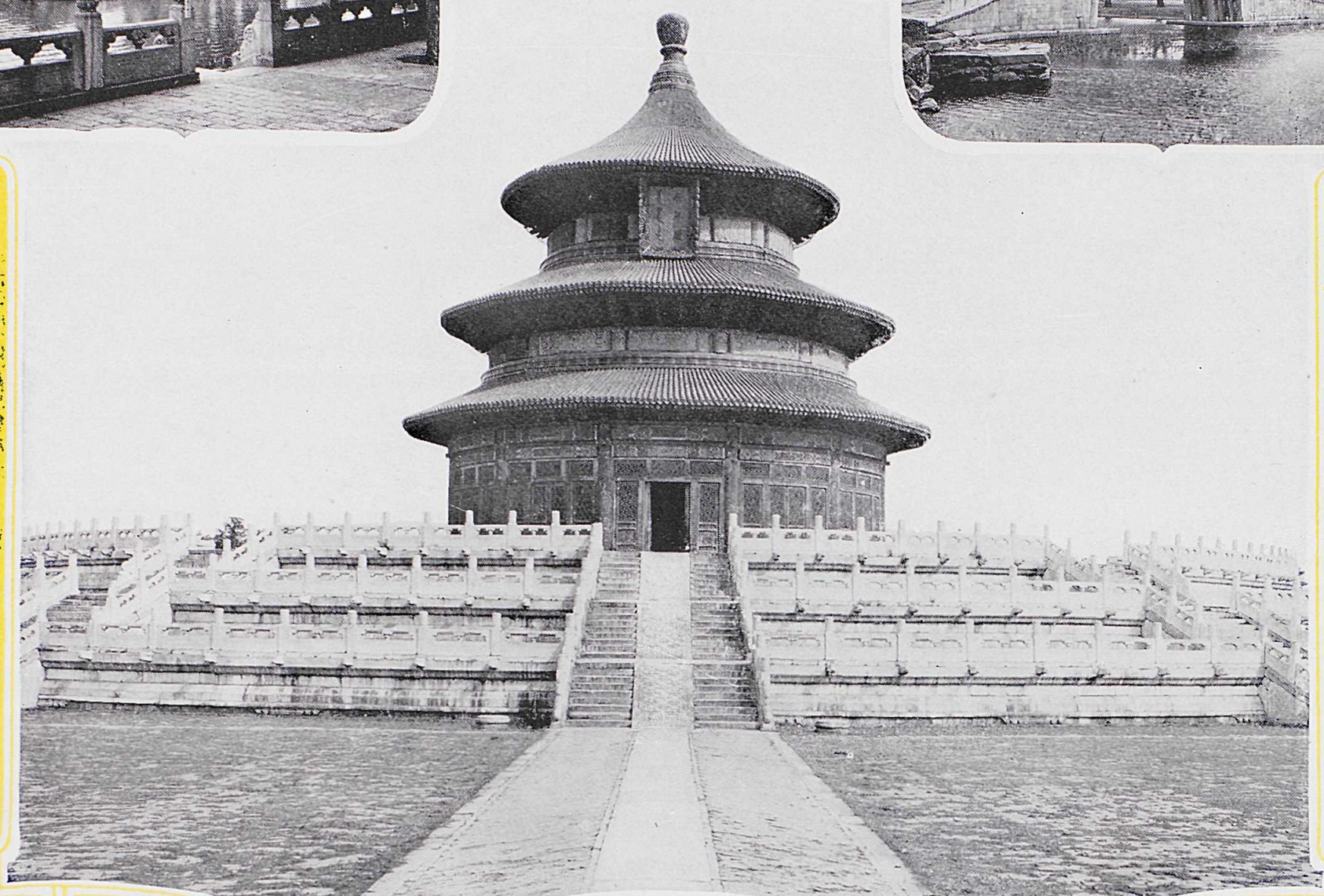
Shanghai Here is a city with two souls, a city where you can live in all the comfort of the West, with the sound and color and mystery of the East right around the corner. A city with telephones—and firecrackers at funerals. A city with electric light—and where one is pinched to cure a cold. A city with 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.

