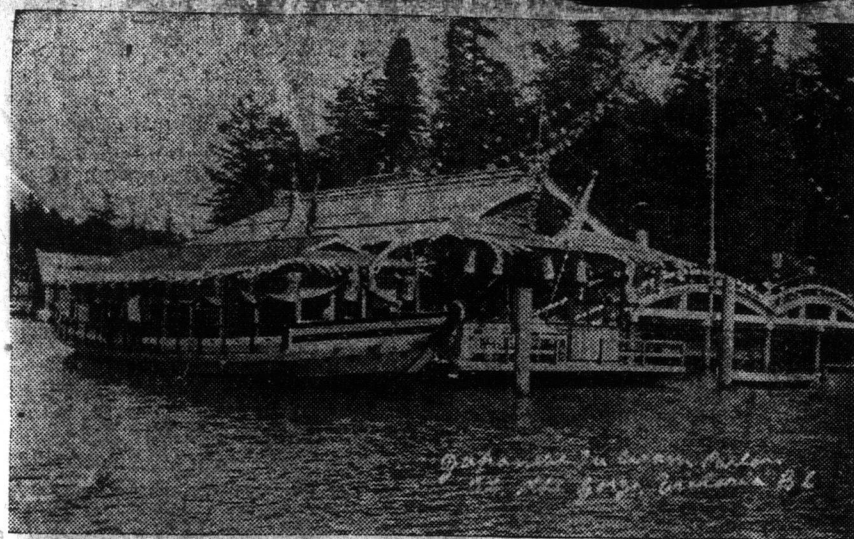
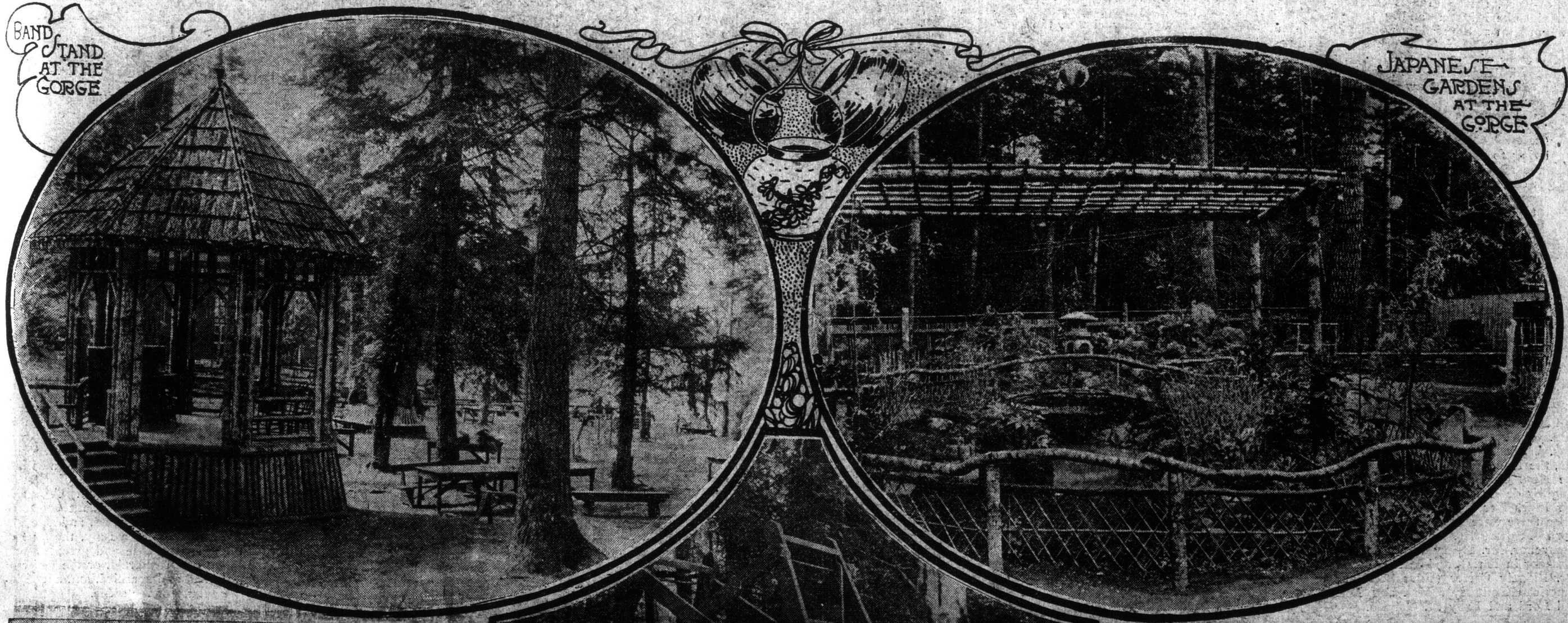
