Japan

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To the Orient by Canadian Pacific

JAPAN - CHINA - KOREA
MANCHURIA - THE PHILIPPINES

Printed in Canada 1926

JAPAN

THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Japan! The Land of the Rising Sun—Chrysanthemum Land—what a fascination there is in its very name! A country situated geographically at the crossroads of world traffic, and intellectually at the crossroads of two civilizations—a country, on the one hand, of picturesque quaintness, of *kimonos,* tea-houses, cherry blossoms, *geisha,* 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 queer and fascinating and different that you could spend a very long time in one place and never be bored. From the plum blossoms of February to the chrysanthemums of November, 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. But the women in their printed robes are the prettiest flowers of all—the ladies rather soberly lovely, the *geisha* gay as the tinkle of bells.

Those who first see Japan when the sky is cloudless may deem themselves favored of the gods—at least, of the Japanese 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 in the space between the islands. And rising above the scene, that loveliest of the mountains of the earth—Fujiyama—stands revealed in all her beauty.

Yokohama You've always wanted to travel. You've said it thousands of times, and the Orient has seemed as far away as Mars. But it is not. Just ten wonderful, sunshiny, interesting days from Vancouver, and you are in the quaint little old Japan where every pretty spot is enshrouded with mystery and legend. You will 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 into 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 glamur; 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 hug the whole thing and carry it away.

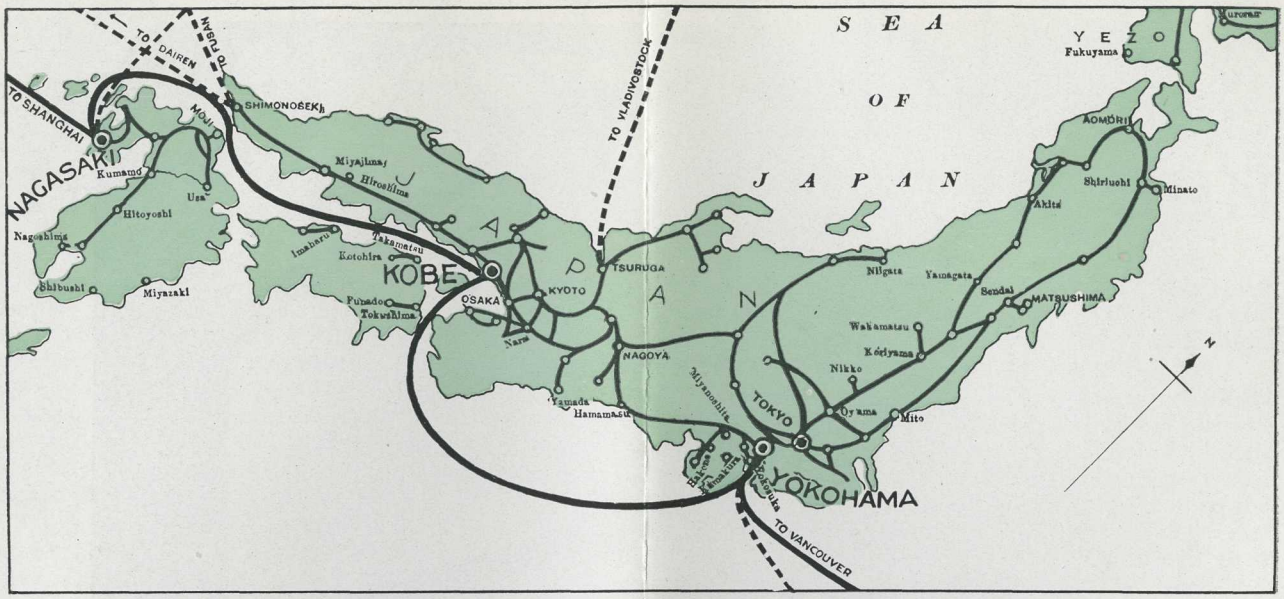
Kamakura In half-an-hour one can motor to Kamakura, to see the big bronze Buddha who has sat there, peacefully receiving pilgrims in his green fold of the hills, for six hundred years. It is hard to say which is the more interesting—Buddha himself or the little toy country one drives through on the way to his serene remoteness.

You will want to stop the car 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 street-car ride away, in this miniature country, from Yokohama—is as crammed with colored life as a Japanese garden. 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—and the gorgeous flame-colored maples in November and December.

PICTURESQUE JAPAN

(*Large picture*) The inspiration of Japanese art—Fujiyama: (*Left*) The famous big bronze Buddha at Kamakura: (*Right*) Geisha Girls at Yokohama.



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.

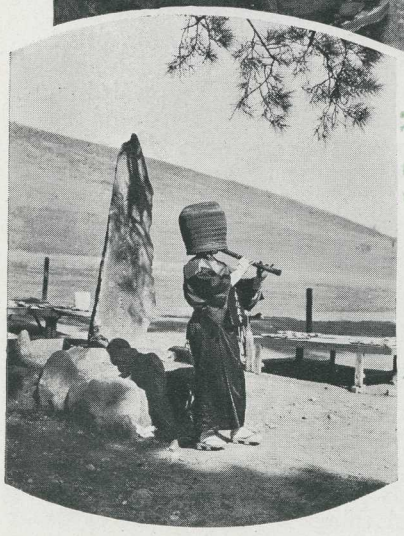
Where else can one see a department store where shoes come off at the door (to be quite Japanese) and yet where one can ride in an escalator? There is Uyeno Park, and the Ginza where all the world shops. There are theatres to go to, where the stage rests on rollers and is turned right around (actors, 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 to see, or baseball if one is intent upon being modern. There is the Asakusa Temple to visit, museums of all kinds, and the Imperial Palace, with its surrounding moat, to be gazed at from afar.

Nikko And Nikko—you must see Nikko, that wonder of temples and tombs, 4½ hours from Tokyo by railroad, but a quite thousand years as the mind flies. Nikko has been a holy place—up in its mountains—since the year 766. Here the kindly nature which made all this lovely land has surpassed its other efforts 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, that mad torrent, blue as melted sapphires, roaring under its famous and 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 and 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 up in the hills is the beautiful Lake Chuzenji. The journey may be taken on sure-footed ponies, which climb up the abrupt hillside by a zigzag path. The higher one ascends, the more magnificent are the views. Bright-eyed, rosy mountain maids offer tea and dainty cakes at every point of vantage. 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 thought or attention to add to the enjoyment of our stay. Those who go to Miyanoshita for days



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

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—that inspiration of Japanese art—an intense longing comes to climb the mountain. You will want to creep foot by foot up that glorious outline which sweeps in one curve from the seashore to the sky, and to look far over the world below from the very topmost pinnacle of Japan. The best way is to go to Subashiri, and stay overnight at the inn, where you will get a taste of real Japan, including black-eyed *nesans* and white-clad pilgrims. In the morning, before the sun gets up, 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."

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.

Nara En route to Kyoto, one should stop at Nara—Japan's first capital, 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—only about thirty thousand—but it has more temples than any one traveller is ever likely to see. It has a museum, too, really an enchanting place, 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.

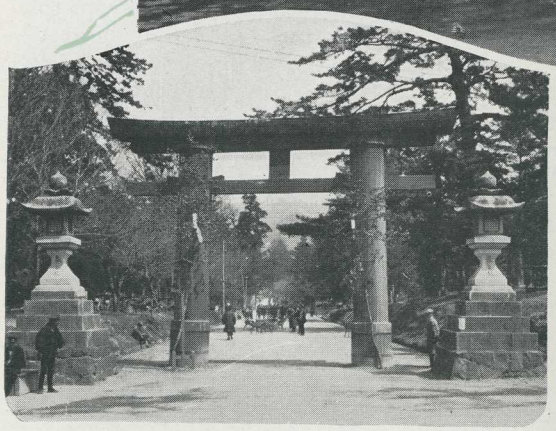
Kyoto Kyoto, for more than a thousand years the capital of Japan, is still the centre of all the country's art. A city wholly Japanese, it lies in a great green cup in the hills, with temples and pagodas set like glittering *objets d'art* wherever the scene demands an accent.

The river that flows through its centre is crossed and re-crossed with bridges; and every bridge has its story, and every bridge has its song as the 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 perfect in the Empire.

The people of Kyoto seem to have a genius for festivals, many of which have to do with history: 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, who are known to be the ghosts of warriors dead and gone eight hundred years. Before he leaves for this festival, the good Japanese unfastens the door where his own little fireflies glimmer in their tiny bamboo cage, lest they, too, should chance to be warriors called to fight with the rest.