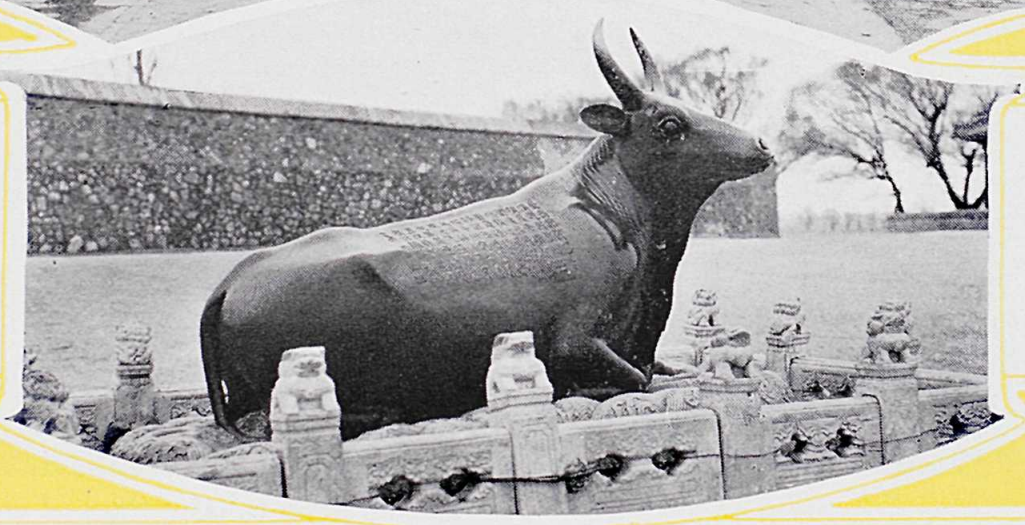
The Original Willow Pattern But fascinating as the life of the foreign settlements may be, there is the still more fascinating red and black lacquered temple, with its golden gods, and the theatres where the show begins just after dinner and runs until 1 a.m.

Away deep in the native city is the original Willow Pattern Teahouse, reached by the famous crooked bridge. And here one joins a many-colored 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 harbor at the mainland, but five minutes in a launch will carry the traveller to the beautiful island. Hong Kong stands at the cross roads of the East, and an enormous trade flows in and out of the marvellous harbor at its feet.

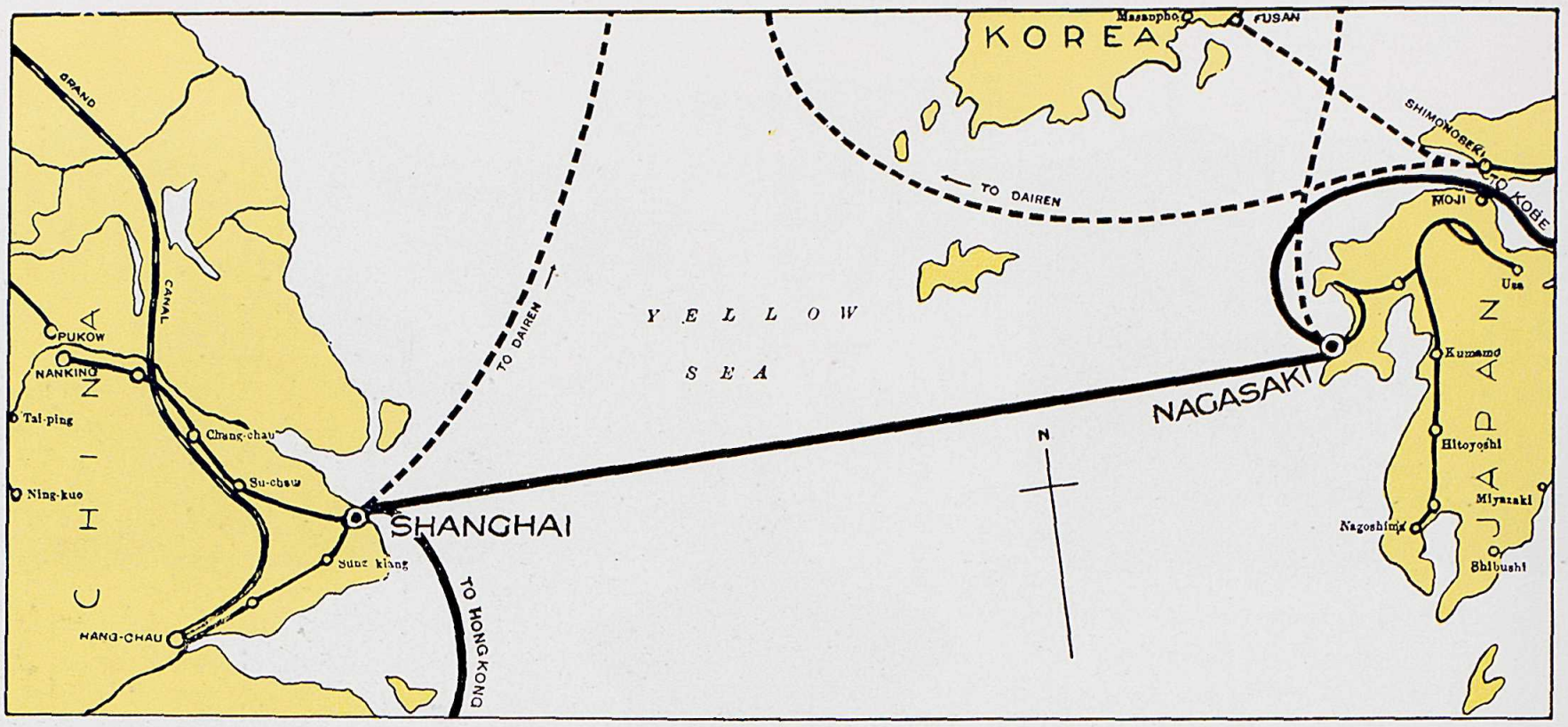
Motoring is something that everyone does, and touring cars may be had very cheaply. To-day, it may mean taking a twenty-five-mile trip around the island, passing beautiful bays and picturesque villages, and stopping for tea at the Repulse Bay Hotel. To-morrow, one crosses in the Kowloon Ferry over to 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.





