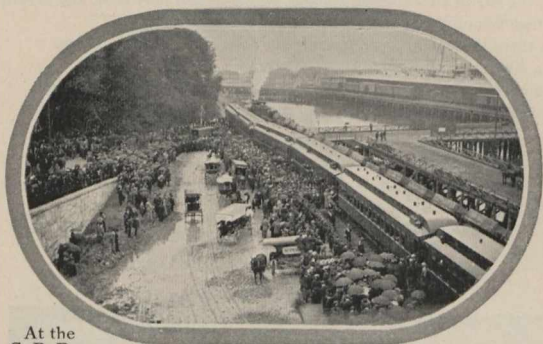


No one can quite withstand the fascination of the West. To follow the setting sun is almost an impulse, and once started, the traveller is lured on and on, until, reaching the shores of the Pacific itself, he realizes that, a step further, and "West is East and East is West."



At the
C. P. R.
Depot.

At this point, where the Canadian Pacific Railway terminates on the southern shore of Burrard inlet, flourishes the sixteen-year-old City of Vancouver. Commanding as it does the key to trade on the Pacific, as well as being the outlet for the products of the vast interior districts, its position, both from the standpoints of commercial utility and beauty, is unique.

Along the northern shore, as far as the eye can see, are snow-capped mountains, whose shaggy sides, varying in hue with every hour, slope towards the blue waters of the inlet, broad and placid; craft of all kinds crowd about the docks; to the west, the green of Stanley Park, and more blue, shimmering water, far stretching, with perhaps a great liner bound for the Far East or the South Seas fading on the horizon; to the south, the city itself rising fair and prosperous; a mist upon the mountains, hanging like a curtain of silvery gauze; blue sky, and a flood of brilliant sunshine; in the air an exhilarating sense of distance and freedom, which, for lack of a better name, people call "that Western feel."