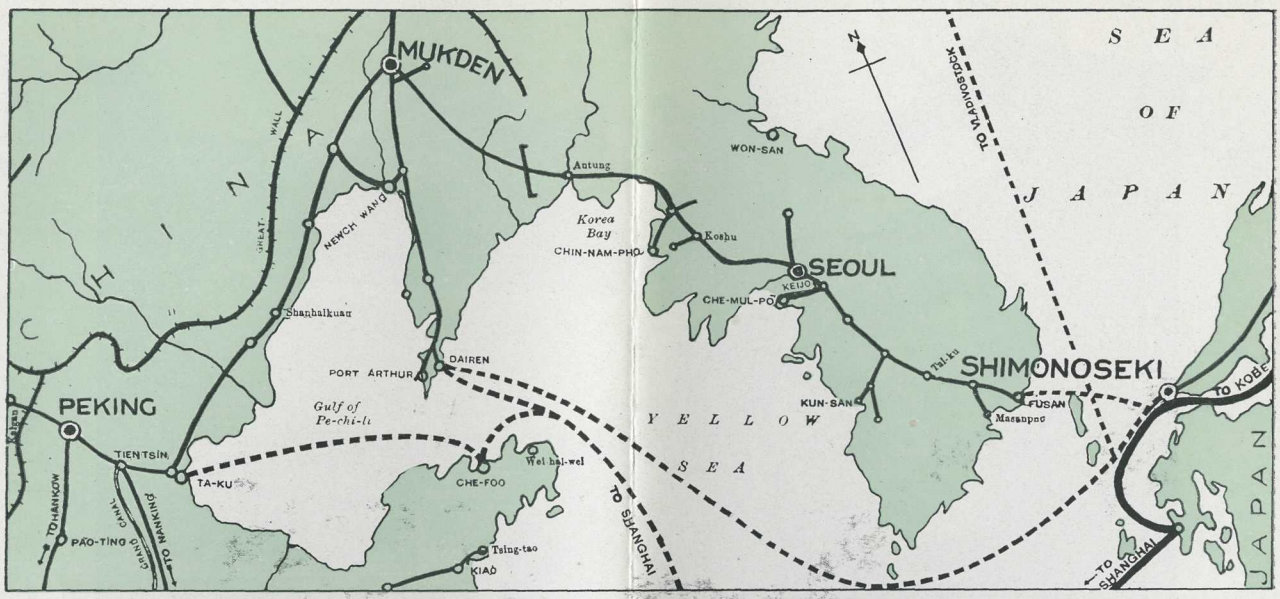
As a background for all this enchantment there are the shops. Kyoto makes the loveliest fans in all Japan, the quaintest dolls, the most marvellous silks and brocades, the most beautiful china and pottery. Think of the memories that will tumble out of your trunk, along with them, and come to live in your good steam-heated house at home, which never saw the little brown shopmen who bowed and smiled, and handled beautiful things as they ought to be handled, but seldom are in the West!

If you have learned to love Japanese temples, then you are never going to tire of Kyoto, where even the palace where the Emperors lived so long



NARA AND KYOTO

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



Japan-China Overland Tour—Japan to Peking

Yokohama to Shimonoseki, 687 miles. Shimonoseki to Seoul, 425 miles. Seoul to Mukden, 479 miles. Mukden to Peking, 518 miles,—total 2,109 miles.

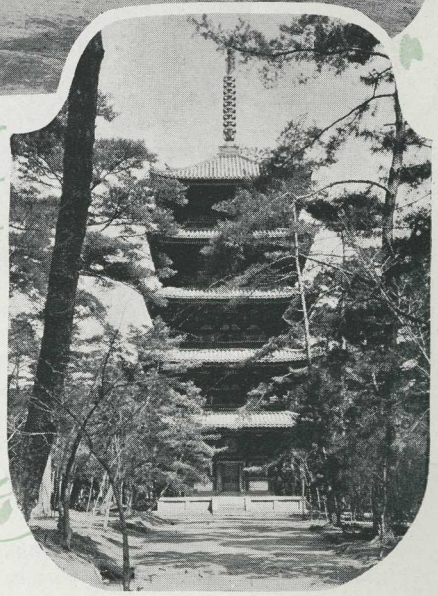
looks like a temple. Each one has art treasures, or history, or a garden to distinguish it from the rest. There is a little waterfall under which one must stand to pray—though it is not a shrine favored by foreigners, as all one's clothes must come off first, and the water is cold. And then there is the statue of Binjuri, whose face has been so rubbed by those who want to get well that the thoughtful 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, and to which men come to pray and listen for business tips.

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 loosely laid that they slip on one another and sing plaintively as one walks over them, or try to put the "peacock room" into little black and white words, or the "stork room," or the "chrysanthemum room"—we know perfectly well that it can't be done. For how can one describe the painted panels, the gold-backed screens, and the 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.

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.

The Japanese boy goes on his bicycle to school, but he wears his little white kimono-thing with big blue spots. His brother works in a telegraph office, carries an Ingersoll watch, but visits his grandfather who earns his living by fishing with twelve cormorants. (Thy swallow the fish down to their iron neckring, when grandfather interferes.) The Japanese girl studies English, plays the piano, has been known to bob her hair; but her mother (*Concluded on page 28*)



KYOTO AND KOBE

(*Large picture*) The Ikuta Jinga Temple at Kobe: (*Below*) A Gatherer of Indigo—and a 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.

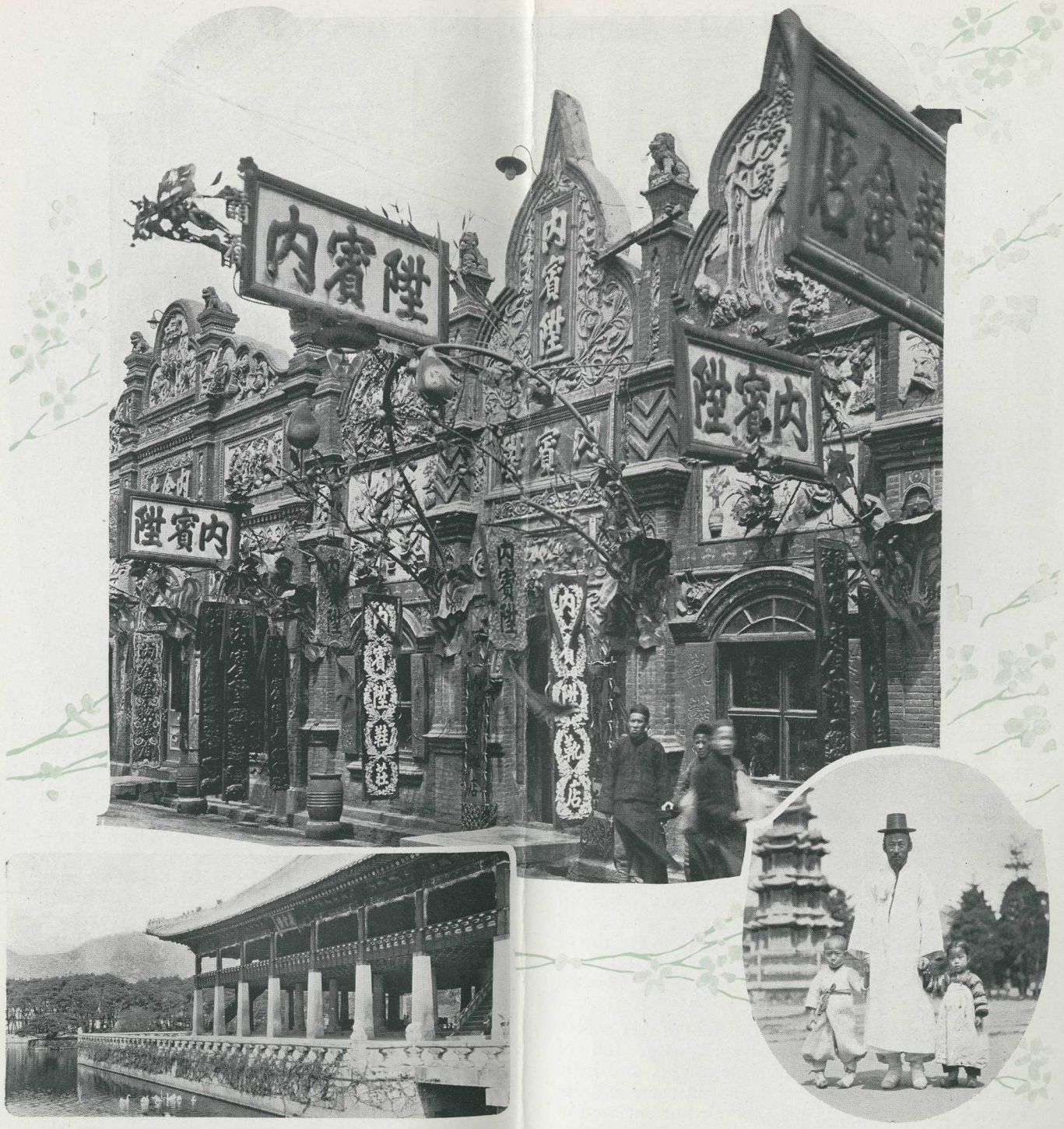
Half a day's journey from Seoul is Kongosan, the diamond mountain. Of the countless old monasteries and temples in Kongosan there are fifty left, and here among the awesome gorges live some five hundred monks and nuns who keep to the ancient ways, despite the wheels of progress (which they have never 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 on the railway to the Great Wall of China), through the international up-to-date port of Tientsin, to Peking, the capital of China.

