

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

A TRIP to Fiji sounds a little out of the way, yet it is perfectly possible to leave New York, have a stroll through the cocoa-groves of that spicy isle and be back inside of two months.

The Fiji Islands are one of the show places of the Pacific, and are passed on the voyage from Vancouver to Australia. They are mountainous and beautiful—hardly a level acre on one of them, and tropical vegetation growing strong and luxuriant on all the hills. Nothing can exceed the picturesqueness of the fibre-built huts nesting beneath bananas, oleanders and cocoa-palms. Those tropical plants are well worth seeing, with the bright-hued butterflies flitting among them.

Then there's the Government House with its cricket-ground next it—English without a doubt—and the Barracks close by with the native soldiers. But don't expect to see any redcoats there. Nature clad the Fijian in a sort of khaki from his birth, and with the British officers in white uniforms and the men in white kilts fringed at the bottom a little below the knee, a parade is as smart as it is original. They are a first-class fighting lot, all the same.

But after all you may never get to Fiji. You have to tear yourself away from Honolulu first, and it would not be at all strange if you preferred to stay in that romantic place.

What do you want on a holiday?

Society? Well, you have it here—a delightful little coterie, mainly American, bent on having a good time and generally succeeding. Who could be dull beneath that blue sky and bright sun, and in a climate that registered 89 as its highest and 57 as its lowest last year? There is nothing to interfere with charming walks and drives in all directions.

Of course everyone goes to the great "Pali," or precipice of Nuana. It is only six miles from Honolulu, and the view is marvellously beautiful. Think of a great ridge of rock running 20 miles across the island, with little villages and sugar-cane and rice fields stretching from its base to the yellow sands that bound the sea.

Three splendid heights, Mauna Loa, 13,675 feet; Mauna Kea, 13,805 feet; and Hualalai, 8,275 feet, rise in Hawaii almost straight from the sea, with no elevations near to take away from their bulk.

You have bathed before? Of course you have; but speak not of Atlantic City or even Los Angeles in the same breath as Honolulu. For here there are miles of firm warm sands and miles of lovely coral reefs, and the surf comes rolling in in splendid waves that seem miles long, too.

The natives have a sport of their own, which any good swimmer may try. They call it surf-riding, and it is a sort of tobogganing over the waves. They swim out to sea with a little bit of a board, get astride it and let the waves carry them in. It is a most exciting sport and not so dangerous as it looks, as the Hawaiian waters have a good deal more buoyancy than the sea in other places.

Then there are the wonderful moonlight bathing parties in water rarely below 75 degrees.

We must not stay all the time at Hawaii, however—more's the pity—and the good steamer sails on past Fiji, till Australia comes in sight. We first call at Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, and end our voyage at Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, and one of the most lovely harbors in the world.

It is a great country this Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth in the Antipodes, and any one with a taste for politics will find much to interest him there. In cricket the Australian is at least equal of his English cousin, and his horses are known everywhere. There are not many people would refuse a chance to see the Melbourne cup won, were it offered them.

Then it is easy to get to New Zealand from Australia or Fiji. In its interior are all manner of mountains and waterfalls, glaciers and geysers, and its rocky coast line with its deep, narrow inlets may only be compared to the fiords of Norway and British Columbia.

Go aboard one of the Canadian-Australian liners that sail from Vancouver every four weeks. In eight days you will be at Honolulu, in eighteen at Fiji, and it's only five days from there to Brisbane and a week to Sydney.

It is a most enjoyable trip the whole way. The sea is calm, the days warm and no worry can bother much, as the throbbing screw drives the ship peacefully on



A DATE-PALM AVENUE

over an apparently boundless, blue ocean. Remember, to reach Vancouver the Canadian Pacific Railway takes you through magnificent mountain scenery. Stop over a day or two at the Sanitarium Hotel at Banff, where there is a regular carnival of winter sports this year, or at Field and Glacier, and be on the lookout for a bargain in furs from the trappers who live all the winter in the mountains.

In any case you will enjoy yourself in the scenery and exhilarating air, and prepare yourself by the very force of contrast for a fuller appreciation of the **SUNNY SOUTHERN SEAS.**



RAINBOW FALLS, HILO