Pei-ping

(*Centre picture*) The Temple of Heaven, triple-domed and capped with gold, is as blue-tiled as Heaven itself; (*Top*) In the Summer Palace, in a dreamy lake, is the Marble Barge of the late Empress Dowager—and also (*at right*) The Camel-Back Bridge, a "lovely flattened marble curve"; (*Below*) This bronze cow is the custodian of the Summer Palace



Nagasaki to Shanghai

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

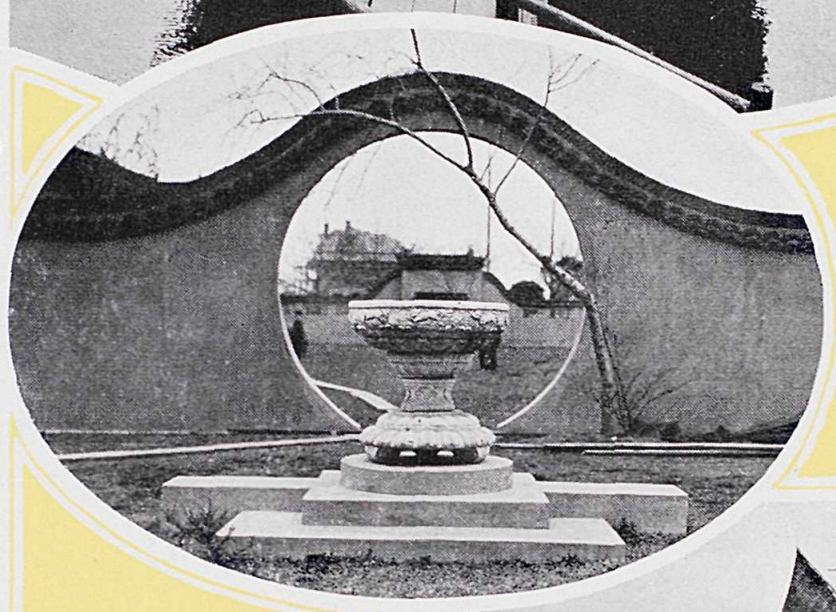
You will like the shops in Hong Kong; and there are plenty of rickshas waiting to take you along Queen's Road, where you will find the most interesting bazaars.

Macao A few hours by steamer 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.