Dairen From Mukden we might also go north to Harbin—and through to Europe if the Russians were only working at railroading instead of politics—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

The fascination of China is that of an ancient door slowly opening, a door behind which is the oldest civilization in the world, a culture that was vigorous before Rome was born. 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.

China is bigger than you thought. It has a coast line of over four thousand miles, and one-quarter of the people of the whole world live within its boundaries. So 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.

Peking Before visiting any of the many points of interest in Peking, 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 that looks as though it came straight from a fairy tale, 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.

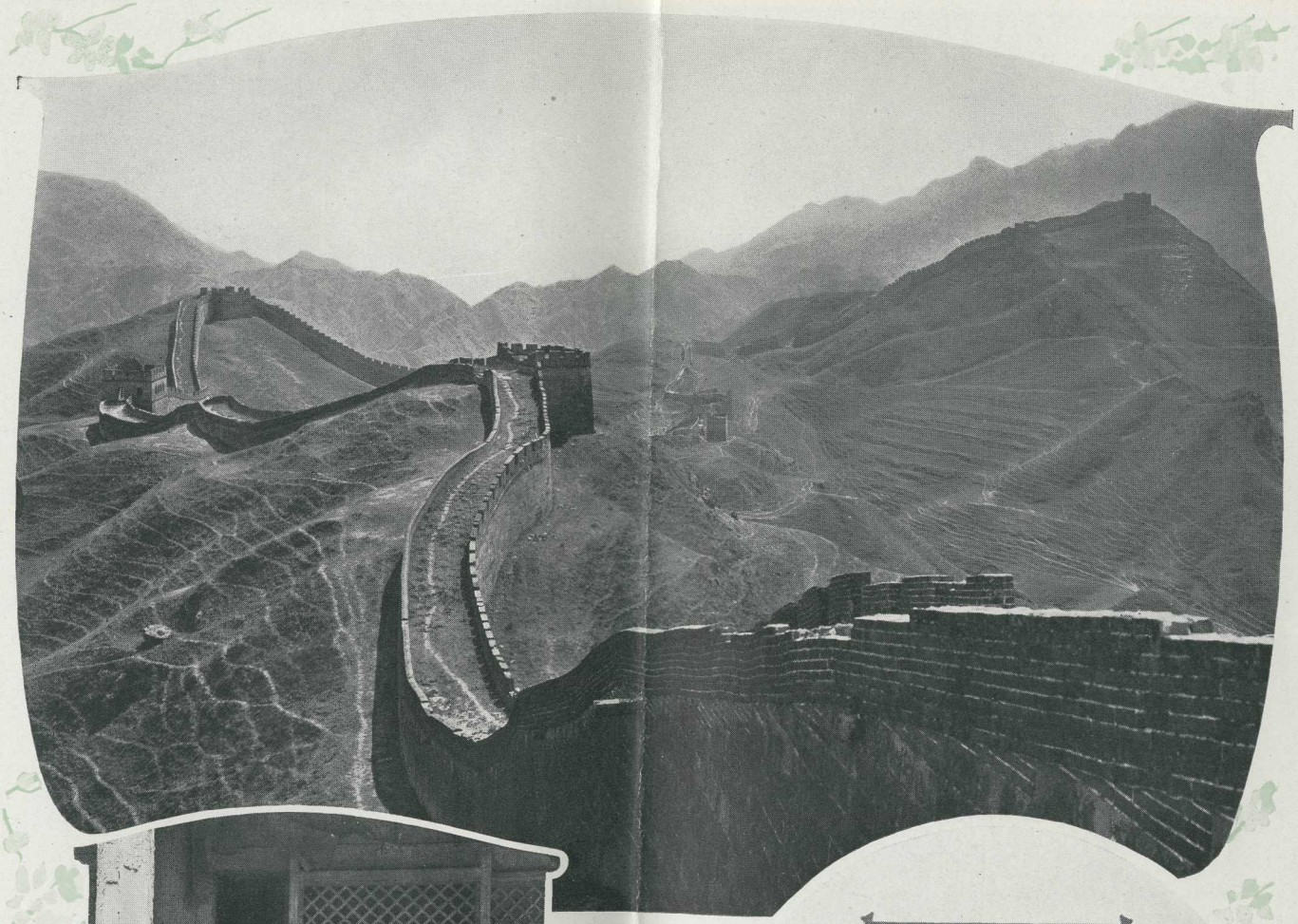
Now, turn your eyes to the right, and you will see roofs planned by many architects from many lands, each striving to say in plaster and stone that there's no place like home, whether that home is in England, Europe or America. This is the Legation Quarter of Peking, in which is situated your hotel.

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 Peking, 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 Peking 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.

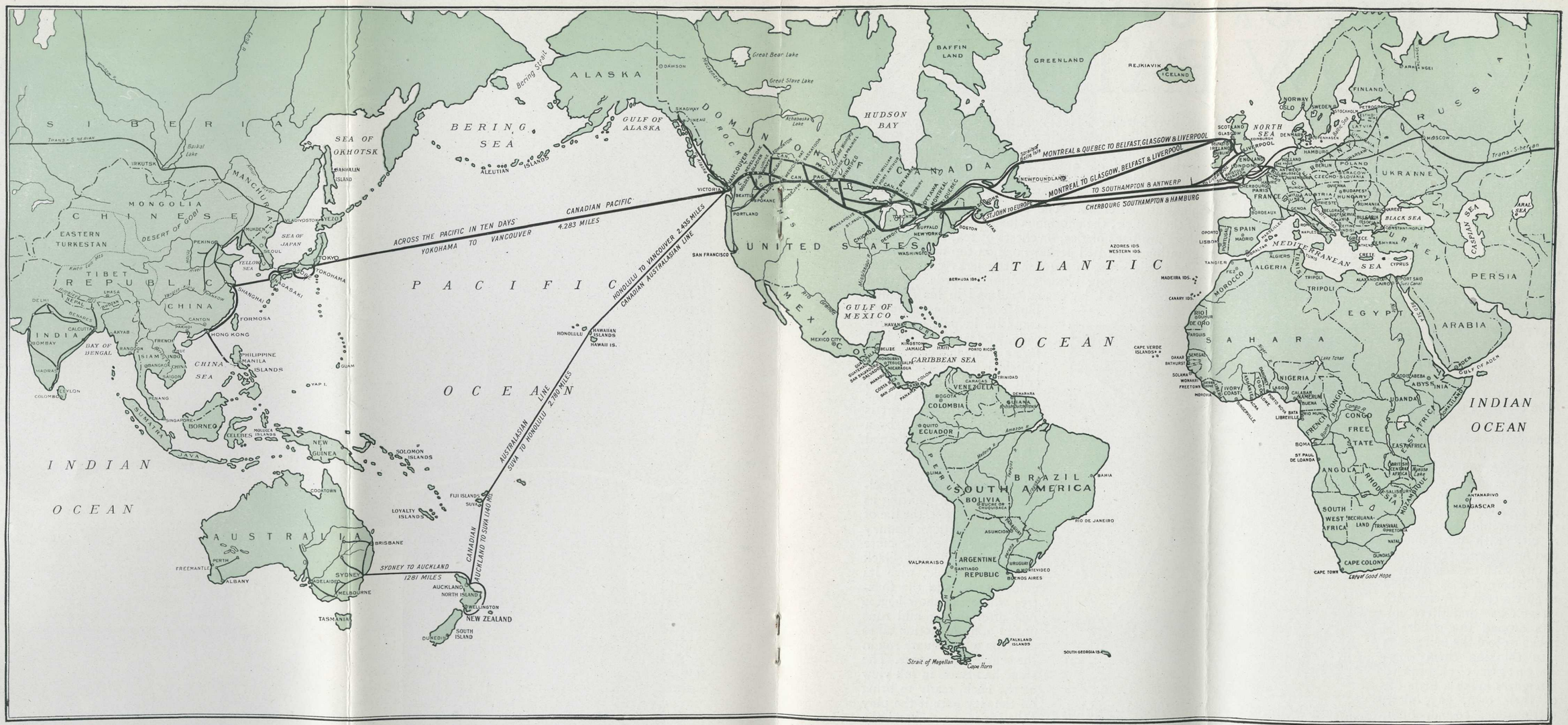
Temptation is on every side, and one finds his room in the comfortable hotel filling with Mandarin coats, lengths of brilliant silk, embroidered trifles, and wonderful bits of jade and lace.