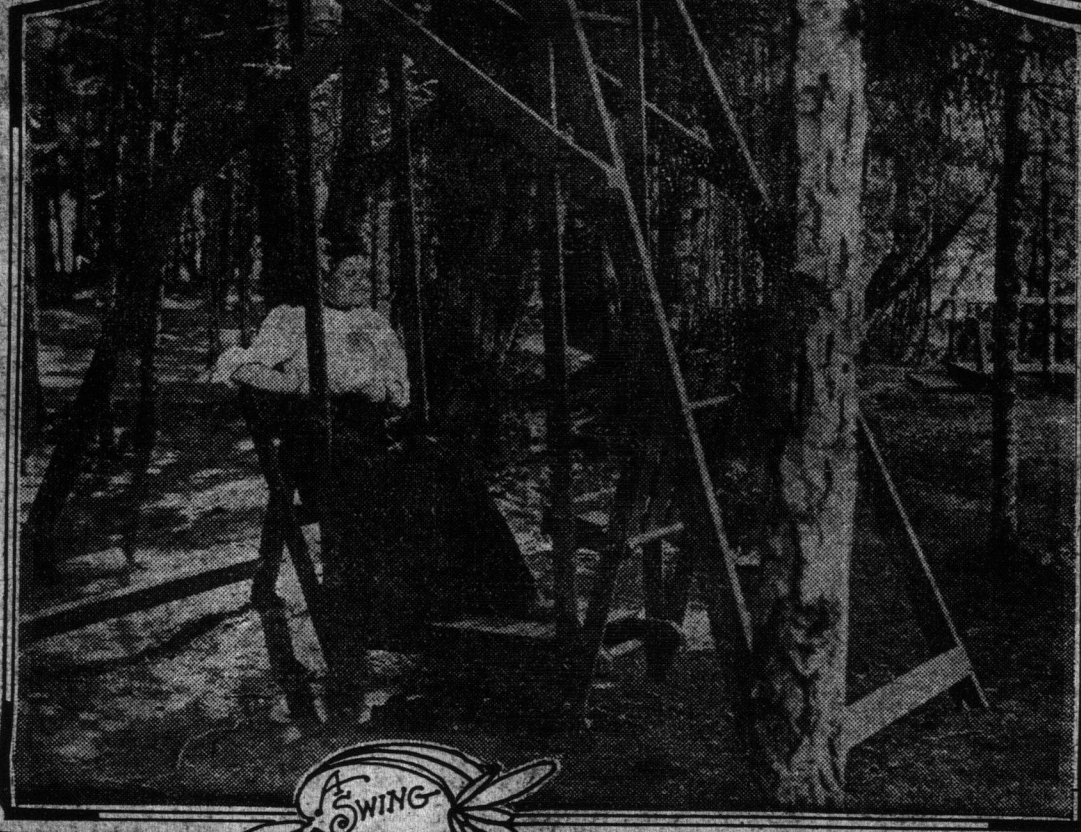