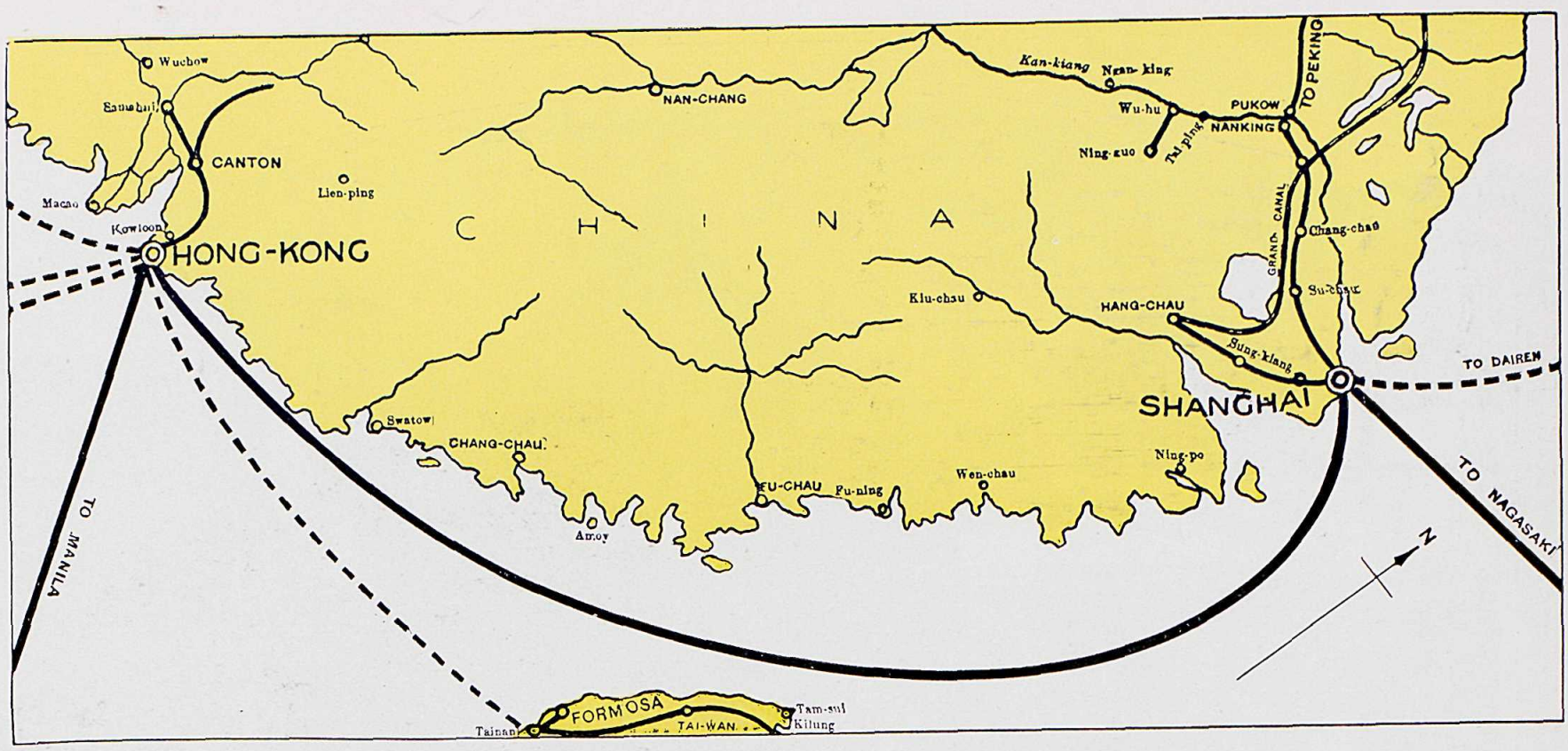
The Real Cathay We can visit the five-storied "Flowery" Pagoda, or the City of the Dead, with its flowers and its paths and its little brick pavilions—seldom used now.

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-style 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 tires 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.



Shanghai

(*Large picture*) Here, approached by the famous crooked bridge, is the original Willow Pattern Tea-house itself: (*and 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.

The Philippine Islands

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. To-day they form an interesting object-lesson in what nearly three decades of American efficiency have made out of the effects of the previous three centuries. 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 color 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 American section, with paved streets, and up-to-date buildings.

Sight-seeing in Spanish

But while you are travelling over good roads in American-made 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; at 4.30 a well-trained

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 500 Genii, Canton

Hong Kong to Manila

Hong Kong to Manila, 628 miles; Hong Kong to Shanghai, 810 miles; to Yokohama, 1,967 miles; to Vancouver, 6,250 miles

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.

