

Vancouver

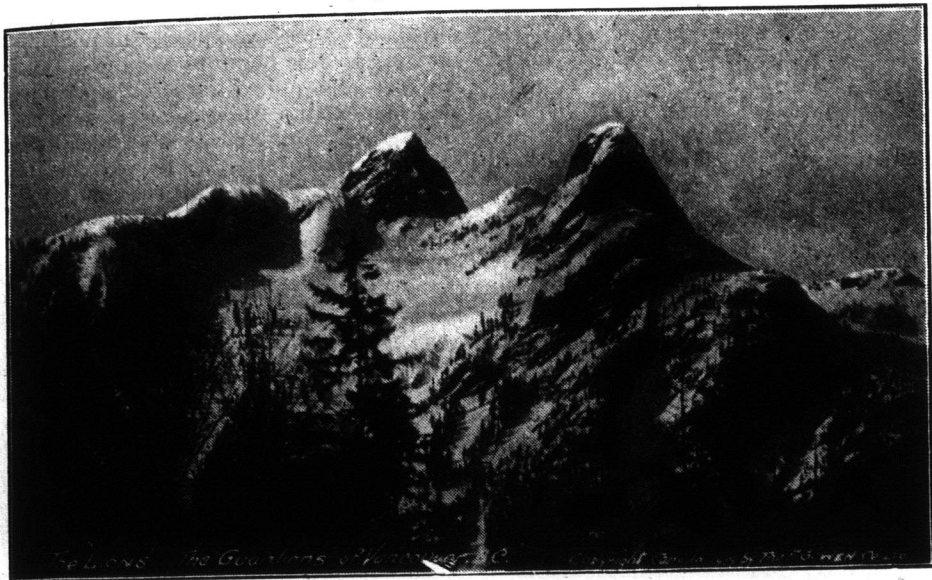
Written for The Western Home Monthly by Charlotte Gordon

Canadians have grown more and more appreciative of the richness and variety of the provinces of our Dominion, each with its own marked individuality, partly due to its traditions, partly to its location, and partly to its population. In British Columbia Nature seems to have compressed into a limited space the features of half a continent. Richly endowed by Nature with a wealth of forest, mine and stream, a land of lofty mountains and impetuous rivers, it passes in the procession of Canadian provinces as the great golden west of promise. Nature gave to its queen city, Vancouver, a site suggestive of a "manifest

beautiful homes with gardens of roses and gaily bordered paths. In these colorful delights, the charm of it all is easily understood.

Now one of the great seaports of the world, one of the most beautiful harbors, of sufficient extent to shelter all the navies of the world, and at her quays the seven seas meet. The harbor scenes are full of interest, and they are as suggestive as they are interesting where one may touch the alluring world beyond the Pacific.

Cosmopolitan are the throngs that crowd the streets. In the kaleidoscopic procession go the Chinese, Japanese,



The "Lions"—the guardians of Vancouver, B.C.

destiny," poised on the verge of a glorious waterway, the gateway to the silver reaches of the Pacific. There is a poetic fitness about it, the real Vancouver rests in its lovely setting on a green peninsula, the great, purple mountains across the Inlet, their snow-crests gleaming, the magnificent depths of Stanley Park, that wonderland of a thousand acres, always cool and fresh, and just beyond the beautiful waterways that lead to Vancouver Island the wide glory of the Gulf of Georgia. In the lovely serenity of the "Sleeping Beauty," in the grace and stateliness of the "Lions," on guard over the harbor, where you see the earliest hint of sun-

Hindu, the Indian, and men from all climes, but the white man predominates as does his civilization.

Nature has exhibited her wonders on a colossal scale, and Vancouver, essentially of the 20th century and impregnated with its optimism, is marked by its bigness of plan.

"I want'er 'ave a tooth drawn," said the youngster with the pugnacious face, "and I want gas."

"Tut! tut!" murmured the dentist. "You're not old enough for gas. And I see you're not afraid of a little pain. Be a man!"

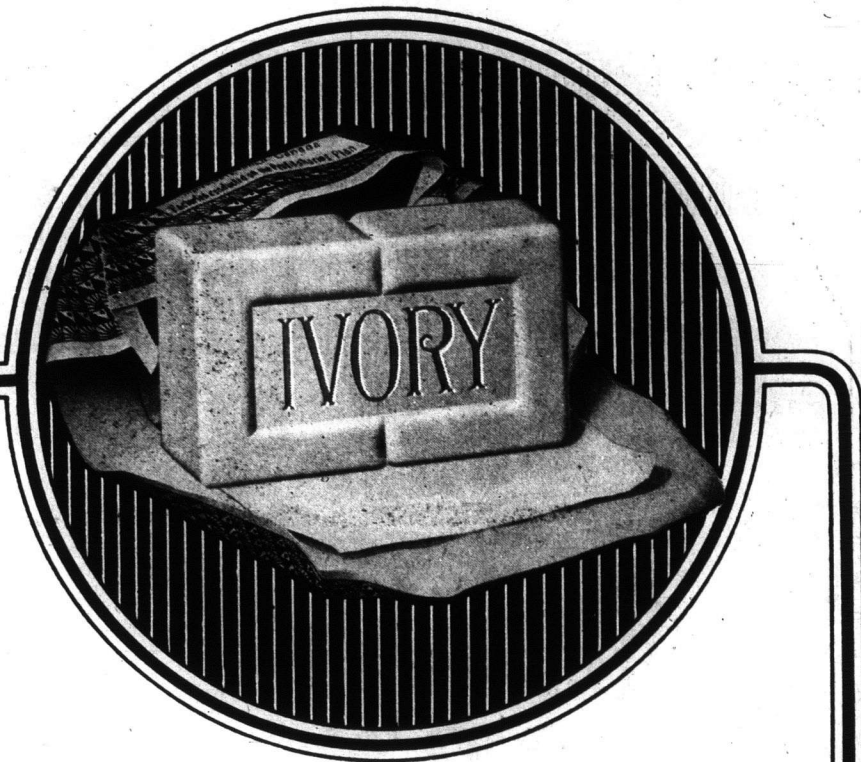


A corner of Stanley Park, Vancouver

rise or the last color of sunset. In the dignity and grandeur of the dark, brooding mountains beyond, that invite one to revel in their scenic beauty, there is unfolded a matchless panorama. As the western sun rests a brief moment on the peaks, painting the landscape with a wealth of golden color; as day dissolves gorgeously into sunset and softly into moonrise and the everlasting magic of the stars, the rare Nature picture in its exquisite setting is complete.

Who can complain of a lack of romance in this western world? Where stood the forests primeval a few years ago, now rise skyscrapers, handsome churches, splendid educational institutions and

"Those are all the kids I've fought and licked," explained the boy, "and they've all followed me here just to hear me holler. Gimme gas!"



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