The Imperial City 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



PEKING 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 Peking.



THE CANADIAN PACIFIC ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

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 marble barge, 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 Peking, 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 Peking 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 Peking to Shanghai via Pukow and Nanking. (*Continued on next page*)

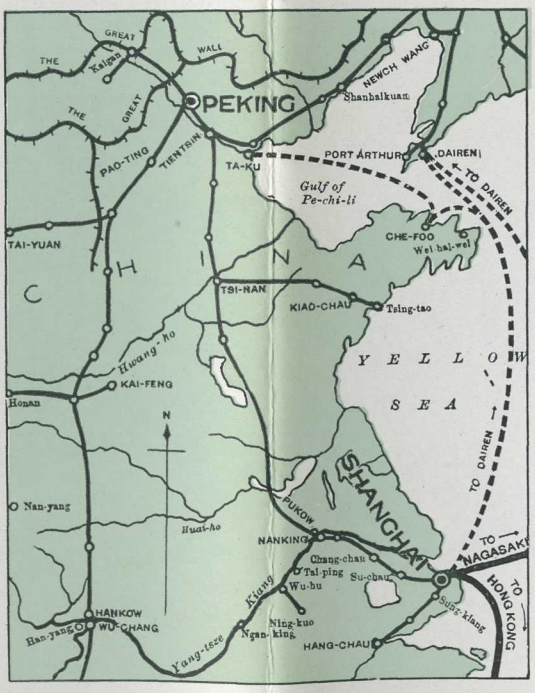
THE ORIGINAL WILLOW PATTERN

The frequent train service between Nanking and Shanghai makes it easy for the traveller to make the acquaintance of that ancient capital of the Ming Dynasty. Nanking never fails to interest, and one experiences a new sensation as he 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.

The last link of the overland route is the fast train journey—six hours—from Nanking to Shanghai.

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, teeming, whispering, age-old civilization, represented by two million Chinese.

The crowd on the sidewalk streams by the open shop-fronts, where you can see so much without going in. Here's a shop with brown roast ducks hanging up in a fringe, spaced out with cream-colored chickens. And here's another full of silver jewellery. Next door there are more gorgeous colored silks, more embroideries, more beads, more smiling long-gowned clerks than one ever saw together in all one's fortunate life. On the road, winding his way among the dense varied traffic, is a coolie pushing a wheelbarrow with a long-drawn, high-pitched creak. The wheel being in the centre of the vehicle, the enormous loads are well balanced; there are bags of rice, or chests of tea, or live black grunting hogs, tied perhaps one on top of the other. The coolie sings, in a queer little jerky chant, three or four haunting phrases without words. Behind him runs a ricksha coolie, pad-pad in his flopping blue coat, pulling a young exquisite in pale grey brocade, who is taking his bird for an airing in a carved and polished cage The mixed grill of vehicles crushing through the streets in the International Settlement is guided and controlled by a six-foot crimson-turbaned Sikh policeman.

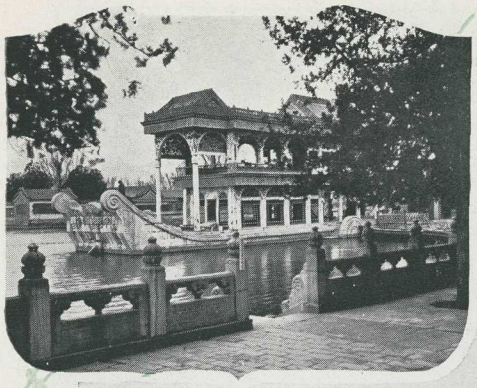


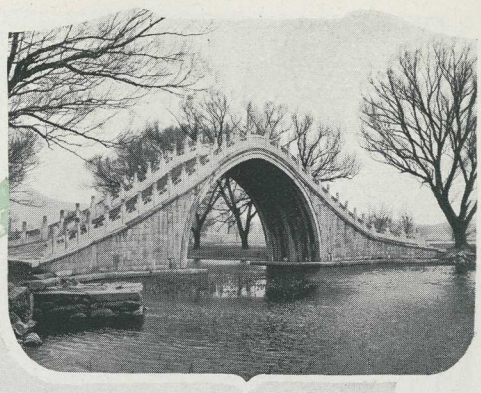
Japan—China Overland Tour—Peking to Shanghai

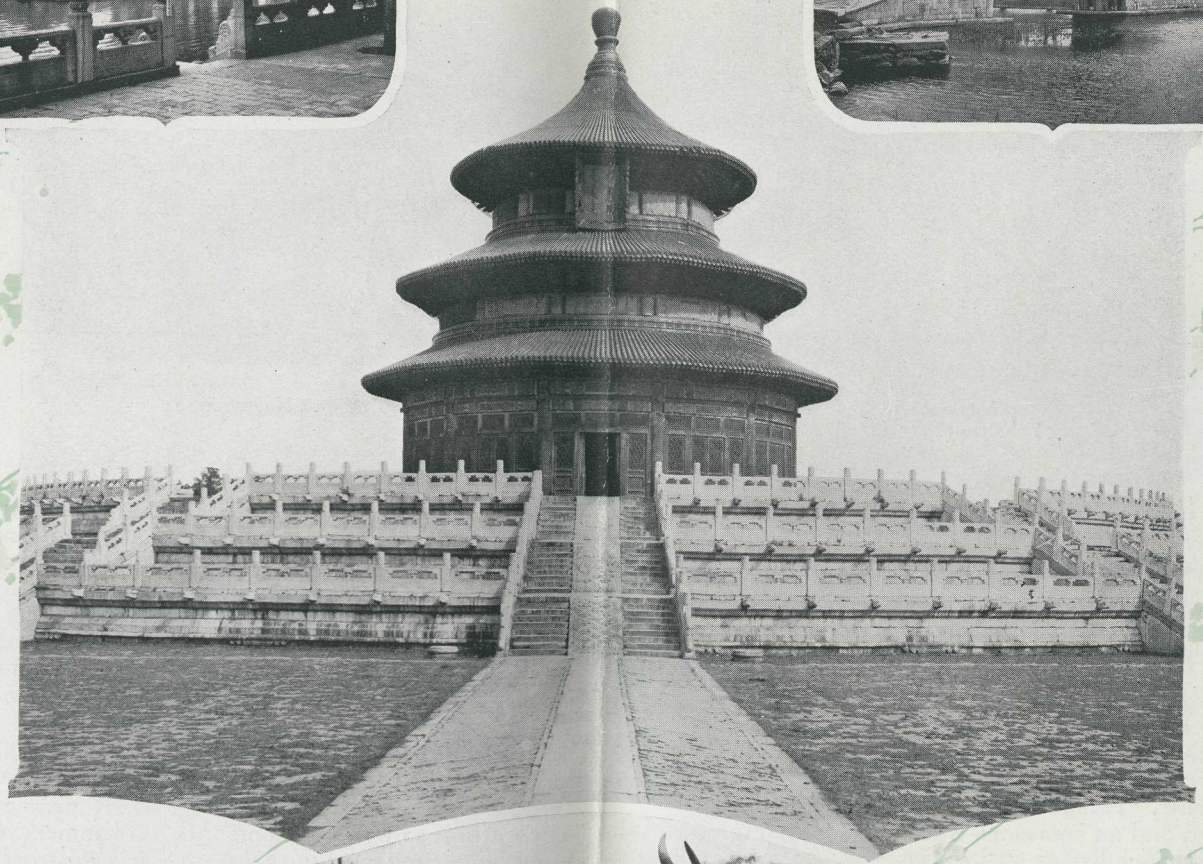
Peking to Nanking (rail), 715 miles. Nanking to Shanghai (rail), 193 miles. Peking to Hankow (rail), 754 miles. Hankow to Shanghai (steamer), 585 miles.

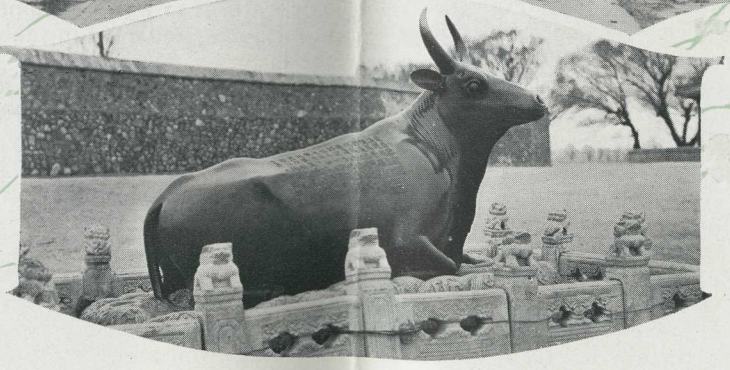
The Original Willow Pattern But fascinating as the life of the foreign settlements may be, there is the still more fascinating red and black lacquered temple, with its golden gods, and the theatres where the show begins just after dinner and runs until 1 a.m. All action takes place on a big square rug in the centre of the stage. The stage hands are in full view at the back, ready to bring on the city gate if the play calls for it, or to hand the chief actor a nonchalant cup of tea if he gets hoarse from his strange falsetto declamations behind that ferocious mask.

