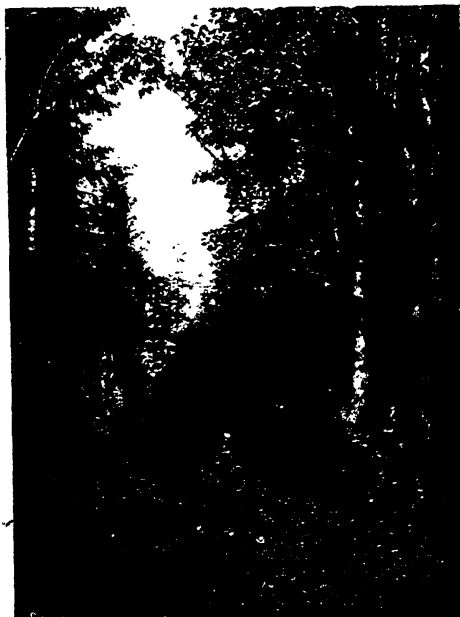


needles from the evergreen branches.

On past Siwash Rock we glided, curving in arched course towards the entrance of the Inlet, where to the right the juts of rock piled high up above each other against the blue sky, and to the left the land swept away northwards to the foot of Mount Crown. A swish—a swirl—and we were steaming into Vancouver Harbour on the bosom of a full tide, borne through the Narrows as in a triumphal progress by the mighty rush of waters; on past the Park and the Brockton Point Athletic Grounds, past the mouth of the Capilano River whose pure mountain waters supply the city's needs, until, with another turn, we rounded the lighthouse, and there before us lay, sun-steeped and placid, the far-famed Harbour of Vancouver.

Truly a magnificent panorama! A stretch of deep blue sea, varying from half-a-mile to three miles in width, the great maritime waters of Burrard Inlet, Canada's far-western port. Away to the east, beyond the city limits, the sea runs for twenty-four miles up inland, though the portion practically used as a harbour is approximately only two miles wide and three miles long, a goodly anchorage for ships of all tonnage. Here and there a sloop-rigged yacht flew over the glancing waves, and skiffs in plenty were passing hither and thither, rowed by those on pleasure bent, or sailed by fishermen bound on a whiting-catch or salmon-troll.

As I stood and gazed beyond all these, upon the city resting so peacefully beneath the summer sky, the undulating hills whereon it is situated, crowned with buildings an older town might well have envied, there sounded in my ears some shrill notes of a siren-whistle, quickly followed by that booming tone which denotes the departure of a large steamer; and presently there floated slowly away from her moorings at the dock the *Empress of India*, one of the Canadian Pacific liners which run between Vancouver, China and Japan. The huge white hull of the vessel, freshly painted, looked well in



VANCOUVER—STANLEY PARK IN AUTUMN.

keeping with the joyous noon-tide, and, as she rapidly approached our smaller craft, a full view could be obtained of her decks crowded with westward-bound passengers; and the magnificent sweep of her lines, together with a marked beauty of shape and proportion was presently noticeable.

Soon after reaching Vancouver I had an opportunity of going over one of the Trans-Pacific "Empresses," and was thus enabled to further note how excellent are all the equipments of these ships. Comfort has been thoroughly studied in every detail, and it were difficult to imagine anything more pleasant than to speed away across the ocean at the rate of eighteen knots an hour aboard the *Empress* of either *India*, *China*, or *Japan*. An immense saloon, a charming library fitted up with cosy-corners and writing-tables, splendid bath-rooms, light, airy cabins, and a first-rate table—what more can the heart of man (or woman either) desire upon a sea voyage?

In the waters of the harbour lie also the vessels of the Canadian-Australian Line, and steamers connecting Vancou-