

When they had nothing else to do, they watched the liners steaming through
The Narrows, in and out of port, with cargoes large of every sort,
From many Oriental climes; they told about them in their rhymes.
Along the beach at English Bay they spent a very joyful day.
They saw ships built of wood and steel, from mast and funnel to the keel,
While lumber mills of greatest size, to them were B. C.'s chief surprise.
"Vancouver is the fourth, you know, and then," said Bob, "it's growing so,
Its hustling people well may boast about its future on the coast."

They travelled in the best of style when crossing to Vancouver Isle.
The entrance to Victoria seemed more like a vision, something dreamed.
This port is at the Island's toe, while farther north is Nanaimo
With many mines and lumber mills, encircled by the timbered hills.
Before they left to settle down, they visited Prince Rupert town;
A brand new port that's growing fast, a natural harbor, unsurpassed,
And terminal that in years to come with industry will surely hum.
An ocean cruise of many miles took them around Queen Charlotte Isles.
The rabbits planned some future date (the season now was growing late)
To see the Yukon and its gold, and northern wonders yet untold.

And now that they had seen the West, they journeyed back to Banff, to rest.
Officials met them at the train to make them welcome and explain