

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES



**SAVE THE
POKER HANDS**

**"The purest
form in
which
tobacco can
be smoked"**

Lancet

As the day was fine and clear it was decided to cut off a few miles by going through Active Pass. This Pass is narrow between high hills, and is about three miles through from end to end, yet, with the tide running full we were a few short hair raising minutes making the run, and in less time than it takes to tell, we were out in the smooth sunlit waters of the Strait of Georgia.

With the tide pushing us along we quickly passed the mouth of the Fraser River and were soon between the high wooded cliffs of the Narrows at the entrance to Vancouver. At six-thirty on the evening of May 12th, after our long voyage of 6,766 miles we entered the harbour, just sixteen days ahead of the programme outlined for us.

As we sidled into a berth at the Canadian Pacific wharf, we realized with mingled feelings that the longest voyage any of us had ever taken in such a small boat, was over. Exactly thirty-seven days had elapsed since leaving Halifax.