Away deep in the native city, where there are no streets that are wide enough or go straight enough to name, is the original Willow Pattern Teahouse, reached by the famous crooked bridge. And here



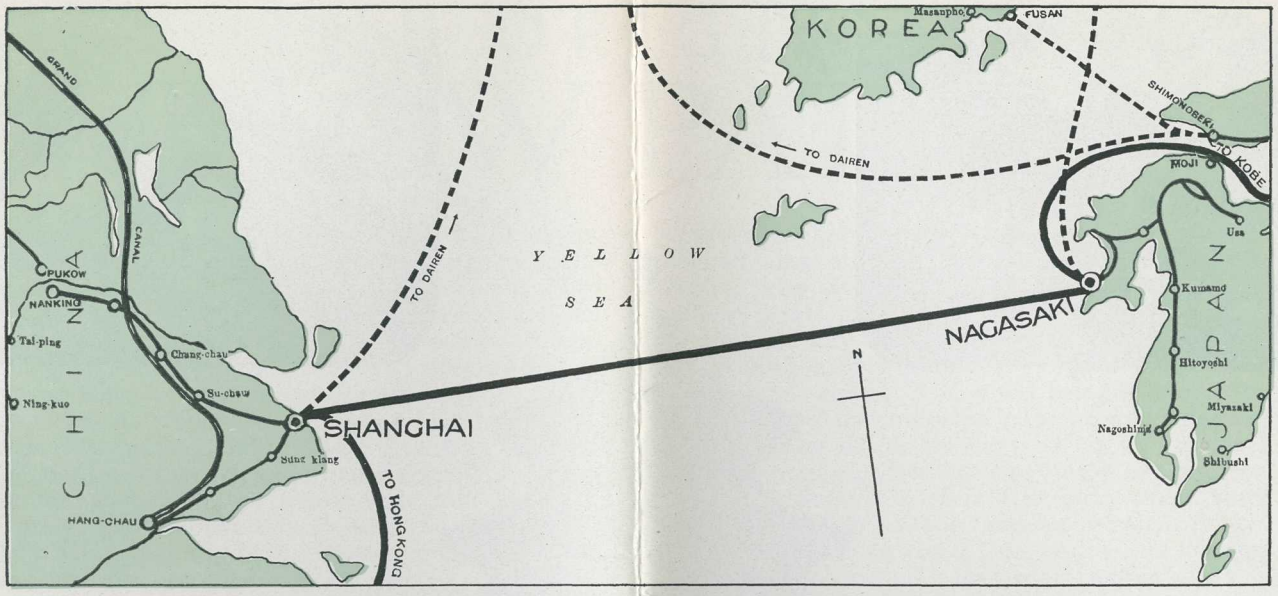






PEKING

(*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 Hongkong, 810 miles. Nagasaki to Yokohama, 713 miles.

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.

Hongkong 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 Empress docks across the harbor at the mainland, but five minutes in a launch will carry the traveller to the beautiful island he is going to visit. Hongkong stands at the crossroads of the East, and an enormous trade flows in and out of the marvellous harbor at its feet. At one time (not so long ago) it was the greatest port in the world in point of in and out tonnage, and that day may easily come again.

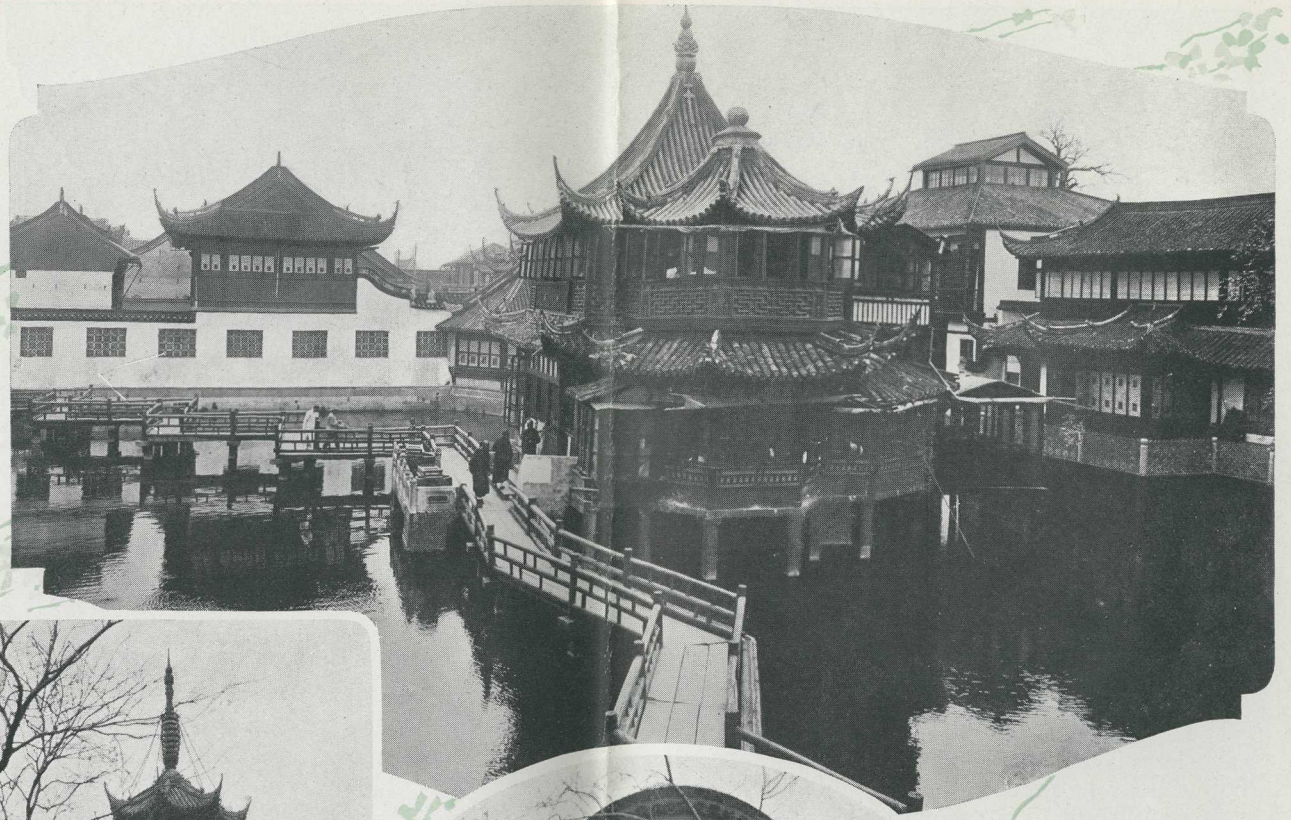
Motoring is something that everyone does, and touring cars may be had very cheaply. To-day, it may mean taking a twenty-five mile trip around the island, passing beautiful bays and picturesque villages, and stopping for tea at the Repulse Bay Hotel. To-morrow, one crosses in the Kowloon Ferry over to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

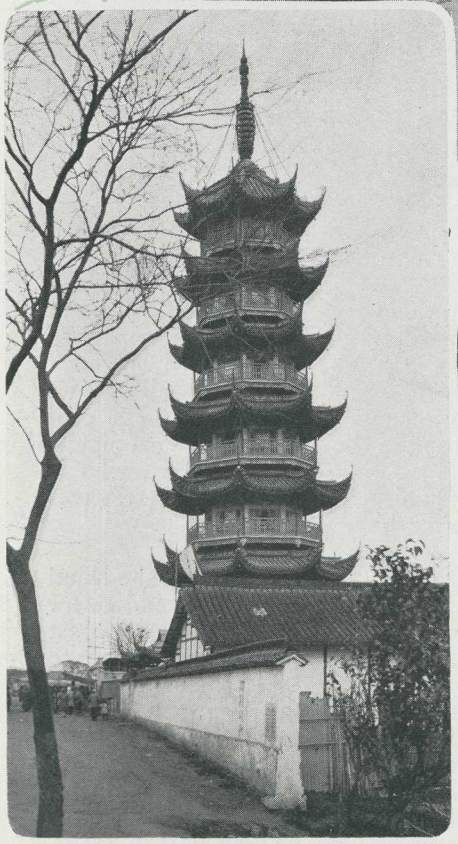
Why Work? The best golf in the East is to be found at Fanling, in the New Territory, about eighteen miles inland. It is unique because there are two perfect courses of eighteen holes. There are other good courses at Deep Water Bay and Happy Valley. The Jockey Club is at Happy Valley, too, and the Race Course, with hills on three sides of it. If you are in Hongkong in February you will see three days of excitement that envelops everybody from the most august *taipan* (which is Hongkongese for the manager of a business firm) to his humblest clerk.

