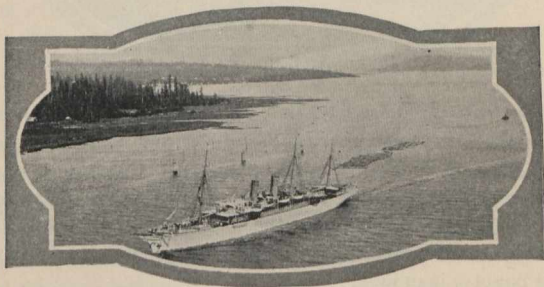


## Vancouver....

Do you know the blackened timber, do you know that racing stream,  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end,  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle, where a man may bask and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles 'round the bend?  
It is there that we are going, with our rods and reels and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out, and we must go!

And we go—go—go—away from here!  
On the other side of the world we're overdue!  
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret  
comes o'er you,  
And the Red Gods call for you.

—Kipling.



An Empress Liner.

FROM THE WEST comes the call, alluring, insistent, echoing across the vast American Continent to the far-off Islands of the Old Land,—and having once heard it, few there be who do not answer. So, into the roads that lead to the great Canadian West, stream sight-seers and fortune-builders; hunters of game, big and little; mountain-climbers and searchers for health resorts,—alike drawn to the land of magnificent distances, of undreamed-of beauties of sea and sky, mountain and river, the land of infinite resources and boundless possibilities.