VICTORIA CITY VANCOUVER ISLAND

FIRST GLIMPSE OF CANADA'S GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT



JAPANESE ICE CREAM PARLORS AT THE GORGE



JAPANESE BRIDGE AT THE GORGE PARK

THE charm of the Gorge is intangible: it is volatile as a perfume. The elfish vistas seen by night beyond that illumined archway where the strings of incandescent lights flare the nearer firs with a light almost ghostly in contrast with the darkness beyond are fairy-like in their cloying beauty.

By day, the sunlit groves, the rippling iridescent waters where bathers merrily breast the incoming surge left in the wake of passing pleasure craft, especially when the warm color of a summer afternoon vests the tall firs; the Japanese gardens where iris blooms in the dampened squares and wistaria dangles from the bamboo trellisses and goldfish swim in little ponds and beneath tiny arched bridges with toro standing midst grottoes as 'twere the Kamiedo itself; the lantern decked pleasure boats and arched bridges balustraded and humped with the half-circles of the quaint bridges of old Japan, the Gorge is a charming place; and this charm is enhanced when the choruses of merriment are heard from the shaded glades where picnickers cluster and the glad laughter of children echoes back from the verdured groves. Day, especially the cooler hours of the afternoon, clothes the Gorge with beauty; but it is at night, the still, moonlit summer night, that the charm of the Gorge appeals most.

The pathway through the trees with its nooks and overhanging bowers, its rustic seats that jut over the bank, marked by faint-flickering lights leading to, where the mellow gleam of soft-hued paper lanterns show dimly from the wooded distance, is a walk for the nature-lover. At one side, part-screened by the trees, flows the Gorge, silvery blue, bordered by the darkened trees with their tops silhouetted against the clear summer sky, an unflashed blue. A half-circle of glittering lights fringe the Gorge bridge, stretched over the little canyon where the tides surge, where the singing of the waters is heard as they swish between the rocks, and where the foam rises at low water as the swift ebb leaps over the rock. The reflection paints a golden plane in which the shadowed canoeists, the oars-

men and launches show like bronze things bold in the gleam of the lights.

A faint strain of music is borne through the trees on the night wind, vying with the rustle of the leaves, the reverberation which cloy the woodman's heart as the southing wind sings its evanescent. The music is of

CHILDREN PLAYING ON THE BEACH

the orchestra in the park, whither the pathway leads. From the waters comes the soft drip of oars and a song floats up. Some boating

party is singing the chorus of a singer's song:

"All the world seems sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam."

The contradiction appeals to the wayfarer. This little world at the Gorge is far from sad or dreary. It is a beautiful spot; a retreat for a

worshipper of all that is beautiful in nature. A bamboo and plank palisade borders the left side of the path, and there, lit well by the hundreds of paper lanterns strung among the tall firs, a Japanese garden invites attention. Beneath a picturesque gateway the visitor enters a path, like the walk of a tea-house that is world famous four thousand miles away, in a land of tea-houses and temples. Wistaria is being trained to dangle from the same bamboo frames, and grottoes stand on the hillside with the quaint toro, the stone lanterns such as grace the moss-grown courtyards of old temples, nestled among the flowers beyond a small pond with goldfish, its borders flecked with flowers, with tiny bridges, and all the usual features of a garden such as would grace Nikko itself. Beyond are tea houses, ball games, a maze, and there is a little plantation where new bamboo is shooting up in little lanes. It is a place of flowers; a place of quaint contrasts.

From there the path quickly debouches into the park itself where there is so much for the eye. An orchestra is ensconced in the prettiest of rustic handstands at the fringe of the firs. The bathing house is dark; its company comes by day.

From the blue-black of the night, beyond the points where the trees jut at the furthest point of the little bay, beyond where the camp fires flicker in the darkness, a lantern lit boat nears the jetty where a temple-roofed building is both refreshment booth and landing stage. It is a boat which differs from those of the Occident; a yakata copied from the houseboats of far away Japan, and from the fringe of its wattled roof rows of lanterns are hung. A piano's music is heard faint over the water, and it is a merry throng that debarks to return to the park over the three little semi-circular arched bridges, whose balustrades show red in imitation of the famous red-lacquered bridge of the gods at Nikko.

It is a place of charm, a place where the glories of a British Columbia summer night, enhanced by the glorious manner in which nature and man have decked a beautiful spot, may be enjoyed to the uttermost. There are few places to vie with the Gorge about the Seven Seas.

QUEBEC