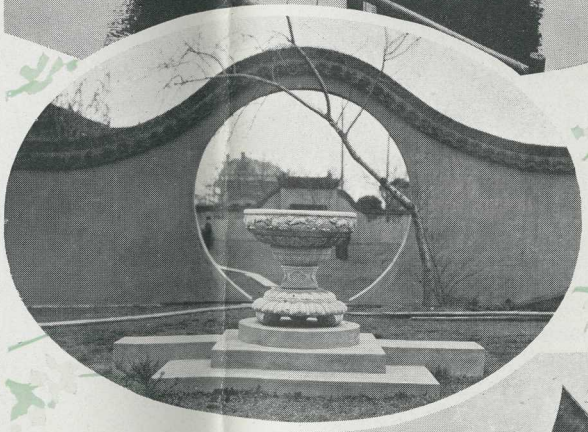
But, as may be imagined, those amusements which have to do with the water are the most popular in Hongkong, and launch parties are easily arranged. The water is so warm in summer that swimmers stay in for hours, and even in the winter the semi-tropical sea is pleasant.

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 wonderful and miscellaneous collection of shipping from all over the world.

You will like the shops in Hongkong; and there are plenty of rickshas waiting to take you along Queen's Road, where you will find the most interesting bazaars. You must not miss Flower Street, fairly overflowing with blossoms of all kinds, offered for

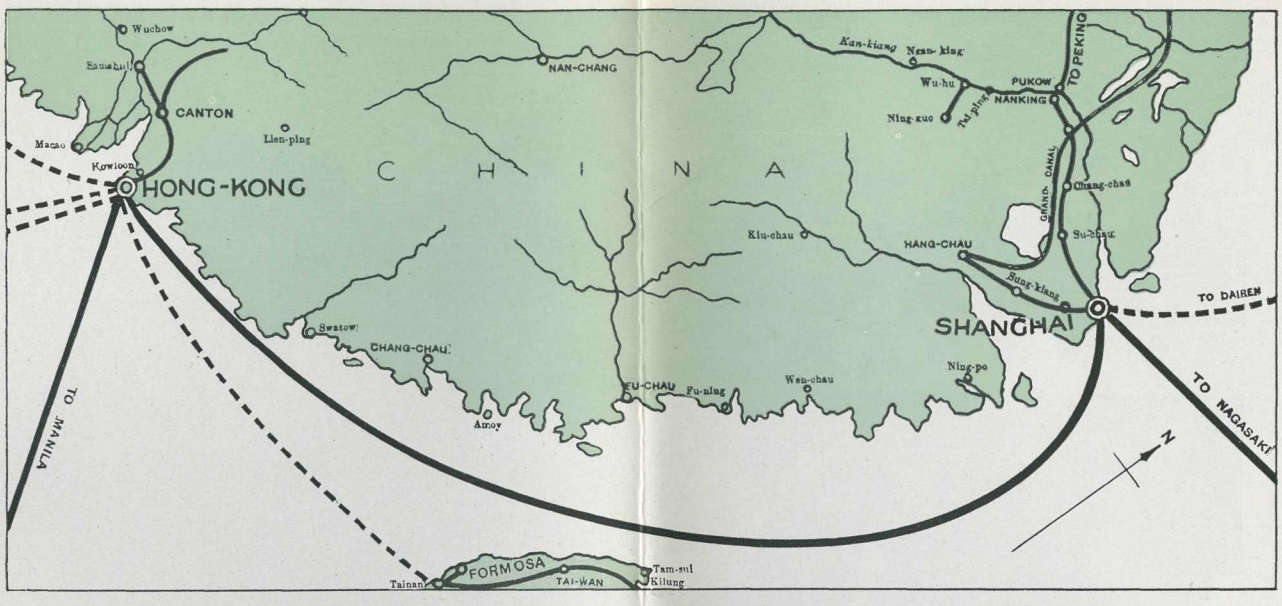






SHANGHAI

(*Large picture*) Here, approached by the famous crooked bridge, is the original Willow Pattern Tea-house itself: (*and from right to left 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 Hongkong

Shanghai to Nagasaki, 426 miles. Shanghai to Hongkong, 810 miles. Hongkong to Manila, 628 miles.

sale by shouting, bargaining pedlars. Beautiful flowers may be purchased for a few cents, but one very soon learns to be careful after discovering that sometimes the heads of roses are attached by wire to long stems upon which they never grew.

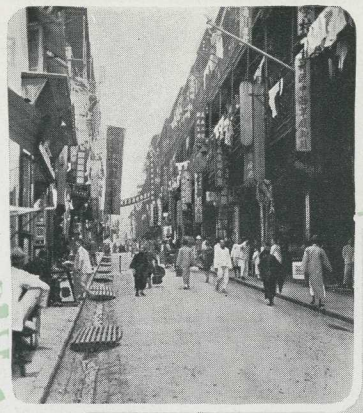
Macao A few hours by steamer brings one to the Monte Carlo of China—Macao—that rocky peninsula which has been the possession of the Portuguese, and their stronghold in the East, since 1557. Most visitors go for the purpose of playing *fan tan;* and looking around the circle of unsmiling faces in a *fan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

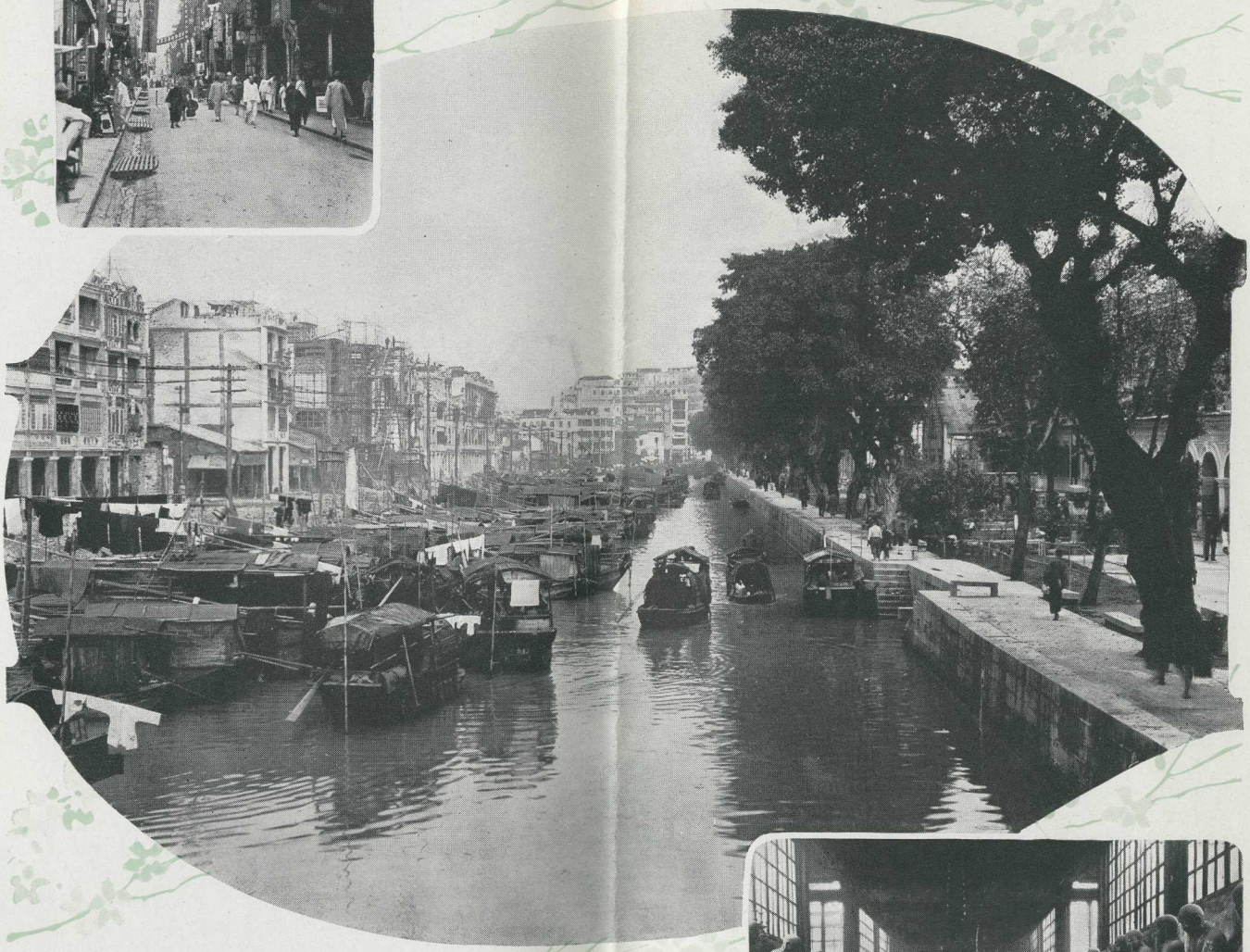
Canton Ninety miles from Hongkong lies Canton. There are two hundred thousand boat dwellers in this strange city, who, if they have never lived on shore, have mainly been actuated because there was no room for them on shore. The total population is estimated at two million; and the whole city is ringed by cemeteries where the dead lie in millions upon millions more. The visitor hires a sedan chair and two bearers and plunges into the middle of a life lived closer together than anything else to be found even in China.

"When young, don't go to Canton," is a Chinese proverb. And one can quite understand it, riding through Jadestone Street, where the coins fairly climb out of one's purse.

The Real Cathay We can climb the Five-Storied Pagoda, and look down upon the city, or visit the City of the Dead, with its flowers and its paths and its little brick pavilions—seldom used now. In the back room of each pavilion the body of some rich man waits in its coffin until the geomancers can decide on a propitious day for burial; in the front room an attendant sets out food and offerings for the spirit, who is utterly dependent in his new life on what his relatives pay to have done for him.

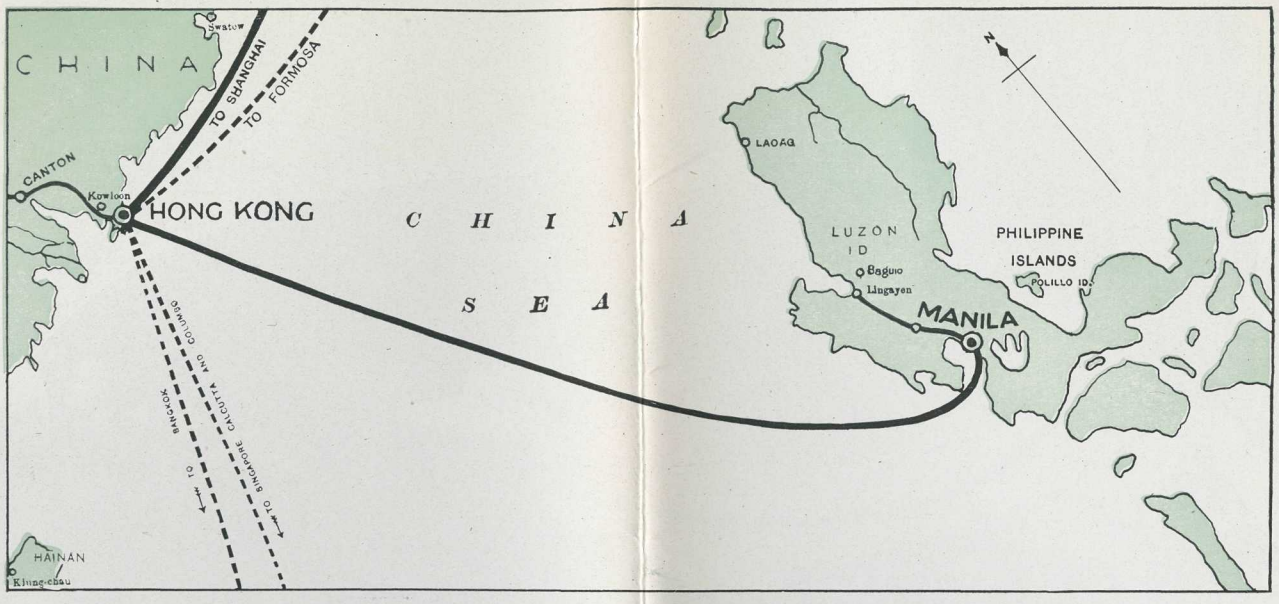
East and West meet, smile and pass on the Bund at Canton. You must get into a ricksha and go for a ride, past streets and streets of house-boats, past rows and rows of western-style buildings, into miles of eight-foot rabbit-warren, tangled matting-roofed streets (the first of which was put there some 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.





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, Hongkong: (*Below*) The Shrine of the Temple of the 500 Genii, Canton.



Hongkong to Manila

Hongkong to Manila, 628 miles. Hongkong to Shanghai, 810 miles—to Yokohama, 1,967 miles—to Vancouver, 6,250 miles.

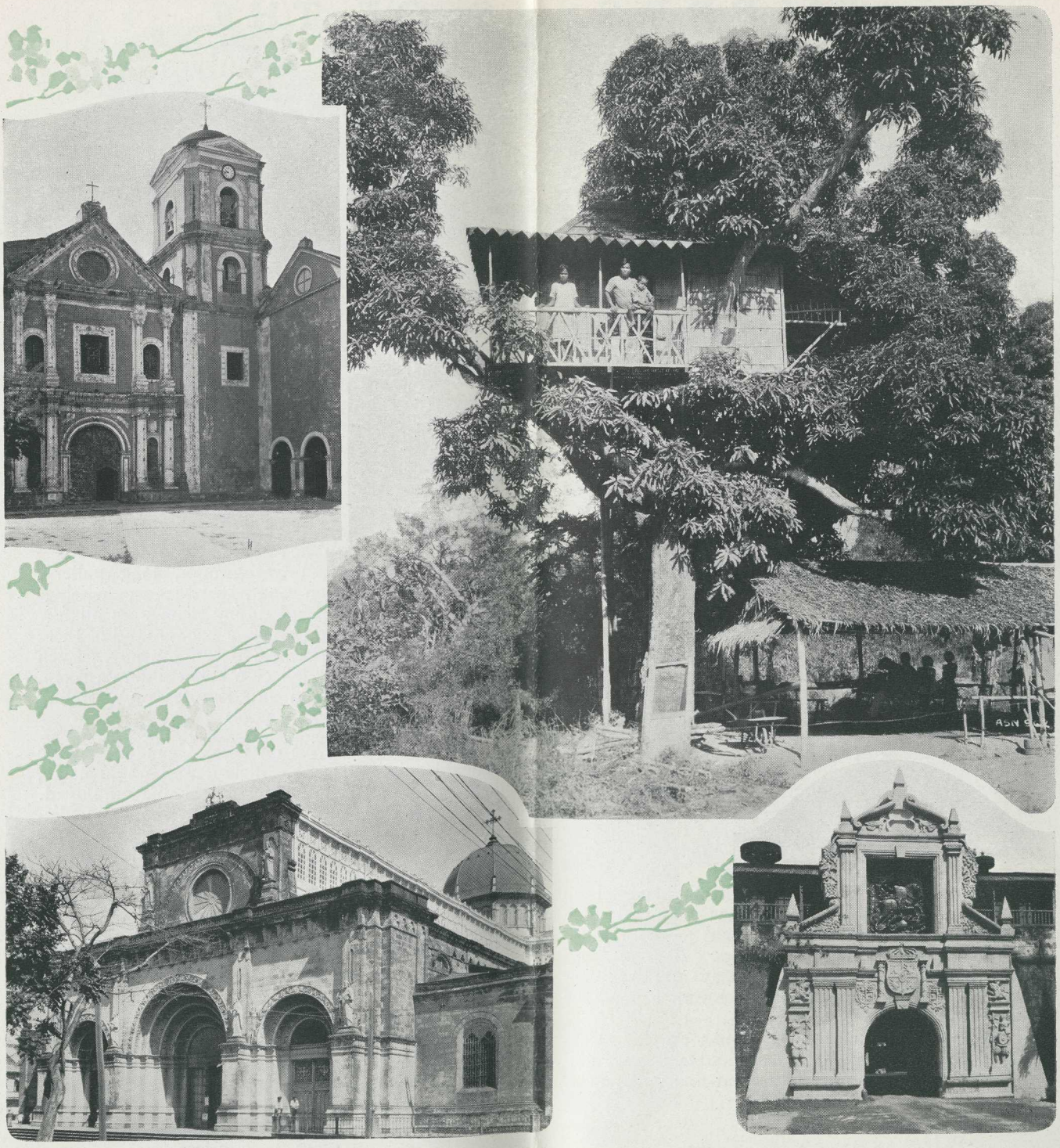
The Spanish discoverers called the Philippines the "Pearl of the Orient." Magellan, the heroic and ill-fated explorer, set foot on these islands in 1521. Twenty years later they were named for Philip, Prince of the Asturias, afterwards Philip II of Spain. In 1570 the first permanent settlement was made, 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 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. Miss Filipino takes pride in the stiffness of her odd, wide little sleeves, in her long black hair, high-coiled and hatless, and in her small brown feet.