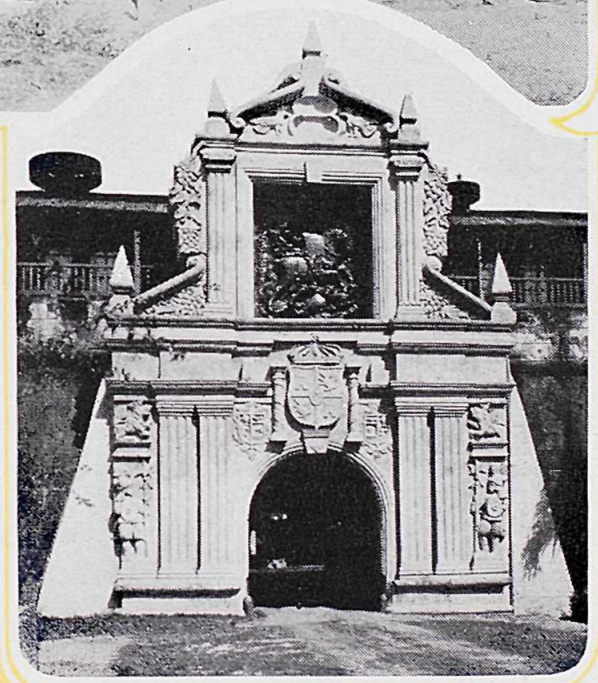
The Native City Drive past the market place—it's well worth while. You will see many kinds of curious vegetables piled up on large round trays, and luscious tropical fruits—mangoes, mangosteens, *chico* and *lanzons*. Flowers are there, too, in profusion—jasmine, *champaca*, and *dama de noche* (lady 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 later you will probably buy on Broadway or 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 table-land 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 record for the fastest voyage between Asia and America is 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. Since this record was established, the Empress of Canada has been fitted with new turbines of the most modern type, which enable her to maintain a sea speed of 21 knots without undue effort.

The service at present afforded by the Empress of Canada and the fine sister ships, Empress of Russia and Empress of Asia, will be augmented during the season of 1930 by the new Empress of Japan, 25,000 tons gross register, 37,500 tons displacement.

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 staterooms are beautifully furnished and have one or two beds. Communicating doors make it possible to use many of the staterooms en suite, an ideal arrangement for family parties. Most staterooms have beds instead of berths, and in all staterooms hot and cold running water is provided.

Private Suites Luxuriously-furnished private suites are a feature of all the White Empresses. The Empress of Canada, which has been completely renovated within the past few months, has six private suites, composed of bedroom, sitting room and bath room, in addition to twelve special rooms with private baths, and other rooms equipped with showers. The Empress of Russia and Empress of Asia have each eight private suites of three rooms.

Public Rooms Public rooms on the White Empresses — lounge, 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 verandah café and children's playroom. The Empress of Canada has a beautiful swimming pool.

Ask for a copy of the Empresses of the Pacific booklet, which contains photographs of the beautiful accommodations aboard these steamships.

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 parlors, manicurist, laundry, dispensary, hospital, public stenographer, photographic dark-room, moving pictures. Each ship has also an excellent Filipino orchestra which provides music for dancing and entertainments.

	Gross Registered Tonnage	Displacement Tonnage	First Class	Second Class	Third Class
Empress of Japan (in service, 1930)....	25,000	37,500	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

Canadian Pacific Route The best route to the Orient is by Canadian Pacific all the way. Across Canada is the Canadian Pacific Railway, with direct connections from principal United States points, and from Europe to Canada Canadian Pacific Steamships operates a magnificent fleet of Empress, Duchess, "Mont" and "M" class steamships.

Prestige The high standing of 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.

The Empresses of the Pacific

Typical of the beauty of these magnificent steamships are these pictures: (*Top*) The Lounge of the Empress of Asia; (*Middle Row*) The Dining Room and the Long Gallery of the Empress of Canada; (*and below*) The Smoking Room of the Empress of Asia

The Empresses of the Pacific

(*Top picture*) The Smoking Room of the Empress of Canada: (*Middle, left*) A Private Suite, Empress of Canada: (*Right*) The Lounge of the Empress of Russia (*and bottom*) The Swimming Pool of the Empress of Canada

The WHITE EMPRESSES of the PACIFIC

JAPAN

CANADIAN PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS