The middle of the five-year Indian tour usually provides opportunity for that much anticipated home leave which comes as a mental and physical change from the routine of life in the East. How many avail themselves to the full of the period allowed "ex-India"? The majority direct their thoughts homewards the way they have come out, and from Bombay proceed along the stereotyped route via the Suez Canal. But after all the world is round, and why not go the other way? The Government has already taken one over a very considerable part of the circuit of the globe. To continue eastwards and explore as far as circumstances permit the wonders of the Far East and the New World is the logical outcome. Considerations of time and cost might appear to exclude any possibility of carrying this out, but the organization of world travel is now so excellent that it is practicable to visit the greater part of the Far East and Canada and reach home within seven weeks of leaving India, and at a cost which is by no means excessive.

The best time of the year in which to undertake this tour is that of the late spring or early summer, because proceeding via Canada in preference to the United States one takes advantage of the smaller circumference of the earth at the more northerly level, and at these latitudes the winter is extremely cold. The writer having previously booked through Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son and the Canadian Pacific Railway, started on this journey from Rangoon in the middle of April last year, visiting the various countries at the best season of the year.

The humid heat of Rangoon's hottest month was tempered by a cooling breeze, and the fierce light of a Burmese sun obscured by welcome clouds as the launch dropped down the river on her way to meet the s.s. "Elephanta," anchored in mid-stream in readiness to sail for southern seas. The vague outline of the port, the numerous steamships at their moorings, the scurrying to and fro of powerful little tugs, the never-ending rows of timber rafts, all gradually merged into a picture of haze and uncertainty, and one's eye rested for the last time on the great golden glare of the Shway Dagon Pagoda, now softened by the increasing mist and mellowed by the fading light of a Burmese sunset. The anchor was weighed, the thick yellow mud churned up and the journey commenced.

If one's thoughts at this time were tending to stray far from home they
were rudely jerked back by a remark made by one's cabin companion, who
on reading all the labels announced that he wished that he were going that
way, for he lived within a few miles of the destination shown on the
address. The strangeness of coincidence was however immediately diverted
by the sudden arrival via the open port-hole of a lighted cigarette, which
was now actively engaged in burning a pair of pyjamas on which it had
come to rest. The immediate removal of the offending flame by the way
it had come prevented a serious situation and conversation turned on the
general carelessness of one's fellow-passengers.

The ship chunked her way down alternating reaches of curve and
straight, and by midnight approached the pilot brig at the mouth of the
river. The pilot was dropped and the ship, turning to meet the Southern
Cross, proceeded on her way to Malaya.

The course lay close to the coast and on the port were views of the
jungle-clad islands of the Mergui Archipelago, and ever and anon the
placid surface of the tropic waters was broken by the silvered scurry of
flying fish or the steady rise and fall of porpoises at play.

As so often happens in these parts, our full complement of deck
passengers proved somewhat of a complication. It should be remembered
that all the shipping companies engaged in Indian coastal trade carry for
very small sums great numbers of native passengers who are allotted as
much area of deck as is occupied by their bedding. On this occasion we
had Hindus and Moslems who beguiled the passing hour by an increasingly
hostile discussion on the merits of their respective religions. Matters were
at any rate temporarily settled by the sudden expression of a common fear.
An Indian gentleman travelling on behalf of a local fair had amongst his
personal effects a large female panther with two cubs. During the second
night the animal gradually worked the bars of its wooden cage so loose that
its shoulder was almost through, and attracted by the prospect of flesh on
the grand scale was making every effort to reach the deck passengers.
Inquiries revealed the curious fact that none of the ship's officers nor any
of the passengers possessed a revolver, and the only solution to a problem
of immediate danger was to cast the cage into the sea. It would be interest-
ing to know how the matter was settled financially and whether any
compensation was paid.

On the morning of the third day the ship dropped anchor in the narrow
strait between the mountain island of Penang and the mainland of the
Malay Peninsula. Penang is perhaps the most beautiful of all our eastern
settlements; it is certainly one of the oldest and came into our possession
as one of the Spice Islands, having been "acquired" in the days of the
East India Company by the payment to the ruling sultan of a small
annuity. On landing one is offered the free services of an ex-soldier
employed by the town to advise visitors on sightseeing, assistance with the
short time at our disposal we were glad to accept.

The port of George Town is on the only large area of level ground; the
remainder of the island consists of a series of tree-covered hills rising to a height of about 4,000 feet. A hill railway takes one to the summit from which a great panorama of sea and mainland can be obtained. Villas and hotels occupy the irregular ground of the summit, and through gaps in the luxuriant foliage can be seen, several thousand feet below, great coconut plantations and many acres of rubber. Winding walks and occasional seats afford in this languorous climate ample opportunity of viewing without exertion endless scenes of tropic beauty, whether of verdant land or shimmering sea, in an island which nature has endowed with a generous hand. In this delightful spot the wealth of scenery is no less the wealth of commerce, for the coconut and rubber plantations and the unending variety of palms all have their market value and are a source of considerable revenue to their owners and to the State.

Lunch at the principal hotel was noteworthy for the fact that having left India we were no longer served with finger bowls, a fact which we noticed throughout the Far East. Here a local resident indicating with tremulous hand the details of Province Wellesley, stretched in vast panorama below, insisted on correcting our pronunciation of the names of certain rubber estates, and would have doubtless improved our local knowledge both of geography and rubber had our time been unlimited and his sobriety unquestioned.

At the foot of the hill railway a taxi ordered by our friend the ex-soldier was in attendance, and in this somewhat antiquated conveyance we were driven for thirty miles round the island. An hour's delay caused by a burst tyre and the absence of a spare wheel which would function threatened to curtail our sight-seeing, but sufficient time was left to complete the circuit of a drive which included the greater part of the palm-fringed coast and a couple of mountain passes of surprising grandeur. A short visit was made on the return to a roadside temple where snakes in stone and snakes in flesh united in immobile welcome. After tea, at a hotel alongside the sea, we watched the sunset from the terrace and with regrets at the shortness of our stay betook ourselves by rickshaw to the station. Penang is unique in that it possesses a railway station complete in every detail save that of trains, for the railway is on the mainland opposite and instead of entering a railway carriage we embarked on a steam ferry. On reaching the mainland we entered the Singapore Express which was waiting, and in a drenching storm of rain our journey was commenced. The railways like everything else in this country are very well run, and after dinner in the restaurant car we turned into our bunks in a small but comfortable wagon-lit.

By 6 the next morning we had arrived at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States. Here a great white mosque and the Moslem architecture of the railway station proclaim the religion of the Malay. The distance from Penang to Singapore is about 500 miles, of which about 300 were covered in daylight. From now onwards our way
was through an endless succession of rubber estates, and we were never out of sight of them till darkness overtook us in the suburbs of Singapore. Mile after mile came views of ordered and carefully kept estates, the trees planted in straight and parallel lines, the ground well weeded and barbed wire and whitewashed stones indicating the boundaries. Now and then a plantation would pass where weeds and rubbish lay thick under foot, and native ownership would be obtruded on one's notice. Station after station of neat stone buildings and lawn-like platforms with grass of an emerald green which show the orderly mind and efficiency of administration of this colony. The names of the stations as we flashed past would recall the list of rubber quotations in the Stock Exchange list in the Times, in fact many of the names are the same. All day long, from 6 in the morning to 6 at night, came evidences of this vast industry, and one can well believe that three-quarters of the world's rubber is grown in Malaya, and the number of people must be legion who owe wealth and prosperity to the pioneer enterprise of Sir Henry Wickham and his ship-load of seeds from the Amazon.

Occasionally one saw virgin jungle, that vast vegetative struggle for supremacy where tree and twining tendril obscure the sky and dense undergrowth obstructs the path of man and beast. Further south were clearings of the forest in preparation for new plantations; first the felling of mighty trees and then the burning of stumps and undergrowth before the young trees can start on their seven long years to maturity.

By 6 p.m. with a darkening sky Johore was reached, and in the fading light the express ran over the long causeway with sea on each side and the naval dockyard only hidden by a headland, on to the northern end of the island of Singapore. In a place so essentially associated with shipping one had never visualized an arrival by train, and this was due to the recent completion of the causeway which allows trains from Penang and even far off Bangkok to run through to the Singapore terminus.

Two days and nights allowed of a fair amount of sightseeing and a visit to the Military Hospital at Tanglin Barracks, where one was welcomed by two officers of the Corps. Singapore has a very attractive setting with many beautiful parks and gardens, fine wide streets and many handsome public buildings. The Further East is suggested by a multitude of native boats in which live thousands of Chinese, and the waterway of a wide stream is almost completely occluded. The population of Singapore is mixed; Europeans of all nationalities are much in evidence. Chinese and Malay compete for predominance, the former coming in large numbers and performing all manner of work, while the latter give up the struggle and retire to village life in the interior. The police are Indian and are kept busy on point duty dealing with an ever-increasing traffic, from the native rickshaw to the European saloon. The shopping centre of Singapore is Raffles Square, named in honour of the great Empire builder L. B. Clarke
who, despite continued opposition from home, secured in distant days the possession of this naval and mercantile key to the far East.

The journey onwards was continued by the s.s. "Atsuta Maru" of the Japanese Mail Line, the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, plying from London to Yokohama. The Japanese have little to learn in catering for the travelling public, and many of our own shipping lines could with advantage study their organization and copy their example in providing for their passengers a similar high standard of comfort and luxury. The dining saloon on the first night was a perfect bower of flowers from Java, an Arabian Nights' scene of tropical splendour. The food was European, the cooking French, and there were many Japanese dishes as alternatives. It should be explained that one was generally advised as to which variety of Japanese delicacy was considered suitable for Europeans, and bird's nest soup proved an interesting and palatable experiment.

The ship sailed at sunset from the deep water dock, and very impressive were the views of the harbour and town and the numerous small islands off the coast as we gradually passed to the open sea, and thousands of Singapore lights gradually appeared against a background of red and orange afterglow. For a time our course lay east, and then rounding the tip of the Malay Peninsula, the ship turned her back on the Southern Cross and headed north for the China Sea.

French Indo-China, a passing Chinese junk, dances, an open-air swimming bath were details in a five days' voyage of perfect calm. Perhaps the most interesting event was the ship's cinema which, in addition to the ordinary features of such entertainments, showed several films of Japan which added to one's knowledge of the country and increased one's desire to visit it. Whilst the majority of the passengers were English many nations were represented; one met in the swimming bath the Turkish Minister to Tokyo and was assisted into one's life-belt at drill time by a distinguished Japanese admiral.

Hong Kong, which was reached in the early morning, is too well known to many readers of the Journal to warrant any description. The ship moored alongside the ocean docks at Kowloon and soon afterwards we crossed by ferry to the Island. At this time great numbers of Chinese from Canton and other centres of local warfare had sought the peace and security of British territory, and this influx from the mainland tended to aggravate the already serious shortage of water.

A walk round the chief shopping streets afforded an insight into the dwellings and customs of the Chinese and the great business houses and hotels of the Europeans, and everywhere there was evidence of prosperity. In Hong Kong the curio sellers are easily amenable to bargaining, and it is interesting to note that prices are doubled on the arrival of the luxury liners from America. Fortunately it was an off-day, and the prices of various articles which we purchased were very reasonable.

A bathe at Repulse Bay in beautiful clear blue water in a perfect setting
of scenery was followed by an adjournment to the hotel for lunch. Here a pleasant surprise awaited one in the chance meeting with an officer of the Corps who promptly issued an invitation to lunch. In the evening, on return by ferry to Kowloon, one was interested in reading the various typhoon warnings and felt thankful that this was not the season. The new Peninsular Hotel at Kowloon had been recommended and it proved the last word in American hotel organization and comfort. A second day spent in rambling round the old streets of Hong Kong added to the impressions of the first, and in the evening we embarked on the Canadian Pacific liner the "Empress of Russia," on the long run to Vancouver. The Empress liners are famed throughout the Pacific, and hold the record in this ocean for size, speed and comfort, and their graceful lines, white hulls and yellow funnels made them the most conspicuous and dignified landmarks in any harbour they visit.

We left Hong Kong at daybreak and gradually felt our way out of the winding channel, steering between great irregular hills on each side. The China coast was followed and vast mountain chains stood out in sombre background against the bright and cheerful colours. In these parts piracy is ever possible, and the Empress liner, as a British mail boat, still carries as far as Shanghai an armed escort of an officer and twenty men. The consequence is that all the wealthy Chinese patronize these boats, and there were in the first class large numbers who had sought the protection of British arms against their more predatory compatriots. The two days' run to Shanghai was, however, devoid of incident. Calm weather and fog, with a colder temperature, were the chief features, and late in the evening of the second day we turned abruptly to port, and with innumerable lights on each side just like that of a street entered the great waterway of the Yangtse Kiang. In the morning the ship was slowly steaming up the muddy water of the Wusung River, and at nine o'clock anchored below the Bund of Shanghai.

The weather was very cold by comparison with Hong Kong, great coats were the order of the day, and for the first time for several years one saw British soldiers wearing serge. Shanghai is a great town with much activity and many nationalities, and many types even of Chinese, all possessed with a sense of ceaseless and hurried movement; or else it was the cold which urged them on. A visit to the British Military Hospital and a renewal of old acquaintances stand out in one's memory, as do also an introduction to the world's longest bar in the Shanghai Club and lunch with one of our officers in the grill room below. The public buildings on the Bund, the Nanking Road, the Racecourse and the Hotel Majestic, all described in detail in the London Press at the time of the occupation, require but passing reference. An interesting day was brought to a close by the arrival on the ship of the various purchases which had been made and an adjustment of one's kit to accommodate them.

Shanghai was left that night and the course set for Japan. In the
Yellow Sea, aptly named for its colour, somewhat unpleasant corkscrew movement was experienced and one was thankful not to be on a small ship. Two days later daybreak found us in the beautiful land-locked harbour of Nagasaki, and only persistent warnings prevented the snapshotting of many a charming view, for here in Japanese fortified waters no photographs are allowed.

Landing took place in the brilliant sunshine of a Japanese spring, full of life and colour and cheerfulness. A rickshaw ride through the town, conspicuous for its lack of interest, took one to a picturesque park on the side of a hill. Japan is essentially a country of small things, small people, small hills, trees and houses, but many of them. This wonderful semi-artificial park with its diminutive trees and shrubs, its throngs of gaily-dressed people, all in gala attire, for it was a holiday, looked over a great expanse of hilly country, and away in the distance were the blue waters of the bay across which Madame Butterfly looked so long in vain for her expected lover. One soon realized that the vast crowds in their dainty dresses and all the merry little children were heading towards a central rendezvous, and here one found was about to be staged one of the most interesting ceremonies in Japan, that of the Armistice Day for the Russo-Japanese War, a day of more importance to them than that which ended the Great War.

In a wide open space bordered by azaleas and wisterias was set a long altar table with bread and fruit and fishes, and in front were many rows of chairs facing one another across a central aisle, as in the transept of a church. The audience were taking their seats, the Mayor and Corporation in frock coats and silk hats, admirals and generals and other officers in full uniform, soldiers and sailors and Boy Scouts, and a great concourse of civilians. Presently a gong was sounded, the audience rose to their feet, and to the measured beat of unseen drums entered a procession of tall and dignified priests in long white robes and preceded by the chief priest wearing a head-dress like that of the Mikado, in fact the whole scene was Gilbert and Sullivan in real life and its native setting. Various ceremonies were carried out, including the blessing of the bread on the altar and the benediction of the audience, all in truly mediæval style. It was a matter of some satisfaction to have witnessed such an occasion, for nowadays in this land of intense industrialism the picturesque is rapidly receding into the past.

On our return to the town a visit was made to a Japanese tea-house, and here in a gilt and cedar-wood room with paper windows was performed for our benefit the butterfly dance of the smiling geishas, while the audience sat on golden cushions and drank from dainty porcelain cups a foul mixture of acrid green tea.

The next day the “Empress of Russia” was well out to sea, and sailing north to the main island passed over the scene of the Battle of Tsushima where the Baltic Fleet, after its long inglorious journey, fell to the mercy
of Admiral Togo. In the late afternoon Shimonosiki was passed, and the ship entered the narrow channel forming the entrance to the famous Inland Sea of Japan. The weather was cold and the sky overcast and visibility poor, but close at hand were views of many towns, and here and there quaint rocky islands with Shinto temples. In the morning we were moored alongside the quay at the port of Kobe. Here, by arrangement with the C.P.R., one could leave the ship and proceed by train to Tokyo.

A short rickshaw ride to the station enabled one to catch the Tokyo Express, and at about nine o'clock a 400-mile journey through nearly the entire length of the southern coast of Japan was started in the observation car of a very fast and comfortable train. Many places of interest were passed, including Osaka, the former capital and now a great manufacturing town, Kyoto, famed for its cherry blossom, and Nagoya for its porcelain and pottery. In the afternoon we approached the sea and for many miles ran alongside, winding in and out of beautiful bays with clean white sand, and then leaving the coast the train climbed gradually about a thousand feet up on to a high mountainous tableland close to Fujiyama, now obscured in cloud, and then dropping down to the other side past Alpine scenery on a considerable scale, we encountered tunnels and high bridges alternating in rapid succession, and darkness came on as we approached the outer suburbs of Yokohama.

From here onwards to Tokyo there are four tracks of rails, and electric trains maintain a local service as frequent as in London. The distance is only eighteen miles, and it is almost continuous town, and in this compact urban area lives a population not far short of that of the entire Dominion of Canada.

We reached Tokyo Central Station at about 8 p.m. and proceeded to the Imperial Hotel, the only hotel which stood the earthquake of five years previously. It is an amazing structure. It is difficult to place its architecture. It is certainly not Japanese, but resembles the Assyrian style more than anything else. The architect was an American, and is said to have built the hotel and become mad. Critics reverse this order; however, it is worth visiting Tokyo just to see this extraordinary building. A wide courtyard with a large ornamental pond leads to the entrance, and once inside one is confronted with yellow stucco walls with low ceilings in the same colour and material, twisting corridors with subdued lights where one gets lost, grottoes and sitting-out corners with still less light, and a large low-roofed dining-room of grotesque design with kaleidoscopic chandeliers under which during dinner and dances multi-coloured lights emphasize the bizarre effect. The bedrooms are all decorated with iridescent yellow walls, have cedar-wood furniture and beds and gilt fittings, and the adjacent bathrooms contain sunken mosaic Roman baths. Underneath the hotel runs a street of shops where all one's business can be done, from purchasing oriental curios to sending a cable home.

The next morning a long and interesting tour of the city was carried
out. Tokyo is largely rebuilt and lofty buildings in the business quarter are a feature of the modern town. The lesson of the earthquakes has been learnt, and nearly all old Tokyo consisting of wooden buildings made of matchwood, an easy prey to earth tremors and fire, has given place to a great new city of ferro-concrete, more ferro than concrete, for the width of the girders is greater than that of the concrete between. Wide avenues are being constructed and planted with double rows of quick-growing trees, and in a short time Tokyo will rival any of the capitals of Europe.

The Royal Palace is situated in a large park in the centre of the town. It is surrounded by a moat, and the main entrance, over an artistic wooden bridge, is guarded by sentries. The palace is old and built of wood. A new one was built a few years ago, a magnificent one resembling Versailles or Fontainebleau, but as its architects could not guarantee that it was earthquake-proof, it was handed over to the Dowager Empress.

Numerous parks with famous temples were seen, all well kept and of great size. Houses of well-known people were passed, that of Prince Chichibu and a small villa occupied by Admiral Togo deserving mention. The shopping centre is the Ginza, an eastern Rue de la Paix, now nearly rebuilt.

The Japanese strike one as being very alert and business-like, and although their skin is of a sallow colour, both men and women have bright pink complexions, and the small babies are living Japanese dolls. The traffic in the streets is considerable, but the motors are few; only one English car was seen and that was a Morris four-seater. The problem of congestion has not yet reached Japan, for the roads are bad and the taxes high.

The next day one was able to see more of Tokyo and then take an electric train to Yokohama. Here the "Empress of Russia" had arrived and was moored with three other large liners to the new quay. The sailing of the C.P.R. boat every three weeks is the chief event in the lives of the English and American residents, and long accounts appear in the two daily English papers. It was at such a time five years previously when the Empress boat had just cast her moorings that the great earthquake took place and a great loss of life occurred amongst the hundreds of people collected on the quay. Yokohama, like its sister town the capital, is almost entirely rebuilt and the public buildings are on a large scale.

At 3 p.m., with bands playing and flags flying and a network of coloured streamers connecting ship with shore, the liner started on her 4,300 miles crossing of the Pacific. In the outer harbour a British cruiser was lying, H.M.S. "Suffolk," which had just conveyed the Garter Mission to Japan.

Out at sea destroyers of the Japanese Navy were passed and in a short time our course was set in a north-easterly direction for the far north of the Pacific. The nearest route from Yokohama to Vancouver is not the straight line drawn on the maps of our school geographies, but, owing to the shape of the earth, a curved line like an inverted bow with the most northerly
point close to the Aleutian Islands. In this way several hundreds of miles are saved.

Our cargo was chiefly silk, and it is interesting to learn why we should be carrying such a commodity on a fast ocean liner. The reason is this: the chief export from Japan is silk, its destination is New York, it is somewhat perishable and easily damaged. It is therefore carried in the fastest trans-Pacific ships. At Vancouver a special train awaits the incoming liner and starts immediately the silk is loaded. It is the fastest long-distance train in the North American continent, relays of engines being used and all other traffic giving way, and New York is reached in the shortest possible time. Failure to arrive on time entails great loss of money.

A striking insight into international trade is seen in this export of silk. The Japanese are mostly a rice-eating people. Their country is mostly mountainous. Rice grows only in flat country under water. Therefore the greater part of their rice has to be imported. Most of this comes from Burma, and the money required to pay for this is just about equal to that received from exporting silk to New York. The American dollars received by Japan are therefore spent in Burma, and so we all become more or less dependent on one another.

The C.F.R. service across the Pacific is carried out by ships specially constructed for speed. They have four propellers which maintain a speed of twenty knots, and yet so carefully are the ships designed that no vibration nor sound is perceptible at any time.

The great distance is covered in nine days, to be more precise ten actual days, for crossing the 180th meridian of longitude one reaches that part of the world where the day arbitrarily commences and an extra day has to be spent to counteract the continual putting forward of one's watches, and so one passes from the Far East to the Far West. Meridian Day was spent between May 13 and 14, and was celebrated by a fancy dress dance. A wireless home from mid-Pacific traversed the Arctic regions.

The C.P.R. have a very great reputation for looking after their passengers, and the "Empress of Russia" more than upheld the high traditions of a famous line. The cabins are fitted with ordinary beds and are provided with electric radiators, hot-water pipes and hot and cold water. Most of the rooms are fitted with large windows, which open and close with a large brass handle which is kept by the Chinese cabin-boy. In a neighbouring cabin were travelling two ladies, one a firm believer in fresh air, the other equally opposed to it. Each time one went out the other rang the bell for the boy and the window had to be adjusted. After a time this boy always took the handle with him, as he realized that whenever the bell sounded the window would have either to be opened or shut. In the colder days of the North Pacific he was kept busy.

The deck space is of considerable extent, the organization of games is on a big scale and the catering embarrasses one with its extent and variety,
no less than fifty-two numbered items appearing on the breakfast menu. A Philippino dance band plays during meals and at night there is either a dance or a cinema performance. The latter is a special feature of the line and some interesting and beautiful films were shown of the scenic splendours of the C.P.R. route through Canada.

In the steerage we carried about two hundred emigrants from Manila en route to the United States, some being students and the remainder destined for manual labour on the sugar plantations of the South. It was apparent that they were feeling the cold very greatly, for their clothing was only suitable for the tropics, and unfortunately two of them died of pneumonia and were buried at sea. As the bodies were committed to the water flags were lowered, the helm was turned slightly, the engines stopped for fifteen seconds, and the great ship continued on her course.

The ten days passed very quickly, the weather was cold, but the sea calm most of the way, and although so far from land one never had the feeling of distance, and nearly every day there were small migrating birds resting on masts and rigging. A daily paper enabled one to keep in touch with the outer world, and one was thrilled to read of an operation on an ex-boxer’s wife and the third divorce and fourth marriage of a high light of Hollywood.

On the ninth day the air underwent that subtle, indefinable change known so well to mariners on the approach of land, and a few hours later there gradually appeared on our port bow the faint outline of snow-capped mountains and, with nearer view, a vast panorama of the Island of Vancouver. Presently a small fishing boat was passed, the first vessel seen since leaving Japan, and by dusk we were within British territorial waters and the long journey of the Pacific was concluded.

Before we were out of bed the next morning, and before even the ship had come to port, letters and cables were brought to our cabins, the first association with home via the West. One was curious to know how they had reached us, and we learnt that they had been brought on board by the pilot. At breakfast time the ship was moored alongside the quay at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, situated on the southern extremity of the island of Vancouver. Only an hour was available in which to leave the ship, but it was worth while to do so if only to set foot for the first time in the New World, to stretch one’s legs and take some photographs. The scene was no longer that of the East, there were no natives thronging the pier, no scenes of oriental colour, but just plain, ordinary looking people such as one sees at home and in a setting which was as English as the people.