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 (*Concluded on page 28*)



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 Empresses of the Pacific are the largest, fastest and finest vessels of the Pacific Ocean. Very proudly do they bear the name "Empress," for in their design, their appointments and their service they partake of the regality of that name. These four magnificent vessels provide the shortest route between America and Asia, sailing in both directions every fortnight.

The "Empress of Canada" holds the speed record for the journey from Asia to America, having made the passage from Yokohama to Vancouver in 8 days, 10 hours and 53 minutes—an average speed of 20.6 knots per hour.

Sailings for 1926 – 1927

From Vancouver and Victoria

To Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila

"Empress of Canada"

To Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai and Hong Kong

"Empress of Australia"

To Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila

"Empress of Asia"

"Empress of Russia"

For sailing dates, see current time tables

Beautiful Accommodation The Empresses of the Pacific are of the most modern type of steamship, the "Empress of Canada" and the "Empress of Australia" having been placed in commission only in 1922. In their construction, due regard has been paid to the requirements of the Oriental climates. Rooms, both private and public, are large, airy and well-ventilated; extensive promenade space runs around the entire ship.

Beautifully furnished staterooms provide sleeping quarters, in single rooms, double rooms, and rooms with three beds. In a great many instances, an arrangement of sliding doors makes ideal accommodation for family parties. In most cases comfortable bedsteads take the place of old-time berths. All staterooms have hot and cold running water.

Private Suites On each ship there are also private suites. The "Empress of Canada" has six, comprising bedroom, sitting-room and bath-room, handsomely furnished and equipped with every comfort and convenience. Besides these, the ship has twelve special rooms with private baths. The "Empress of Australia" has eight large suites, some of them approximating in size a city apartment. The "Empress of Russia" and "Empress of Asia" have each eight private suites of three rooms.

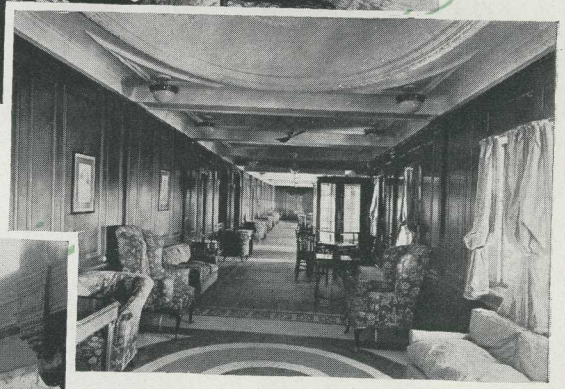
Taste and Beauty The public rooms of these steamships—lounge, drawing-room, long gallery, reception-room, card-room, writing-room, smoking-room and dining-room—are all furnished with charm and grace, a background of taste and beauty to a delightful ocean journey. Each ship has also a verandah café and children's room. The "Empress of Canada" and "Empress of Australia" have beautiful swimming pools.

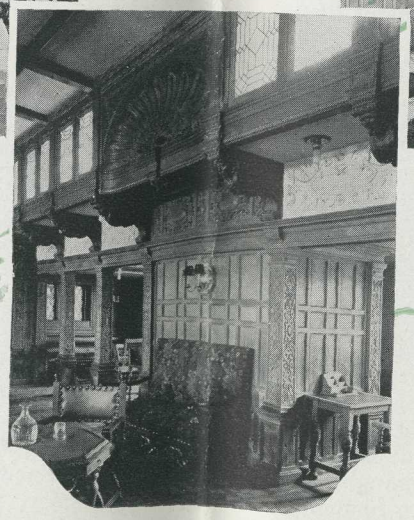
The personal service on these Canadian Pacific steamships is courteous, efficient and unobtrusive, both white and Asiatic stewards being employed. Hair-dressing parlors, a manicurist, laundries, dispensaries, a hospital, a public stenographer, a dark-room for photographers, and a moving-picture theatre are amongst some of the conveniences carried. Each ship carries an excellent Filipino orchestra that provides concerts and dance-music.

Excellent accommodation is found on board all the Empresses of the Pacific for second-cabin passengers.

We suggest that you ask us for a copy of our large companion booklet, "Empresses of the Pacific," containing a number of photographic scenes of the beautiful accommodation on board these steamships.

	Gross Registered Tonnage	Displacement Tonnage	Passenger Capacity First Class	Second Class
"Empress of Canada"	21,500	32,300	444	176
"Empress of Australia"	21,850	32,800	404	164
"Empress of Russia"	16,900	25,400	347	77
"Empress of Asia"	16,900	25,400	347	77





THE EMPRESSES OF THE PACIFIC

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

JAPAN CHINA
OVERLAND TOUR

The Canadian Pacific has arranged with the Government Railways of Japan and China for the sale of overland tickets, in connection with its ocean tickets, between Yokohama, Peking and Shanghai, in either direction.

This will enable passengers to visit the principal points of historical and scenic interest in Japan, Korea and China. The route is as follows:

Miles		
0	Yokohama	Imperial Government Railways of Japan
30	Kozu	
216	Nagoya	
311	Kyoto	
338	Osaka	
358	Kobe	
561	Miyajima	
687	Shimonoseki	
687	Shimonoseki	Imperial Gov. Steamer
837	Fusan	
1112	Seoul	South Manchuria Railway
1112	Seoul	
1421	Antung	
1591	Mukden	
1591	Mukden	Chinese Government Rly.
1849	Shanhaikuan	
2025	Tientsin East	
2109	Peking	
2193	Tientsin East	
2821	Pukow Ferry	
2824	Nanking	
3017	Shanghai	

There is also an optional route from Peking via Hankow:—

Miles		
0	Peking	Chinese Govt. Rly.
754	Hankow	
754	Hankow	Yangtze River Steamer.
1127	Nanking	
1339	Shanghai	

The Yangtze River steamers are very comfortable. They have large staterooms, smoking-rooms, and all the conveniences usually found in first class ships.

The time taken from Yokohama to Peking is about 96 hours—from Peking to Shanghai by all rail, about 36 hours—from Peking to Shanghai via Hankow about five days. Time tables will gladly be furnished by the Canadian Pacific.

Passengers holding first-class tickets on any Canadian Pacific steamship between Vancouver and Shanghai, in either direction, will be furnished with first-class tickets via Nanking or Hankow at a special rate and the surrender of lay-over check coupons.

Children over 4 and under 12, half fare.

Tickets are limited to 90 days, allow stop-overs, and include express train charges and transit duty. Meals and berths extra. Tickets include side trips from Yokohama to Tokyo, Kozu to Nara, and Miyajima to Miyajima Island. Side trip tickets from Tokyo to Nikko is additional.

No refund will be made on unused steamship transportation between Yokohama and Shanghai. Baggage may be forwarded by Canadian Pacific steamship between Yokohama and Shanghai without charge.

Tickets Interchanged with certain San Francisco Lines.

First-class tickets of the Canadian Pacific, Toyo Kisen Kaisha and Admiral Line are interchangeable at all ports. Such tickets issued for any of the "Empresses of the Pacific" between Vancouver and Hong Kong, or vice versa, are good on any steamship of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha or Admiral Line between points in the Orient upon notice to the Purser.

Distances.

(In nautical miles)

Vancouver to Yokohama	4,283
Yokohama to Kobe	347
Kobe to Nagasaki	384
Nagasaki to Shanghai	426
Shanghai to Hongkong	810
Kongkong to Manila	628
	6,878
Yokohama to Peking (overland route)	2,109*
Peking to Shanghai, via all-rail	908*

(*Land miles)

Baggage.

Trans-Pacific passengers are allowed 350 lbs. free baggage, which may be checked (and bonded if from or to a United States point) direct to or from Empress steamers.

In Japan and China the railways allow 160 lbs. free baggage. Excess rates are based on a sliding scale.

THE EMPRESSES OF THE PACIFIC

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

JAPAN—THE PHILIPPINES

Japan
(*Concluded from page 8*) takes her little paper lantern in hand, climbs at night to Mayasan Temple, and worships the mother of Buddha carved in ancient wood—one of the three hundred thousand pilgrims who keep in the ancient ways.

And here at Kobe, the second port-of-call in the Orient, the traveller may, if he will, again board the Empress steamer.

Miyajima Some will wish to 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, a dream island almost too lovely to be real. The waters are crystal clear, the breezes soft and 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 motives 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 his 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 astonishes the beholder. Nagasaki has streets of interesting shops that sell everything imaginable in tortoise shell—great lacy combs, intricate little jewel boxes, little feathery carved vanity mirrors that swing on long chains of tortoise shell links. Nagasaki has temples, too, and canals full of *sampans*, and nice hump-backed bridges.

Manila
(*Concluded from page 22*) 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 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.

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