The five-hour run through the Strait of San Juan de Fuca and between the numerous islands of this famous passage, with Canada on one side and the United States on the other, was of absorbing interest. Here was none of the diminutive toy-like scenery of Japan, but great mountain chains rose on either hand, and to the water’s edge descended hills of no mean size densely covered with giant conifers.
The C.P.R. organization was again exemplified during this short run, and from Victoria to Vancouver one could do nearly all one's business with the officials who came on board. In the various public rooms were seen Customs' representatives of both Canada and the United States, according to your destination, money changers, telegraphists, officials who would arrange your tour in Canada, book your train, your sleeper, your hotel, your sightseeing tours, book you onwards across the Atlantic, and even take all your heavy kit and bond it through free of charge to your cabin in the steamer at Quebec.

Soon after lunch we entered the narrow waters between the look-out point of Stanley Park on the right and the snow-capped range of Grouse Mountain on the left. Then turning to the right the ship steered towards the new ocean pier which lay at the foot of the small hill on which is built the centre of the great city of Vancouver. All our arrangements having been completed, farewells were made to shipboard friends and to the "Empress of Russia," which had brought us safely on the long journey from Hong Kong. Customs' examination and passport scrutiny took some time, for we were all regarded as immigrants and had to declare on the appropriate forms that we could read and write, had not been previously refused admission to nor deported from Canada, and that we had so much money actually in our possession. The arrival of the Empress liner affords every three weeks a pleasant Saturday afternoon's attraction, and the crowds that watched our departure to the hotel were numerous. It was again very noticeable that here were English crowds with English-looking and English-speaking people, and one could well realize what one had so often heard that British Columbia, and especially Vancouver, are the most English parts of the overseas Empire. Anyway we felt at home, or nearly so.

The Vancouver Hotel is owned by the C.P.R., and from the garden on the roof can be obtained a view of exquisite beauty comparable to Switzerland at its best. After tea a car was hired and the owner driver, an ex-chauffeur from Sussex, spoke in affectionate terms of the Old Country. One was able to drive through a considerable part of the town. Our way was first across a narrow isthmus to Stanley Park, a great natural preserve of wooded hill and valley lying between the sunlit waters of two estuaries. It was spring at its very best, with all the flowering trees and wild flowers of the Old Country, and presently one emerged from the gloom of giant trees to a scene of light and colour in English Bay, where many people were swimming and children playing on the sands.

The residential district is very attractive, lying on Shaughnessey Heights and overlooking the bay. Comfortable looking houses standing in small well-kept grounds, each with a close-cropped lawn and no "party" boundary, afforded evidence of prosperity and good taste. The traffic in the business centre is congested. At one cross-roads a clanging bell gives per-
mission for pedestrians to cross, and no one is allowed to do so unless the bell is clanging, a safe but extremely noisy proceeding. Here one saw a sign-post pointing south: "Seattle 45, San Francisco 1,110." This is the northern end of the great trunk road which runs from Canada to Texas. Canadians declare it is a "dry" one, Americans retort that it is "wet" at each end.

The town of Vancouver is steadily increasing in size and importance. It is the finest natural port on the Pacific Coast, and its trade in timber and furs and wheat is now promised further expansion through the important discovery of oil in the foot-hills of Alberta.

The following morning was spent in a delightful visit to Grouse Mountain on the other side of the river, a view from its summit of about 4,000 feet including the wonderful ranges of the Selkirs and Rockies, and across the town the northern boundary of the United States. A chalet in Swiss style provides hotel accommodation, and between parallel rows of fir trees could be seen cut out in the deep snow a long ski run and a track for sledges. The latter were each drawn by half a dozen "husky dogs," brothers and sisters of those taken by Commander Byrd to the Antarctic.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.


The author describes a series of bacteriological examinations carried out with material obtained from five human cases of psittacosis. The material examined during life included sputum, blood and urine. From two of these cases further material was obtained for bacteriological study at autopsy. The results were entirely negative as regards bacilli of the paratyphoid group, or streptococci of the type which have been described in association with this disease. An extensive series of experimental inoculations, using warbling grass parrakeets as test animals, gave results which pointed strongly to the presence of a filtrable virus. In these birds a fatal disease could be produced by the inoculation of material from the human cases, and could then be passed in a series from bird to bird. Careful bacteriological study of the birds which died, by culture and by microscopical examination of the tissues, failed to implicate any bacterium or any spirochete as the cause of the disease; while in eleven cases it was found possible to transmit the disease from bird to bird by the injection of tissue-extracts which had been filtered through Seitz-filters, or through Chamberland II candles.